Volume 195, Number 44

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Kenneth L. Roberts—Garet Garrett—Maximilian Foster—Hugh MacNair Kahler
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But that time is gone.

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And then remember that this same convenience and economy is offered you in more than a hundred varieties of the finest canned fruits, vegetables and food specialties under the DEL MONTE label.

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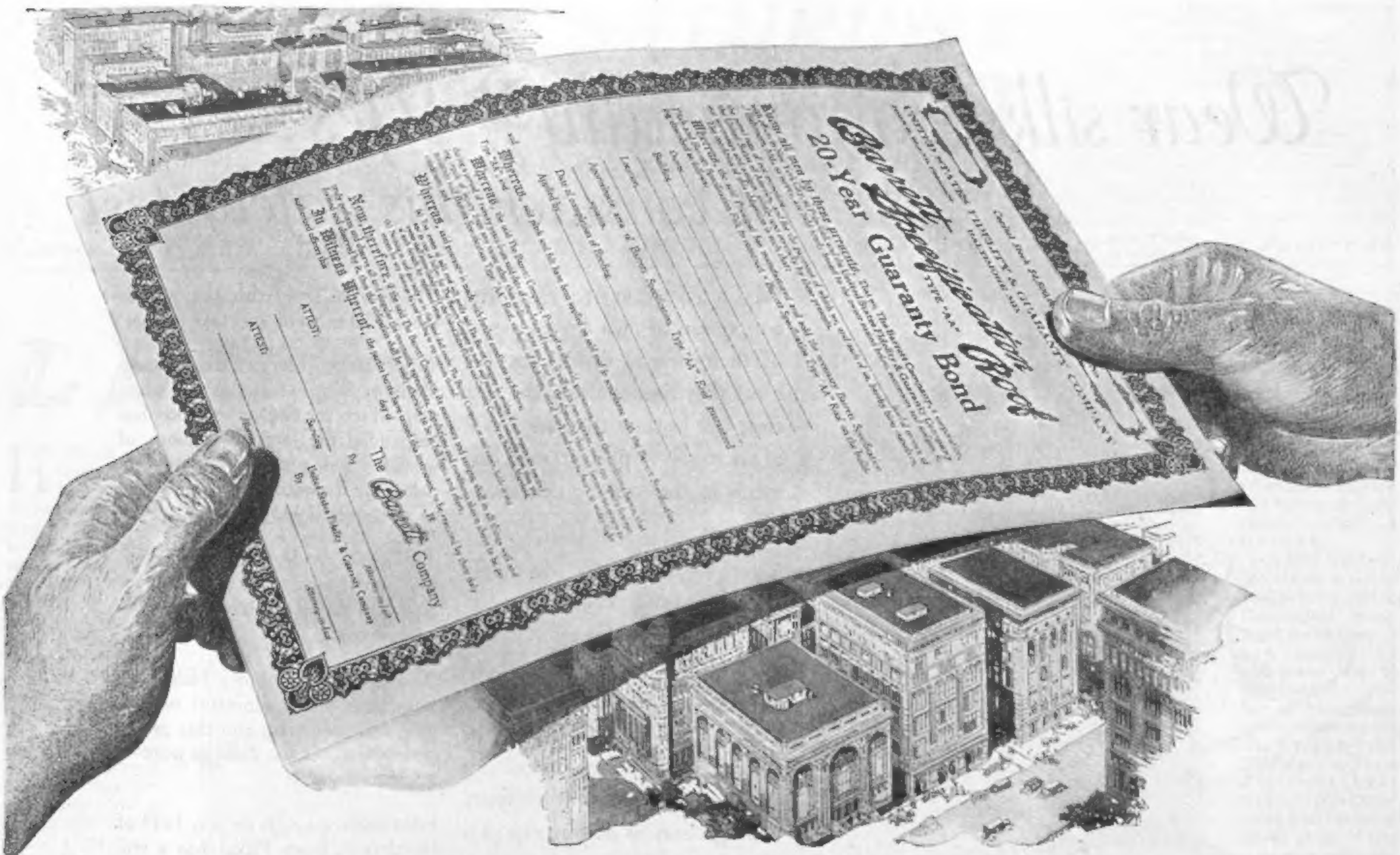

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You are not only insured against roof repair expense but you are safeguarded against all roof troubles. For the Surety Company Bond that guarantees the Barrett Specification Bonded Roof means much more than appears on its face.

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When your roof is built by a reliable roofer, and is laid strictly according to The Barrett Specification, you are assured of freedom from roof troubles even far beyond the bonded period.

Experience has proved that Barrett Specification Bonded Roofs cost less *per year of service* than any other kind of flat roofs.

There are two types of Barrett Specification Bonded Roofs—Type "AA," bonded for 20 years, and Type "A," bonded for 10 years. Both are built of the same high-grade materials, the only difference being in the quantity used.

Full details regarding these bonded roofs and copies of The Barrett Specification will be sent free on request.

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THE BARRETT COMPANY, Limited:
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SHETLAND WOOL
As difficult to wash safely as chiffon

This delicate sweater of gray Shetland wool, with its stripes of old blue and rose, has been washed 12 times with Ivory Flakes and lukewarm water. "It is still as soft and fluffy, its delicate colors as fresh, and its shape as true as when I bought it," says its wearer's letter. "Hard rubbing or washing with harsh soap would have ruined it."

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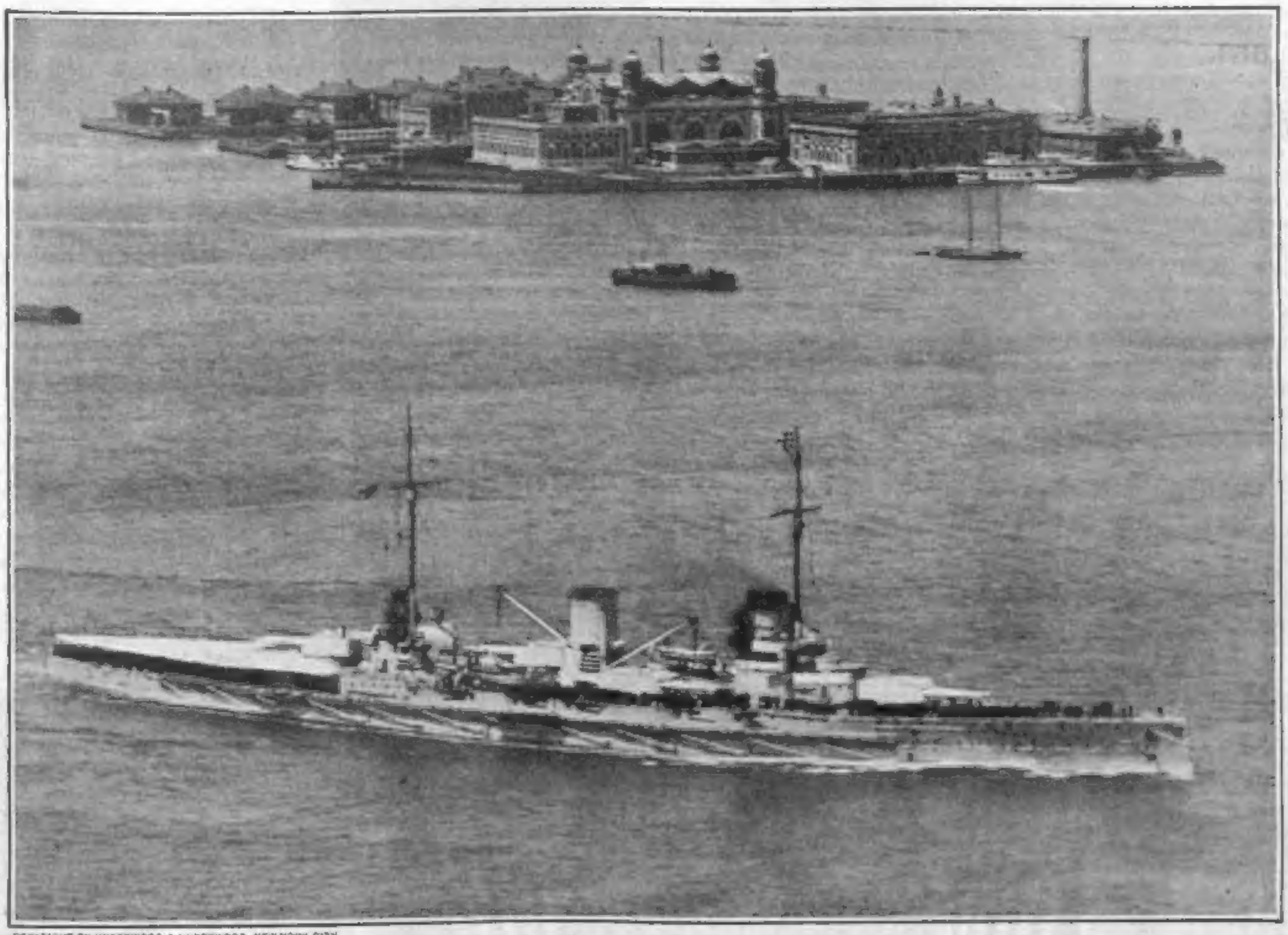
LEST WE FORGET

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

HUMAN nature is doubtless responsible for the fact that when three or more professional arguers get together to discuss any matter, no matter how unimportant it may be, they must waste hours and possibly days in fruitless, misleading and exasperating conversation. They may agree on the correct course to pursue; but they may become so involved in and so excited over their arguments that they cannot follow any course whatever, and merely revolve in large, graceful but unprofitable circles. People who attempt to follow these arguments become bewildered and distressed, and are frequently led to believe that the subject under discussion, instead of being perfectly simple, is as involved and mysterious as a demonstration of the fourth dimension or a problem in higher-mathematics trigonometry.



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As Stately as a Foreign Palace—Ellis Island in New York Harbor, the Mecca of Immigrants

For a great many years the United States has been troubled by what is familiarly known as an immigration problem. Reduced to its simplest terms, the immigration problem has been this:

The United States is getting too many immigrants who are very bad for the country. What can we do to remedy the condition?

Congresses came and went. Immigration committees of the House and the Senate met and heard tons of testimony to the effect that the United States was getting too many immigrants who were very bad for the country. The obvious course was to find out who the bad immigrants were and make them stay at home; and also to find out how many immigrants were needed in this country and refuse admittance to those who weren't needed.

Immigration commissions pried into the subject with tremendous gravity and at great expense. The last immigration commission filled forty-two volumes of 500 pages each with their findings and conclusions, and spent more than $1,000,000 on its investigations.

Year after year the House and the Senate Immigration Committees argued and bickered and fought, so that the original simple proposition was stretched and distorted into a baffling problem. Nothing whatever was done; and year by year the United States continued to be overrun with too many immigrants, and with many thousands of immigrants that were very bad for the country.

Permanent Legislation Deferred From Year to Year

EARLY in 1921, spurred to action by conclusive proof that the United States was about to be deluged by hordes of the most undesirable people in Europe, the House and the Senate Immigration Committees, for the first time in history, agreed that the United States was confronted by a serious immigration emergency.

As a matter of fact the emergency was little more serious than it had been for the past twenty years or so, for the number of undesirable immigrants who poured into the United States from Europe every year subsequent to 1880 had been a very poisonous matter for the country.

In 1921, however, the House and the Senate Immigration Committees recognized the emergency and passed an emergency law to cut down the number of immigrants who could enter the country each year. This was the Three Per Cent Law, which, in effect, provided that the number of aliens of any nationality who may be admitted into the United States in any fiscal year shall be limited to 3 per cent of the number of foreign-born persons of such nationality resident in the United States as shown by the census of 1910.

This, it should always be remembered, was an emergency law. The legislators responsible for it stated clearly and loudly that it was a hurried and temporary measure; that it was designed to remain in force only for one year; and that it would be supplanted within a year by a comprehensive, scientific and permanent law.

The spring of 1922 came around in due season. In the intervening time the House Immigration Committee had met constantly and held many hearings, and toiled faithfully and conscientiously. The Senate Immigration Committee had met once and hadn't toiled at all. As a result the temporary Three Per Cent Law had to be reënacted, this time for a period of two years—until June 30, 1924. Thus, according to the explanation of all the legislators, the House and the Senate would have plenty of opportunities to devote long weeks and months of unbroken study to the immigration problem and evolve a comprehensive, scientific and permanent immigration law that would bar out bad immigrants as well as prevent too many immigrants from coming.

Activity of the Foes of Immigration Restriction

IN THE course of time the spring of 1923 arrived, as springs will. In the intervening year the House Immigration Committee had met regularly, had heard large numbers of witnesses who represented all sorts of organizations, including a number that were reliable, genuine and honest. It had fumed, argued, fought, framed new bills and otherwise comported itself in a conscientious and praiseworthy manner.

The Senate Immigration Committee had also come to life, met and heard large numbers of people who wished to be heard on the subject of immigration. By some singular chance, most of those who testified before the Senate committee were filled with a burning desire to break down existing immigration restrictions. They wished to bring millions of refugees into the country, and they spoke at length on the desirability of importing great numbers of alien male workers.

Neither of the committees, however, had given the country what it needed—that being a comprehensive, scientific and permanent immigration law. They hadn't even evolved a law that answered any one of these three descriptions. They couldn't have been more successful in failing to live up to their promises.

To be specific, the best that the Senate committee was able to do after two years of meditation and study was to bring out a bill providing for the admission into the United States of 25,000 orphaned or homeless Armenian children under sixteen years of age, and—to quote from that breezy and limpid organ, the Congressional Record—"in addition thereto, the admission, to join relatives in the United States, either citizens or declaranta, of husbands, wives, parents, grandparents, unmarried or widowed daughters, granddaughters, sisters, sons, grandsons and brothers under eighteen years of age of the Armenian race who have fled from Turkish territory since 1914."

When dug out from the commas and language in which it is tangled, this bill will be seen to be a political move to secure the good will of the powerful organizations that were seeking the admission of Armenian refugees. It will also be seen to be a bill whose passage into law would have helped materially to discredit and break down the existing immigration law. The Senate passed the bill by unanimous consent, and sent it over to the House for consideration. There were a great many votes in it.

The House committee performed in a more satisfactory manner; but its performance secured no results. As is well known, only results show in the record books; and a miss, as the original pessimist pointed out back in the Stone Age just after he had narrowly failed to tap the rabbit with his stone hatchet, is as good as a mile.

As has been remarked, the House committee held many hearings on the immigration question. Representatives of all sorts of organizations kept wanting to be heard, and the committee kept on hearing them. The hearings brought but little that was new, but they took up large amounts of time. When the hearings were over, the committee went into executive session and fought and sat and adjourned.

Finally, seventeen days before the Congress came to an end, when filibusters were exploding with dull, nerve-racking thuds on every side, and everyone had a pet measure on which he wanted immediate action, the House committee brought out its 1923-model immigration bill, together with a forty-page report pointing with pride to its improved gear shift, safety devices, fuel economy and what not.

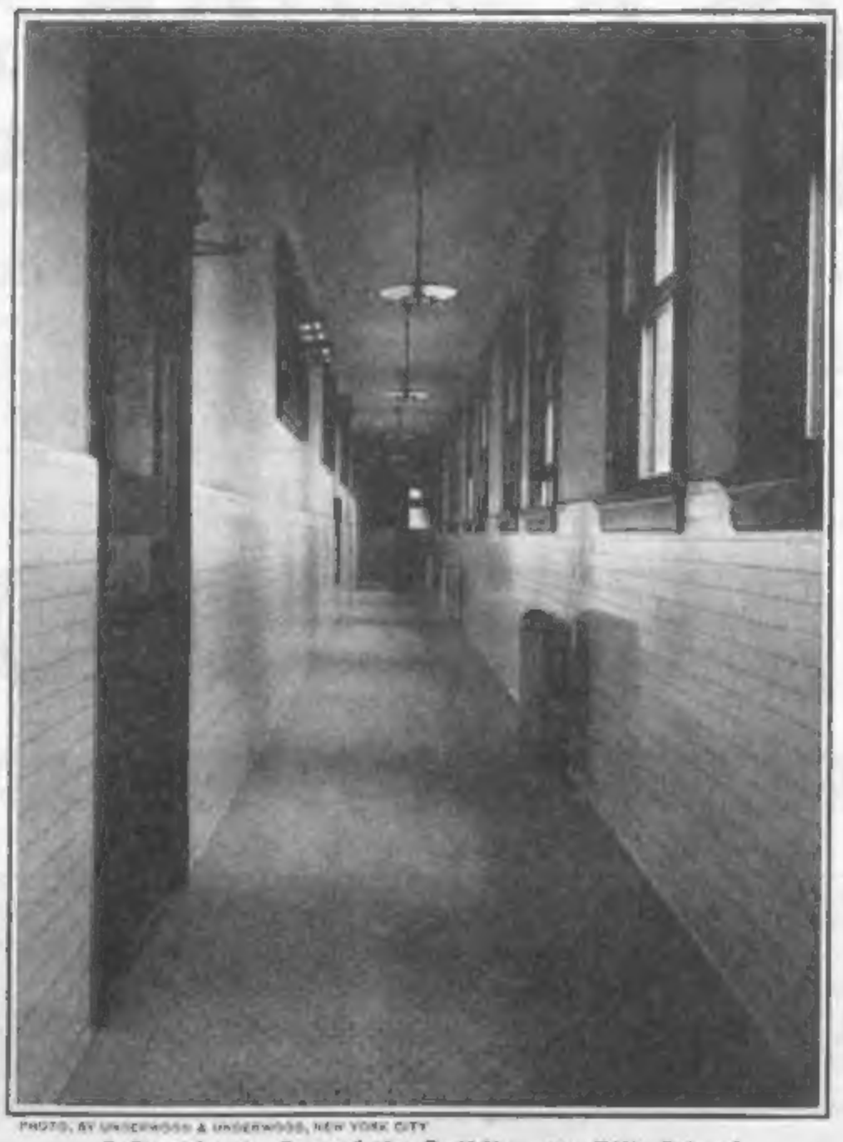

PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

A Corridor in One of the Buildings on Ellis Island Showing Sanitary Conditions

Last-Minute Attempts at Legislation

THIS House bill called for altering the Three Per Cent Law to a 2 per cent law, and for basing the admissible quotas on the aliens in this country at the time of the census of 1890, instead of at the time of the census of 1910. This was an excellent provision, since it would have increased the numbers of admissible aliens from the old countries of Northern and Western Europe, and decreased the numbers who could come in from the Southeastern European countries, which have given us a good many undesirables.

The bill also exempted from the percentage law the near relatives of foreign-born citizens and aliens who had declared their intention of becoming citizens, thus putting an end to the penetrating wail that always arises when alien families are divided.

It also—to quote again from the Congressional Record—"ended the present outrageous evasion of the immigration laws by which dangerous, loathsome and diseased aliens gain admission under the La Follette law, by simply requiring alien seamen to pass the same immediate inspection and medical examination that immigrant aliens have to pass," and started registration of aliens "in accordance with President Harding's recommendation by requiring future immigrants to bring a certificate containing full information about their health, civic record, political activities and character."

This bill was, without question, a tremendous improvement over the Three Per Cent Law. Nothing, however, came of it—and very little, it might be added, will ever come from a bill that is rushed out before the House in the turmoil and excitement that exists at the end of a session of Congress. One might as well expect a fisherman to haul his nets carefully and effectively when his boat lies motionless in the path of an onrushing ocean liner. That scheme of action, nevertheless, has characterized both the Senate and the House Immigration Committees ever since they started genuine immigration legislation. They have waited until the last minute, and then jammed through makeshift laws.

By one of the peculiar sleight-of-hand performances so common in legislatures and so baffling to the layman, this complete and rather comprehensive bill was attached as an amendment to the hasty and very brief Senate bill admitting large numbers of Armenians, which had been passed by the Senate. This meant that if the House passed the amended bill it would go before a conference committee composed of three or four members from the Senate Immigration Committee and an equal number of members from the House Immigration Committee, and that this conference committee would then proceed to tinker at the entire bill until it met with the approval of the six or eight conferees, whereupon it would—unless vetoed by the President—become a law.

This conferee system of legislating, incidentally, has grown into a dangerous feature of congressional action; for it frequently enables a few men to disregard or overturn, if they so desire, the expressed wishes of one of the two Houses of Congress.

Conference Compromises

IT SHOULD be obvious to anyone of ordinary intelligence that the proper time for conferences between, let us say, the Senate and the House Immigration Committees is the period during which the committees are attempting to draft an immigration law. Such a course of action, however, would apparently be regarded as a disgusting exhibition of weakness or incapacity or something similar. In spite of their professed desires to supply the country with one of its most pressing needs—a comprehensive, scientific and permanent immigration law—the Senate and the House committees proceed along entirely different lines. Neither committee apparently knows or cares what the other committee is doing; and yet, before the country can have a permanent law, both committees will have to agree on the law to be passed.

The stupidity of the proceeding would be a bit more apparent if it were applied to the selection of a railroad route between two cities. If it were left to Congress to select a route between New York and San Francisco, a Senate committee might hold hearings and decide on a route that would run up to the north, along the Great Lakes and the Canadian border; whereas a House committee might hold independent hearings at the same time and decide on a route that would run down to the south, through Texas and along the Mexican border. Eventually, after each House had passed the bill authorizing the route selected by its own committee, a conference committee might agree on a zigzag route that would shoot from north to south and back again, and appear on the map as a piece of conventional transcontinental lightning, and that would satisfy no one at all. Immigration and a great many other matters have been handled by the House and the Senate in just about this way.

One of the annoying features about the immigration situation is the fact that so many who can in any way connect themselves with it officially are viewing it as an unparalleled opportunity to get plenty of free advertising. Many members of the Senate and the House committees have pet immigration bills of their

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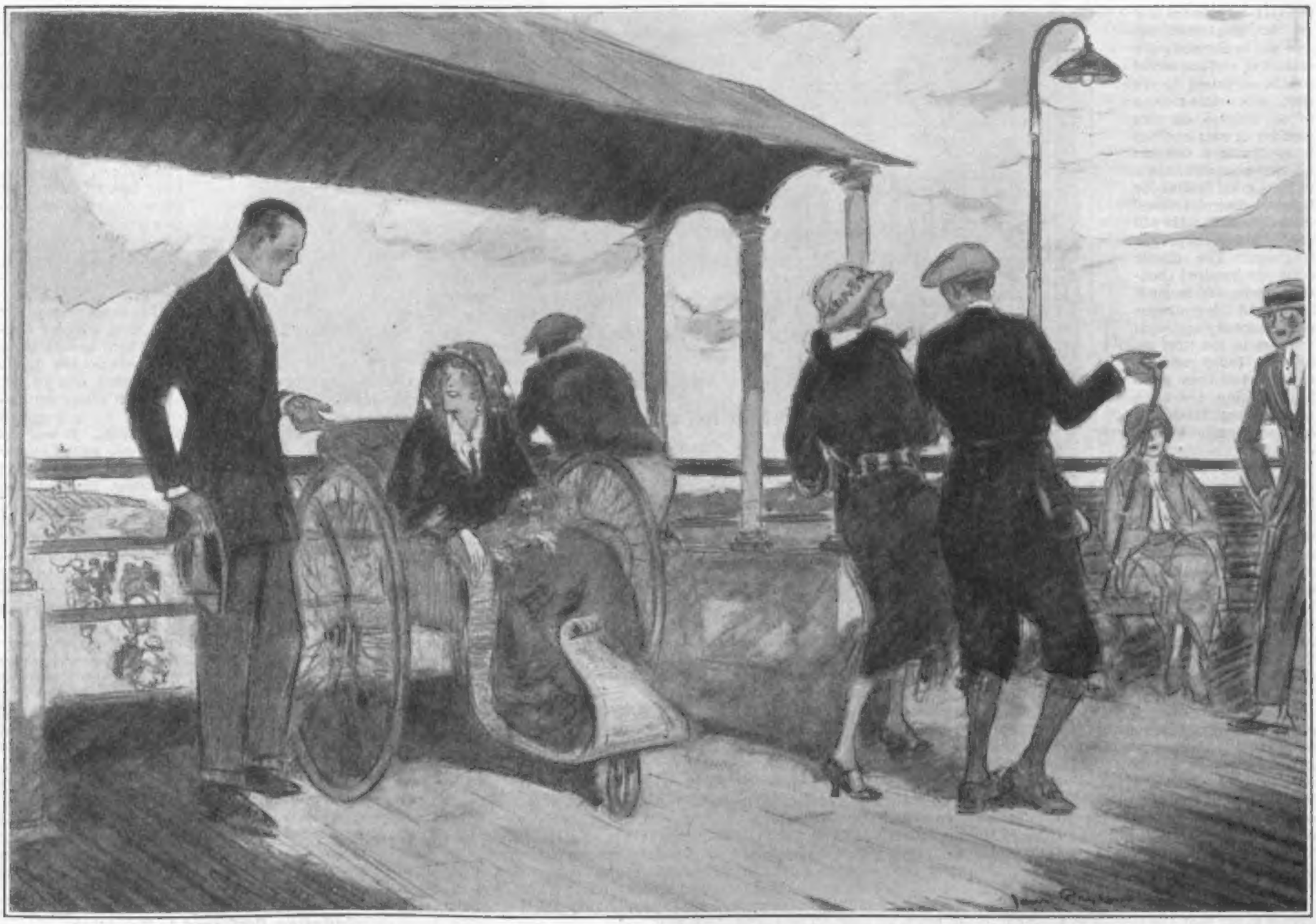
The Bright, Spacious Registration Room at Ellis Island

Thomas Robinson, Matrimonial Agent

By HARRISON RHODES

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON



"I Take it You are a Gentleman. Are You?" She Asked Suddenly. "I—I Think So"

THE lady's wig was slightly awry. Not that there could ever have been much doubt in anybody's mind that it was a wig. Cheap real hair does not often fall in such fair glossy waves or shine even more brightly than gold. Her brows rose in a penciled but almost too perfect arch, and her lashes dripped lustrous black as might those of the fairest Circassian of Stamboul. Her cheeks were freshly and expensively painted with pink from the very rose's heart. But beneath the rouge, if that be what ladies employ, behind the sunrise flush was a network of ten thousand wrinkles; and when the soft wind from the sea stirred the clustering hyacinthine ringlets, thin wisps of dreary white locks showed. No one could have been deceived. All the art in the world could not hide the fact that the poor lady was a good seventy if she was a day.

Thomas Robinson, who stood quite alone at the opposite end of the little shelter, or kiosk, upon the Boardwalk, felt an impulse to a laugh, which might have been almost a guffaw, rise to his throat and quickly stifle there. He realized suddenly that the poor dear silly old lady was neither poor nor silly at all. He was, of course, inclined to believe that it was scarcely the act of a gentleman to laugh, least of all to guffaw, at any female of advanced years. Now he realized unexpectedly that he was greatly honored in being permitted merely not to make fun of her at all. He realized in some mysterious way that she was tremendously somebody.

The old lady, indeed, wore her rouge with a difference. Whole provinces of life seemed to open before the startled eyes of the wise though young and inexperienced observer. He felt that oddly enough there was no possible wish or hope on the part of the old lady to deceive any human being into believing that she was a day younger than the seventy that she was. If a lady thought pink cheeks and dark lashes and yellow hair prettier than what Providence in the long course of time had given her, why the devil, as this old lady would probably put it, shouldn't she have them? If she had been accustomed to such agreeable embellishments for years, why should she change because she was old? Other women washed their faces; she merely painted hers as well. Other beauties wore hats; she simply first put on a very good wig, more decoration than they, merely.

Not, of course, that she had not put on a hat, too—though it came as near being a bonnet as any self-respecting modern headgear would endure—which was wonderfully and strangely beautified with a quantity of black lace in which nestled many tiny pink rosebuds. An expert would probably have detected the queer old-fashioned fact that they were moss rosebuds. Thomas Robinson was knowing enough about the sort of thing women wore nowadays. But he was now quite beyond his depth in some prehistoric but strangely warm and agreeable sea. As to any description of the rest of her costume—had he somewhere read the word "dolman"? And could that by any chance be the kind of befrilled satiny thing she had on, concealing, he felt sure, something he was far too young ever to have seen, a tapering and wasplike waist?

Does this sound dingy? Everything about the lady was polished and new and shining, kept so evidently by the well-trained maid whom the old lady worried from time to time just to keep her spirits up—the maid's, of course. Evidently the curious details of the lady's get-up were dictated not by necessity but by pure choice. Dimly Thomas Robinson began to see that if you were rather of a swell you might be light-heartedly unconscious of what people thought of your appearance, being sure that at any rate they would think of it. With a sweeping, a curiously agreeable gesture, she adjusted the hat of lace and moss rosebuds, still further displacing the lovely golden wig and displaying another wisp of snowy hair. But the handsome young gentleman who was watching her with increasing intentness from the other end of the little pavilion had by this time fallen so completely under the old lady's spell that he merely felt that he had seen a queen knock her crown askew.

The books of etiquette are full of assuagement for the dilemmas of the elegant and inexperienced young, but even their omniscience fails to tell what further steps a cat may take once he has looked at a queen. Thomas Robinson quite unconsciously tightened his waistcoat—the books never explain why in some mysterious way this heightens masculine courage. With an affected indifference that need have deceived no one, he lounged towards the other end of the kiosk. Upon the lady's lap lay a Pekingese whose life its mistress was making a delight and a torment. Thomas Robinson assumed a false and alluring smile and made engaging movements towards the little beast. And such is the frailty of the female lap dog that the tiny animal even incited him to a few further unblushing words of flattery. He still pretended great aplomb, but felt that a pair of piercing, dancing eyes were suddenly intent upon him. With only a moment's delay she spoke. "Young man," she said, with a kind of agreeable chuckle behind the booming and distinguished thunder of

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WHY GERMANY DROWNED HER CREDIT—By Garet Garrett

THE only kind of new building one will not see in Germany is a cathedral, and one would not be surprised to see that. But before coming to an opinion on this paradox of ruin one has in to dinner a German who was once well known in the United States. He taught economics there. He will be sane. He will be able to talk the prewar language. The dinner costs one hundred thousand marks, and as one is sorting out this grotesque mass of money one says:

"Just in the time required to count and handle this stuff there must be shocking economic waste—many thousands of hours quite wasted every day."

"There is," he says.

"I sent a cablegram today and watched. The amount was a little less than five dollars. At the exchange desk it took a man five minutes to count me out 150,000 marks. Then at the cable desk five minutes more to count them in again. Ten minutes of good German time wasted."

"Yes," he says.

The "Vampire Note"—a Ten-Thousand-Mark Reichsbank Piece. By Holding the Page With its Left Edge as Base the Hooded Profile of a French Clown Can be Seen at the German Marksman's Throat. The Clown's Nose, Long and Sharp, Reaches to the Marksman's Ear. The Effect May Have Been Either Conscious or Accidental on the Engraver's Part

"More than twenty large printing plants are now engaged in printing the stuff, and when it is printed it has to be distributed about the country in trucks. Nobody knows how much of it there is. Besides the Reichsbank, whose output is kept count of, cities like Hamburg, Berlin, Frankfort and Cologne are all printing money on their own account—just pieces of paper with figures upon them, meaning nothing whatever; and some of the big industrialists like the Krupps also are printing their own money to pay wages. The aggregate of all this is unimaginable."

"Yes," he says again.

"And yet Germans, even German bankers, have been saying to me that the trouble in Germany is not enough money."

"That is true," he says, nodding his head reflectively.

"You mean true that they say it. You don't mean that what they say is true?"

"I mean that is really the trouble," he says. "We haven't enough money."

The Smoke Screen That Hides Prosperity

ONE is suddenly uncomfortable, almost uneasy. Are they all a little mad, like this? Is there no exception among them? Perhaps the English are right when they say the German banker was a myth. They never understood banking really. It was an art they borrowed and exercised in one continuous bull market.

Concealing these thoughts, one asks, "How do you prove it?"

"Very simply," he says. "Before the war it required 4,000,000,000 marks in currency to transact the business of Germany. Now we have, let us say, 2,000,000,000,000. But these are paper marks; and as a paper mark is worth only one-ten-thousandth of a prewar gold mark, you have to divide 2,000,000,000,000 by 10,000. So [he does it with a pencil] you see. The result is 200,000,000. That is all we have to do our business with today against 4,000,000,000 before the war. There's the trouble. We shall have to print a great deal more. It is provided for. We have been printing 75,000,000,000 a day. Next week we shall be printing 125,000,000,000 a day."

"But it's a ghastly illusion," one says, speaking gently, as from the plane of reason downward. "The divisor is what does it. As you print more money the value of paper marks in relation to the old prewar mark will fall faster; which is to say, the divisor will increase more and more until it is anything you like—1,000,000, perhaps—and then in the same way you can prove that you haven't any money at all. The dog can never overtake his own tail."

"Yes," he says, rather far away.

"Sometime you will have to stop."

"No doubt," he says, "sometime. But when? Look at Russia."

"You are not the first who has said look at Russia. Bankers have said it. But for Germany to refer in this way to Russia's financial achievement is like offering the testimonial of a corpse on a health resort."

"All the same, we have to pay," he says. "It is not our fault. There is no other way."

"That also I have heard. Yet between ourselves we know that Germany cannot pay, that she does not pay, by printing money."

"So long as people will buy the mark we can," he says.

There is a glimmer of ironic reason in that remark. So long as people will buy Germany's worthless money Germany can pay. Only, of course, it is not Germany that pays. The people who buy the mark—they pay. All that Germany contributes is the cost of color printing. It is dishonest, but it is not insanity. One is less uncomfortable in a certain way.

"Take it so," one says. "Nevertheless, it cannot go on forever. If you were the government's financial genius with full power, what would you do?"

He reflects and answers slowly: "If I were in that place I should reason as follows: I must do nothing that will tend to concentrate the evidence of Germany's wealth in one place, as in a gold bank, or to make her economic achievements conspicuous."

"Why not?"

"Because to do so would be to put temptation in the way of Germany's enemies."

"France particularly?"

"Yes."

"Inflation creates a great dimness in which nothing may be seen clearly. For that reason you would go on with it?"

"Precisely."

At this point one is wholly delivered from the suspicion that the Germans are financially mad. They are not. They have calculated this thing. Inflation has astonishingly served that policy of evasion and concealment by which all their acts have been governed these last three years. The difficulty of supposing that they consciously adopted inflation as a method is that it takes you to the other extreme. They are thereby endowed with superintelligence. In that case the English who say the Germans are not bankers would be thinking arithmetic against mathematics, forgetting that when a person says two and two are five you have first to determine, not whether that proposition is true or untrue, but whether the person is a lunatic or a mathematician dealing with infinitudes.

It is much more likely that after the war Germany went on with inflation because she didn't know what else to do, and then afterward discovered its unimagined possibilities. It was miraculously suited to her needs. Remember that Germany financed the war with paper; that is, by printing money and bonds instead of taxing the people. This was justified on the ground that she was bound to win the war, and that having won it she would make the losers pay. Her theory of so doing was never vague. During the war her experts worked out an elaborate financial scheme whereby the whole cost of it should be gathered from the Allies. They prepared elaborate tables showing where the convertible wealth of the Allies lay, and working plans for seizing enough of it to reimburse Germany to the last pfennig. The amount the United States was to pay was definitely set down. In that case, you see, all the paper money and all the bonds printed during the war represented merely a kind of temporary inflation. The whole of it would be made good by the spoils of victory. Therefore, why should the people be taxed? They never were taxed for the war.

Inflation Preferred to Taxation

THEN the war was lost. Not only was Germany unable to reimburse herself—that is, to cancel her inflation by seizing the wealth of France, England, Italy, Belgium and the United States and laying those countries under heavy tribute—not only that. On the contrary, she was liable to them. The Germans themselves would have to pay reparations. There was then a choice to make. Should they act in good faith? Should they tax themselves heavily both to restore what had been used up in war and to pay reparations, and thus save their credit? Or should they drown their credit in a flood of paper money as they drowned their fleet at Scapa Flow?

Whether the choice was made as an act of deliberate reason or as an instinctive reaction to circumstances will perhaps always be debated.

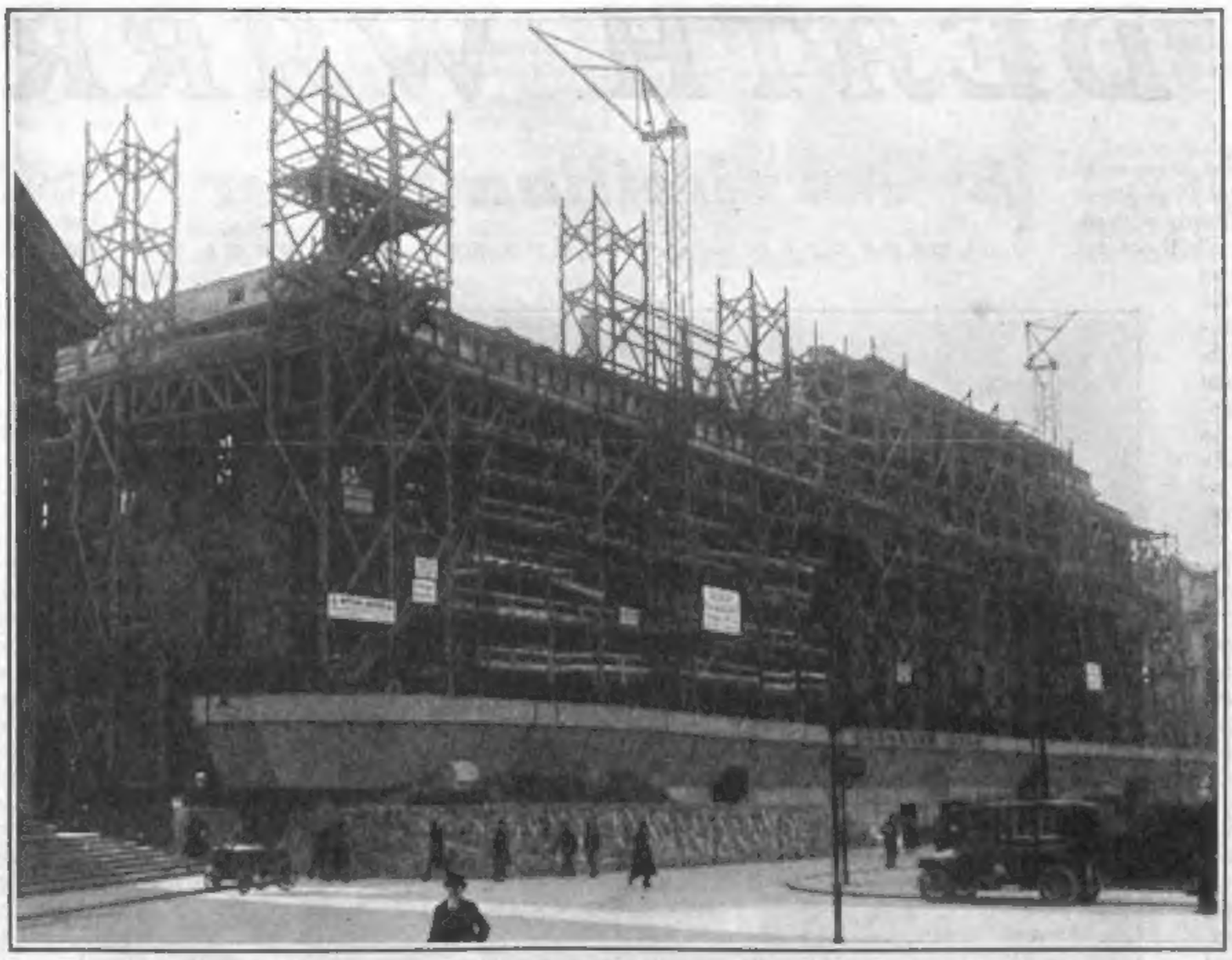
At all events the German Government did not tax the people, and for two obvious reasons. One reason was that it did not dare to tax them. There had been a revolution. The people were sullen and disagreeable and held the power of ultimate destruction. No government that had undertaken really to tax them for reparations could have stood up. The other reason was that the government did not wish to tax them; and it did not wish to tax them because to pay reparations was the last thing in the world anybody was thinking seriously of doing.

So the government proceeded to print money for all purposes—to subsidize the food eaters in the cities by selling bread to them below cost, to create employment for the demobilized soldiers, to reimburse the nationals who had lost their wealth in ceded territories, to restore the state railways, to finance public improvements, to pay its own expenses, and, above every other purpose, to sell in foreign markets for gold with which to pay reparations.

Prices began to rise very fast, of course; but for a long time money could be printed even faster. Ultimately prices will overtake the printing presses; but that is the last phase of inflation. Much time will elapse before prices, instead of following, begin to anticipate further unlimited additions to the supply of money. And for a long time also the government has a certain advantage. It spends its own money first. Therefore it gets the money's highest value. That is to say, the government each day spends the new billions before their effect upon prices is produced.

Now presently, if not at the beginning, the great industrialists like the Stinneses and the Thyssens, putting their dynamic minds to work with the wisdom of the bankers, perceived the true possibilities of inflation raised to the *n*th power. They had a startling vision of power. They could take possession of Germany. Every creditor in the land would be ruined—yes. But those who knew how to get into debt would become rich in a fabulous manner.

Inflation ruins the creditor in an obvious way. That which is owing to him will be repaid to him in money that is worth less and less, until an income of, say, 1,000,000 marks a year, normally sufficient to keep a castle with many servants and support a regal scale of living, will hardly buy a suit of clothes. The debtor is enriched in the converse manner. The money he owes is worth less and less until the debt is nothing.



Enlarging the Disconto Gesellschaft, a Bank in Unter den Linden, Berlin. Practically Every Large Bank in Germany is Building Additions

Juggling With Shrinking Values

THEN he pays it off and the property is his. Therefore the way to get rich in Germany was to go into debt as madly as possible—to borrow and buy, borrow and buy. The progressive ruin of the creditor creates a necessity to sell. Thus the opportunity feeds itself.

Stinnes apparently saw this more clearly than anyone else at first. He went to and fro, buying with borrowed money everything he could covet—mines, ships, buildings, hotels, newspapers, industries, anything of physical value. Suppose when the mark was 100 to the dollar he borrowed 500,000,000 marks to buy a steel plant. That was $5,000,000 for the property. Suppose then he paid back the borrowed money when the mark was 50,000 to the dollar. That is only $10,000. A $5,000,000 steel plant for $10,000!

The only reason why this one man did not become the proprietor of Germany is that other big industrialists began to see the same thing and to do likewise; and the only reason why a few big industrialists as a group did not come to own everything productive in the land was that little by little everybody began to see it. Everybody with any business shrewdness at all began to go into debt until in time it became a land of debtors. Naturally the great industrialists, having got the start and having special access to the reservoirs of credit, captured most of the loot, Stinnes leading.

Meanwhile inflation was perceived to have collateral uses of high political importance. It perfectly served in all respects the official German policy of concealment.

What did it conceal?

It concealed the fact that the German people were not being taxed. The new republican government did obtain from the federated states permission to impose federal taxes. It did pass drastic tax laws. It was able to show the Reparations Commission that the rate of taxation in Germany was very high. So it was. The rate was high. Nevertheless, it was an illusion that people paid taxes. It was an illusion set for the outside world. No one in Germany was deceived.

In the first place, the government had no enthusiasm for oppressing the people with taxes. Knowing this, the local bodies that assessed the taxes were very tender.

Secondly, the taxgathering machine, altogether new in the hands of the national government, which hitherto had collected taxes only from the states and not from the people—this machine was overwhelmed. The work was new and the motive was weak. Some of the new tax laws were extremely complicated. In cases, notably in the case of house taxes, the cost of collection was more than the revenue—more than one paper mark spent to get one back. No matter. That was a good way to keep people employed on the civil list. They had to work at something. Greatly, therefore, to the satisfaction of the taxpayer collections were tardy, with the value of the mark in which taxes were payable falling, falling.

Vicious Circles

THIRDLY, a tax is something you owe, payable at a future date; and it has been seen that in Germany the debtor has only to wait a little and get off for almost nothing, because the value of that in which he pays is rapidly decreasing in value. Suppose it should happen that your wealth had been correctly assessed and the tax bill promptly presented. Still, to beat your taxes you have only to protest the assessment or appeal therefrom and gain a few weeks' time, during which the mark will fall again. All the time the government is printing more paper money and putting it into circulation and in a little while the amount needed to pay your taxes will come around to you. True, there is a tax levied at the source—10 per cent deducted from every pay envelope. You think that must be palpable taxation. It is not. By a slide rule that slides always upward labor decrees its own wage according to the statistical cost of living; in these circumstances you know what labor will do. It will add the tax to its wages. It does. The employer adds it to the cost of production, the merchant adds it again in the retail price, and all the time the government is printing the money with which the producer pays labor its price, the merchant pays the producer his and the consumer pays the merchant his, by an endless spiral movement—and some of the big producers print their own money.

It is so with the taxes on imports and exports. The government prints the money and receives it back as taxes, and when the government receives it back it is worth less than when it was printed. In a state of progressive inflation all forms of internal taxation become in this way a pleasant hoax. The government is the creditor; it loses. The taxpayer is the debtor; he wins. The only taxation that counts for value at all in Germany is the tax imposed upon foreigners. The foreigner must pay in his own currency. But the government does not get it. The American at a German hotel pays state and municipal taxes amounting to about 80 per cent on his bill. He pays this in dollars. That is, he exchanges dollars for marks and

(Continued on Page 54)

Bread Hampers are Required to Hold the Daily Ration of Paper Marks Printed by the Reichsbank

THE DEATH WARRANT

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

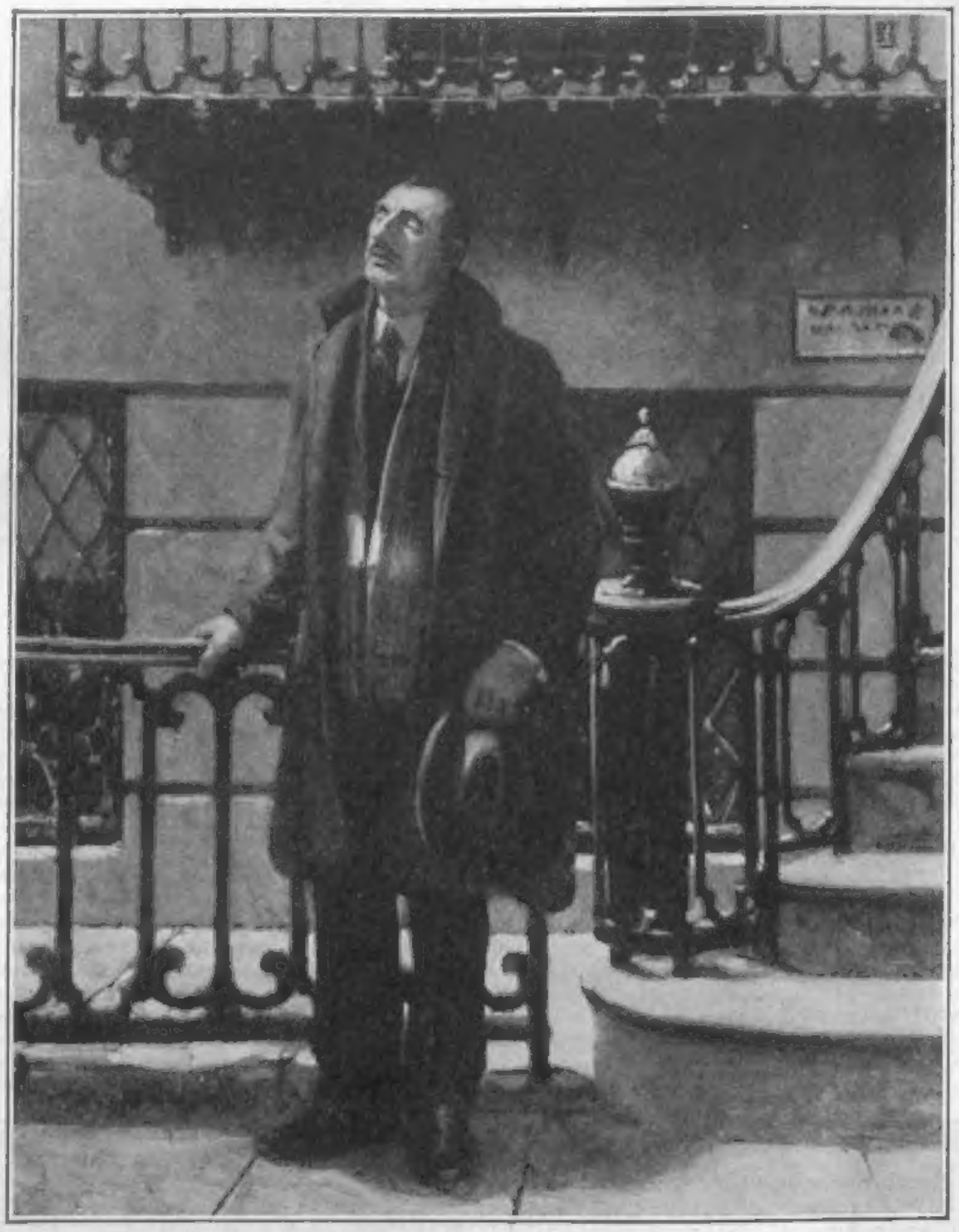
A PRUDENT man. Few, indeed, were more so. Down at the office, the Pine Street realty place where Horace Bundy worked, the name the others had for him tells the story. Old Safe and Sane was what he was called. It was a gibe, of course; but Horace Bundy never took it so. Instead, whenever he heard it whispered, it filled him with conscious esteem, a glow of pride and satisfaction. All his life, in fact—and he was now thirty-eight—he had made it a point to be just so prudent, so cautious and precise. That was why, no doubt, the moment the door of the doctor's office closed behind him and he found himself out in the street again, the habit of a lifetime came so quickly to his aid. He was clinging to a railing, his face ashy, his breath gagging in his throat; yet though the street swam about him in a dizzy giddy-go-round and his legs threatened to give beneath him, he did not forget himself.

"Careful," Horace Bundy cautioned; "stand up or someone will think you're drunk."

He stood up then. Only he, though, ever would know what the effort cost. The agony of it in his eyes, he gazed about him wildly.

There was no help for him back in the doctor's office. He had just come out of the place; and though his dry, cracked throat thirsted for a drink of water, he would have died there at the railing rather than go back into the doctor's to ask for it. What he wanted was to get away. He would have liked to go home most of all.

At home, the rooming house where he'd lived for years, he could creep into bed and be alone. No go, however. It was still broad day—the noon hour, to be exact; and once more habit, his time-long prudence, whispered in his ear its caution. If he went home the office might hear what had happened. If it learned what had happened it might consider his usefulness past. He must get back to the office—that was certain. At the office, too, he must train himself to hide what had befallen him. He knew what became of men whose day of usefulness was gone. A dry sob choked him for a moment.



He Was Clinging to a Railing, His Face Ashy, His Breath Gagging in His Throat

Down the street, two blocks away, was a Subway station. It was a good deal of a distance for his wabbly, weakened legs to attempt; but he knew he must do it somehow. At one, anyway, the hour the realty firm allotted for lunch would end, and he must punch the time clock promptly. The firm, in fact, firmly expected it of its employes, and he had never failed. To be prompt was as much his pride as any of his other prudent ways; but at the moment the two blocks to the Subway might as well have been two leagues, a two days' journey even.

Just then a taxicab rolled around the corner. The cab was empty, and as he saw this he caught his breath with relief. The cab would take him to the office, and clinging to the railing he sought to hail it. The hail he gave, though, seemed too weak to make itself heard; and hazardously letting go of the railing, he was waving to the cab to stop when all at once Horace Bundy checked himself. The cab, prudence warned him, would cost a dollar or more.

A minute later, however, his difficulty was solved as a schoolboy, his books hanging from a strap, came whistling along the block.

"Little boy, little boy!" called Horace Bundy. The boy, his face wondering at the slight, pallid-faced figure clinging to the iron rail, came slowly toward him. "Help me to the Subway, won't you?" asked Horace Bundy. His voice breaking, he added, "I'm a little ill; I've had a shock."

The boy said "Sure!" And a smile, the first ray that had lighted Horace Bundy's bleak heart and face since he'd left the doctor's office, shone wistfully in his eyes. People were good, after all; young people most of all. And how splendid it must be to be young, filled with health and vigor—hope, too! He gulped, his heart twanging over his own gone youth, hope and vigor gone with it.

"I'll lean on your shoulder, boy," said Horace Bundy.

"Sure!" encouraged the boy.

At the Subway, minutes later, while he thanked the boy he fumbled in his pocket, hunting for a quarter. It was imprudent, he knew—now more so than ever, things considered—to give a quarter when a dime, no doubt, would do. Many a mickle makes a muckle, he knew; besides which Horace Bundy always kept before him the specter of old age. The boy's kindness, though, was something he must reward, and he fished the quarter from his pocket.

To his surprise the boy shook his head.

"That's all right, mister," he grinned; "glad to help a feller out."

Hastily Horace Bundy was replacing the coin in his pocket when as hastily he stopped. He was not mean. Far from that; he was filled with many kindly, generous little impulses that had made him respected and even endeared to his gibing office mates. But for that specter, the paid worker's dread of old age, he would have been still more open-handed. However, it was not just liberality that made him again hurriedly proffer the coin to the boy.

"Take it—you must!" he insisted. Then he added earnestly, "Never refuse, boy, money you have earned."

Sighing to himself, he limply made his way down the stairs to the station platform. A train was just coming in. His legs still uncertain, he got himself aboard. Then, after he'd found a seat, he huddled down on it and sat staring at a scrap of paper which all this time he had held crumpled in his sweating hand. Written on it was what he had, through habit, carefully penciled at the time, the moment back there in the doctor's office. It was the doctor's words to him.

"A month at the most," was what the doctor had said. He was still gazing at the paper, the words swimming before his eyes, when the train reached the Pine Street station.

II

ONE o'clock was just striking—one o'clock to the minute—when Horace Bundy punched the time clock at Cobb & Jessup's. Still white, still wabbly in the legs, he hung up his hat on its accustomed hook. Mechanically he removed his coat. This, too, with the same orderly care, he also hung on the hook; after which, as briskly as his legs would permit, he went directly to his desk. Here, hung neatly over a chair back, was an alpaca office coat, and this he donned. Once he had buttoned it over his spare, slender figure, as an additional precaution he drew over the sleeves a pair of cuffs—like the coat, alpaca, and puckered at the elbows with elastics. These adjusted, he seated himself. Then, taking a pen from the rack, he dipped it in the ink. Hurriedly Horace Bundy fell to his work.

For seventeen years, year in, year out, these details never had been varied. For seventeen years, at the same desk, the same office, the self-same office, he had sat there, toiling. At half past five, the work for the day completed, he rose, removed the alpaca cuffs and coat, hung the coat on the chair back and put the cuffs in a drawer. Out in the hall he donned his other coat and took down from the hook his hat. Then he went home—home to the furnished room.

The procedure was altered only once in the year. Each year the firm allowed him a week's vacation. The week he spent mostly in the public library, reading books on foreign travel. Travel was his hobby, though naturally he indulged in it only vicariously. Travel costs. The Monday, however, the week's vacation ended, the clock at Cobb & Jessup's was just striking nine—nine to the dot—when Horace Bundy would hurry in, brisk, to his desk, put on his alpaca cuffs again.

This was his life. In view of it one perhaps wonders the words penciled on the slip of paper should have wrought such turmoil in his mind. But life, however crass and submerged, has always its mitigations—hope among them; and Horace Bundy differed little from other humans.

The paper he had brought into the room with him; and as again he gazed at it, again his heart twanged, once more his eyes grew blurred. The room, too, for an instant swam about him.

"Careful! They'll see you," he warned himself.

Putting the paper into a drawer, he bent hastily to work.

The hours, that afternoon, dragged sluggardly. Spring had come, and the office windows were open wide; but though spring is a busy time in the realty world, the bright sunshine and the vernal freshness of the air pouring into the room seemed to allure, to distract as well, the clerks at work in there. They lolled about, laughing and chatting. Once a laugh unusually loud and resonant startled Horace Bundy; and he looked up, bewildered. Then a door at the front—the private office—opened abruptly; and Jessup, a frown in his eyes, looked out into the room. After that the laughter silenced itself, and Horace Bundy went back to his thoughts.

A month, thirty days. The time, its term exact, seared itself fixedly on his mind. He knew, however, he must not waste time in dwelling feverishly on its scantness. An orderly man, all his being regulated, he realized even in his confused bewilderment the task before him. He had four weeks, a month, to get his affairs in order. Certain things had to be done. *Ergo*, he must do them.

There was himself, for example; he must first of all settle about himself. After himself, there were his belongings. There were the clothes he wore, the books he read.

Then there was his money in the bank, his savings. Yes; but now that he'd saved the money, what must he do with it?

"Careful! Look out!" Horace Bundy warned himself. His eyes at the thought of the money he'd saved had leaped wildly. "Careful!"

Set in a corner of the room was a low table, a typewriting machine upon it. Over the machine a girl—a woman, rather—bent herself; and, his eyes penetrating, he peered at her. She was still young—almost, anyway; and in her white, filmy blouse and the glimpse of round, soft throat its open collar gave, she was dainty, still alluring. A faint sigh came from the man watching from behind the shelter of his desk. His lips moved as he whispered something to himself. At the machine meanwhile Minnie Farrand went on banging and clattering. She was not conscious she was being watched. Her hands flew like flails among the straw. She was Jessup's secretary, his stenographer; and Jessup went home at five o'clock. The hour was already near; and, as she knew, her employer would shortly be clamoring for his letters. Tink-tink! Tink-a-tink-tink! His lips still wried, Horace Bundy went on staring.

Six years—it was now nearly seven—Minnie Farrand had sat there in her corner. A man stenographer had preceded her. When the man went and Minnie Farrand in her slender frocks and cool blouses took his place, her coming was to the office like a bucket of clear spring water thrown into a tub of asphyxiated minnows. It was to Horace Bundy anyway. Day in, day out, all the seven years, he had watched furtively the slim, girlish figure seated at the machine. Bright-eyed, he peeped. Sometimes, unseen, he beamed, his breast pulsing. He took care, though, to guard his peeping. His secret—for this was it—no one had ever guessed. He had nothing to offer her, had he? Even if he had, could a man on his pay, a salary like his, expect to marry? He might—yes, perhaps; but not a prudent man. He could, of course, have asked for more pay—in fact he was entitled to it; but if you know Horace Bundy you know he'd never ask.

Cobb & Jessup seemed to know it too. That's in parenthesis. Cobb & Jessup, it seems, had an uncanny prescience in such things that was almost divination And all the while, meantime, the years had gone on going. Six years, seven years. With them Horace Bundy's shoulders had begun to stoop—the clerk's stoop. Minnie Farrand's shoulders, slender shoulders, seemed to have drooped a little too. But though he'd never asked her—said what he wanted, knowing it was no use—just the same he wished he had. And now it was too late.

The clock struck five. A half hour after it struck again. It was half past five—time to go home; but Horace Bundy didn't hear it. He was hunched down on his chair and thinking yet. If only he had asked! If only he'd had strength and courage to find out! He hadn't had it though; and alone, the others gone, he rocked forward, and with his arms outstretched on the desk, he laid his head on them. The door opened, but he did not hear it. Neither did he hear the quick step pattering over the bare flooring of the office.

A startled voice cried out suddenly, "Mr. Bundy!"

Horace Bundy looked up. Beside his desk Minnie Farrand stood, looking down at him. She cried out at the sight of his haggard face:

"Mr. Bundy! What is it?"

He tried to smile, to reassure her; the smile, though, was a poor effort.

"It's nothing," he replied; but she was not deceived.

"You're not ill? You're not, are you?"

Ill? But why try to deceive her? Why deceive anyone? He was dying—that was the truth: it was what the doctor that day had told him.

"I have just a month, that's all," said Horace Bundy, but he was hardly prepared for the effect it gave.

"Dying?" A low cry came from her. "Dying?" The color had whipped out from her face, and she put a hand swiftly to her throat. The other came wavering toward him. "You—you can't die - die," came from her, a whisper. Horace Bundy's face turned a little whiter.

"I? Can't I? Why?"

She gave another cry, a stifled gasp.

"I—I can't let you! I—I won't! Oh, don't you see?"

Yes, he saw. The desk chair clattered as it overturned. But draw a curtain over that. Minutes later—or, for all Horace Bundy knew, it may have been a lifetime, an eternity—a sound emerged suddenly from the front office of Cobb & Jessup.

"What's that?" he asked.

"It's Mr. Jessup," she said

Jessup, eh? It was as if the name, a commonplace, fell like a blow to jolt him back to realities. His shoulders sagged. Erect and alive—animate but a moment before—he again was what he'd been. Only for an instant though. It might be, it's true, too late—that is, too late for some things; yet if it was, it was still not too late for others. The girl, watching, saw his eyes change, harden; but before she could speak he silenced her with a gesture.

"Stay where you are!" he directed sharply.

"But, Horace ——"

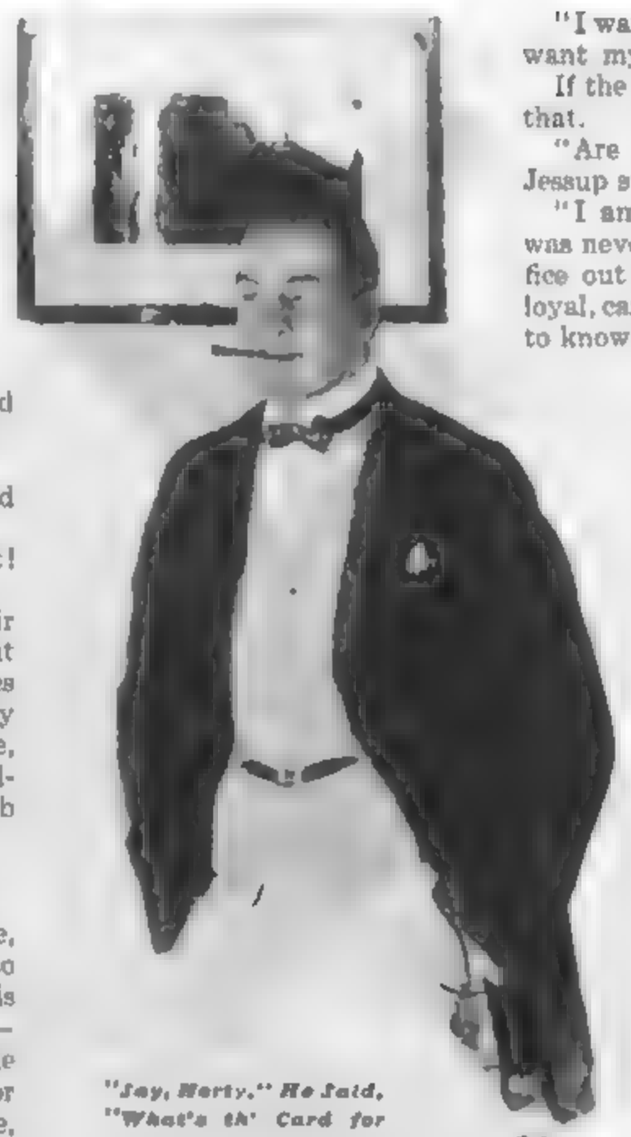
"Hush!"

A moment later, inside the private office, the square-jawed, heavy-featured man seated there at a desk was startled to hear the door bang open. Bang's the word. He was still further amazed at the apparition that stalked in on him. But recognizing it as merely familiar, a grunt came from him.

"Well—well?" he grumbled peevishly.

"Mr. Jessup," said Horace Bundy, "I want a raise."

"What's that? What's that?" countered Jessup, astounded. Horace Bundy was not to be intimidated. All sense of prudence seemed lost to him, in fact.



"Say, Morty," He Said, "What's th' Card for Tomorrow, Old Horse?"

"I want a raise," he repeated; adding, "I want my salary doubled or I'll leave"

If the heavens had fallen—but never mind that.

"Are you crazy or anything?" inquired Jessup succinctly.

"I am not," retorted Horace Bundy; "I was never saner. For years I've run that office out there; and I've been hard-working, loyal, careful. Now I'm fed up. What I want to know is, do I get the raise or not?"

A rat cornered will fight. It knows desperately it has anyhow only a moment to live. Jessup knew, of course, nothing of what had happened to the man before him, but maybe he recognized the other signs.

Wrapped in thought he sat silent. A while later he spoke.

"H'm," said Jessup; and he added, "Sit down, Horace"

Horace sat down.

Out in the office Minnie Farrand waited. Toil, hard work, long hours, scant pay and a task that taxed all her energy to fulfill—these had wrought their effect; and she was weeping quietly. There was what she had learned, too, from Horace Bundy As the door of the private office opened, however, she dashed the drops from her eyes and strove courageously to smile. The smile failed as she saw his face. It was grim, ironic.

"Huh! Wrong again!" said Horace Bundy.

"Wrong?"

He nodded.

"I've been wrong all my life" Bewildered, she could only stare. "I didn't get fired," he growled wryly. "Instead, he doubled my salary."

A cry sped from her.

"Mr. Jessup did?"

The grin on his lips grew more sour

"What's th' good of it, after all, Minnie? Any way you look at it, it's only a month's extra pay, a drop in the bucket."

She cried out again, "Don't! Don't! We're going to be happy together, Horace!"

Too late for that.

"Be sensible, Minnie," he said. "I've got just a month—thirty days. You mustn't cry; someone will see you."

"I don't care if they do!" she wept. "I'll take care of you; we'll get married"

"No, dear," said Horace Bundy, "we mustn't. If we got married you'd lose your job—you know the rule here; and your job you can't lose; not yet anyways. No," he added, "I've got just thirty days; and I need every day of it. We mustn't think of getting married."

"I—but, Horace, I don't understand," faltered Minnie Farrand

"You needn't," he retorted grimly.

A prudent man; you might say a callous one as well. One way or the other, though, in a brief moment a good deal of a change seemed to have come over the spirit of Horace Bundy's being. The day's doings no doubt were responsible. At any

(Continued on Page 129

"The Doctor—You Know What He Warned. My Heart ——" "Your Heart?" It Faltered From Her, a Gasp

PLEBE'S PROGRESS

By Harold Durst Hail

SING, mister!" Marmaduke Pendleton Satterlee, 3d, Midshipman, Fourth Class, U. S. Navy, was entertaining the upper classmen of Table 37 in the mess hall at Annapolis. It was not a voluntary entertainment on the part of Marmaduke. He quailed beneath the compelling eye of the authoritative first classman at the head of the table, who, as he faltered, sternly repeated, "Sing, mister, and sing *pronto!*"

Mister Marmaduke Pendleton Satterlee, 3d, for every plebe at Annapolis is ironically addressed by that formal title, gulped down the scorching lump that bade fair to choke him, forced back the tears of rage and humiliation that threatened to overwhelm him and after clearing his throat painfully once or twice began in a quavering voice. Though almost unrecognizable the tune he attempted was that sacred and familiar strain, Rock of Ages, and to it he sang the following astonishing composition:

Do can Bluff Cedar of son a
What folks home the show to want
I teams baseball and football
The on play to time find to
Expect I and school high in
Studies my in well stood I
For Annapolis at good
Make can I that confident
Feel I said smilingly
Satterlee mister young Annapolis
For departure his of eve
The on yesterday Democrat-Times
The from reporter a by
Interviewed when families
Distinguished most and oldest

"Enough!" broke in the first classman at the head of the table. "Memorize the rest of it and deliver it as a political speech, with gestures, tomorrow night for supper!"

Getting Acquainted

WITH trembling fingers Marmaduke folded the newspaper clipping from which he had been reading the words to his solo and put it in his pocket. It may be well to explain here that the clipping he had been obliged to sing backward was the flowery article in the lone newspaper of his home town—a rather small home town—that told of his departure for Annapolis to enter the Naval Academy. The somewhat religious nature of the first classman's choice of a tune was inspired, probably, by the fact that the article was headed by a photograph of Marmaduke at the age of fifteen, garbed in the surplice of a choir boy and gazing heavenward with a beatific expression on his face.

The only resemblance that the anything but heavenly inspired-appearing youth bore to the photograph was that two napkins were draped about his shoulders in the semblance of a surplice. For he was sitting with his chair pushed far back from the table, his weight resting on only the front two inches of the seat. His backbone was as straight as a ramrod, his head was erect with his eyes directly to the front, his chest was out and his shoulders were back so far that his shoulder blades fairly overlapped. No part of his forearm or hands touched the table, but swung suspended like cantilevers over the cloth. Every other plebe at Marmaduke's table was sitting in the same position, as was every one of the several hundred plebes in the mess hall except those so unfortunate, or perhaps so fortunate, as to be eating their dinners under the table. For this was the first day of the academic year at the Naval Academy. The upper classmen had all just returned from a month's leave, preceded by three months at sea, and they were getting acquainted with the plebes.

Lovers' Lane—on the Naval Academy Grounds—From Which All Plebes are Rigidly Exiled

The Naval Academy is an institution peculiar to itself among American institutions, even as is the Navy. There is no college in the country that can be used as a parallel to it, except, of course, West Point. These two schools are essentially of and for the American people, since their reason for existence is the maintenance of our national integrity. Every American voter should give some thought as to what their common function is. Their student bodies are recruited from every section of the United States; and the territories of Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippines, Porto Rico, the Canal Zone and every congressional district in the country send their boys to these academies. Nowhere else except in Congress can be found groups so completely representing every part of the nation.

Breaking In Plebes

THE taking in of this conglomerate herd of Young America—for every walk in life is here represented, from the blacksmith's son who led his class in high school to the millionaire's son who led the midterm exodus from Harvard—the welding of this diversified material into a uniform whole and the production therefrom of a class of young officers all true to the high type that an efficient Navy demands, presents difficulties peculiarly their own.

Naturally men, and especially young men, are not remolded to a particular form without discipline; and rigorous discipline, at that. In the Naval Academy for many years this discipline has divided itself into two types: That maintained by the executive officers and that more informal sort that lay in the hands of the upper classmen, which has fallen into unearned disrepute under the name of hazing.

Hazing, or running, had its basis in sheer necessity. It was not cruel, save in those very occasional instances where, as in every university, it was degraded from the real purpose that lay behind it. That purpose was the subordination of the individual to the welfare of the mass, which meant, naturally, the welfare of the academy and ultimately the welfare of the Navy.

Though this article is not a defense of hazing, it is a frank attempt to show, among other things, its place in the life of the academy. And since the first year of Marmaduke Pendleton Satterlee, 3d, is typical of that of all plebes, it is Marmaduke Pendleton Satterlee, 3d, we shall carry through his first year in Uncle Sam's factory for trained sea fighters.

The new class is taken in at Annapolis each year during the months of June and July, with a few stragglers arriving in August and September. So the majority of the fourth classmen have had three or four months of comparative freedom before they come in contact with their seniors

"'Taint No More Plebe!"—the Song of the Snake Dancers, Celebrating Their Release From Restrictions

President Harding Attending the Graduation Exercises at Annapolis in June, 1921. On His Left is Rear Admiral A. H. Scales, Superintendent of the Academy at That Time

The business of breaking in the plebes is a strenuous one for all concerned. It is a more engrossing proposition, of course, to the plebes, who are at the mercy of three upper classes, all veterans of strenuous plebe years themselves; not so much now as it was before the agitation against running reached the acute stage, but still undoubtedly sufficiently so to make the new plebes somewhat uneasy as they face for the first time the magnificent upper classmen. Certain unofficial discipline and rites that have passed into the traditions of the academy cannot be done away with by popular clamor.

For behind them lies a real reason. Not only the pride of the Navy in its academy tradition, but the fact that hazing as it was employed at Annapolis taught subordination to one's superiors, whether they be right or wrong; and this kind of subordination is the first essential in the make-up of an officer. That it had a definite purpose and a definite result in the building of the character of one naval officer we may observe by proceeding with the story of young Marmaduke Satterlee, who when he first arrived at Annapolis complacently agreed with the eulogistic send-off of his home-town paper that he had accomplished a very great deal through his perseverance and marked ability. And so he had. But a complacent realization of things accomplished is not the proper frame of mind for a midshipman, especially a new plebe.

Marmaduke's Fatal Mistake

IT DID not take the upper classmen long to reduce Marmaduke's high opinion of himself. The singing backward of his home paper's article made the flowery phrases of that literary gem forever hateful to his thoughts. He was then forced to memorize it and deliver it whenever an upper classman desired to be entertained.

Then early in his academic career he made a fatal error. He was not unlovely to the eye, and had often been told so. Thus it happened that when a day or so after the singing incident the first classman at the head of his table looked directly at him and shouted "Hey, Good-Looking!" Marmaduke turned expectantly to him and answered "Yes, sir!"

Too late he realized his mistake. A chorus of growls came from the head of the table.

"So you think you're good-looking! Who the hell ever told you that you were beautiful?"

"Shove back your chair, Mister Adonis," commanded the first classman, one Spud Murphy by name, "and sing after me:

'I'm my mamma's little lamb,
And, oh, how beautiful I am!'"

With burning cheeks Marmaduke did as bidden. He pushed his chair back until he was not resting on it at all. He was sitting on infinity, as the posture was called. His relative position at the table did not change; he was simply sitting in a chair without the use of the chair. Then he repeated the ditty as ordered until he was considered proficient, and ever after that he was called Adonis.

The plebe sitting opposite to the harassed singer became so amused at his discomfiture that he allowed a faint smile to play across his features.

"So you would laugh at a classmate in distress, would you, Fillyloo?" Spud sharply asked him.

"No, sir, I merely smiled."

Correct!

"WELL, suppose you get under the table and have a good hearty laugh. Now then, Number Three, tell us who commanded the Spanish fleet at the Battle of Bull Run."

"Julius Cæsar!" promptly replied Number Three; who was red-headed and equal to the occasion.

"Right-o! And you, Number Four, who was the first vice admiral of the Siamese Navy?"

"I don't know, sir," quavered Number Four, a timid, colorless youth, who looked like the popular version of the boy raised by two maiden aunts

"Mister, you never answer 'I don't know' in the Navy. You're supposed to know. But if you don't know, don't admit it. Say something! Now come down with an answer to that question!"

"Why—er—er—Admiral Paregoric was, sir!" faltered Number Four.

"Well, now, that's better. And what was the name of his flagship in the Battle of Oshkosh?"

"The Queen Castoria II, sir," bravely replied the plebe.

"Absolutely correct, mister! Now hurry up and eat before the bell rings. Pass the milk down, Bosco, and let the plebes all have another glass."

Many nights Marmaduke went back to his room with a heavy heart. He thought of the freedom and comfort of home, of the indulgence of his doting mother, of the car that was always his. Then he looked around the bare plaster walls of his small room, innocent of pictures or decorations of any kind. The plain wooden table that served as a desk, the narrow iron bed, the rickety iron-frame

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Presenting the Colors at the Naval Academy During June Week

THE CAT'S-PAW

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

THE sheriff's laboring pen paused above the pad of tax receipts as the shout from the street jarred across the drowsy silence of the office. It was an innocent sound, a yell of pleasure, such as a schoolboy might have lifted at a safe distance from the master's taws, and Sim Cole, lounging at the window, chuckled in sympathy. But the lean old man at the desk did not smile; his thin, sun-reddened face met his deputy's glance with a gravity that Sim Cole interpreted as question and concern. He laughed again.

"It's all right, sheriff—nothin' only Lin Kennett celebratin' another loan off'n old man Pardo. Come down the stairs wavin' the money an' yellin'. Reckon the Solway boys'll get it off him before sunup. They was waitin' for him outside. Yonder they go."

He pointed as the sheriff, straightening his back tenderly, rose and crossed to the window. A battered tin car exploded in impudent, barking noises and scudded away in a swirl of yellow dust. Opposite, in an upper window of the dingy brick block, a fat man remarkably short of neck drew back from the light. Cole's hand jerked toward him.

"Pardo watchin' his money start on a quick trip." He chuckled again. "Expect he thinks it's comin' back!"

The sheriff did not answer. He stood at the sill, looking across the thinning dust cloud at the window where Pardo had vanished. Cole, twisting about, saw that his face was mildly curious, the eyes half hidden by the lift of their lower lids. He had learned to understand that look, and he laughed again, as if old Dan Mackenzie had spoken his thought.

"Nothin' to fret you an' me, sheriff, if Pardo aims to give Lin Kennett cash for cards an' liquor. Reckon he must have a plenty to go wastin' it thataway. Ain't nobody else in the county'd loan Lin a cent, an' Pardo leaves him have all he wants on his bare note. Reckon he'll go back North one o' these days to make money where it comes easy."

Mackenzie shook his head slowly. "Pardo made all he's got right here, Sim. I mind the day he come—on foot, peddlin' trash out'n a pack. Come in here and asked me was they a bank in town, or anyone in the loan business, private."

Cole wagged his head, unconvinced. "Never made his money here in Hewitt, sheriff, all the same. Must get it in from outside. Ain't enough money in the county to make a feller rich, not if he got it all."

"Mighty lean dawg can fat a flea, Sim. Looks like the sorrier a dawg gets the better a flea likes him."

"You got it twisted, sheriff." Cole rolled a cigarette. "It's the dawg 't's gettin' fat an' the flea 't's feedin' him this time. Lin Kennett's been livin' high for 'most a year on old Pardo's money."

Mackenzie moved back to his desk. "I know, Sim. And I'm wonderin' who's goin' to pay when Pardo starts in to collect. It ain't apt to be Lin, Sim; but somebody's bound to. I been watchin' Pardo a right good while. He gets paid, Sim."

"If he gets paid this time he's welcome," said Cole. "He won't get it off Lin, nor you 'r me, sheriff."

"Think so, Sim?" Mackenzie took up his pen reluctantly. "Wish 't I was sure it wouldn't be us. Notice we do a right pretty lot o' collectin' for Pardo, Sim."

"Take more'n you an' me to levy on Lin Kennett." Cole waved his cigarette. "Been a dead-broke dead-beat ever since I come up here, sheriff."

The sheriff said nothing, but a thin line showed between his white brows as he bent again over his receipts. His pen scratched slowly, the only sound to trespass on the hot silence. Cole drowsed at the window, a faint draft stirring the tumbled hair on his beaded forehead. Perhaps a half hour had passed when Mackenzie straightened and spoke: "Sim, step over an' ask Pardo will he come in here a minute. Strikes me 't maybe I'd ought to tell him he's runnin' a right pretty resk."

Cole stretched his arms. "Shucks, sheriff, don't go spoilin' things for Lin. If Pardo's fool enough to loan him money it ain't our job to stop him."

"You go get him, Sim. Might save us a sight o' work later on. Maybe he don't know 't Lin's no good."

Cole debated the point as he put on his coat, but the sheriff had gone back to his receipts and seemed not to hear. The deputy went out, grumbling. He found the money lender sprawled in a broken chair, fanning himself with a ragged palm leaf, his pink-striped shirt discolored where it drew tight above his pulpy bulk, and open at the collar, baring a wedge of hairy chest on which blue-black jowls rested in glistening creases. A new distaste for his errand came on Sim Cole; he stopped in the doorway, angry at Mackenzie for interfering with Lin Kennett's fun at this man's expense.

"Sheriff wants you should step over an' see him," he said sullenly.

It pleased him to observe that the small opaque eyes widened quickly in a look that was unmistakably afraid; he took pleasure in withholding the explanation that would have set Pardo's anxiety at rest. Probably the money lender had plenty on his mind; Cole had heard of his dealings among the negroes, where small loans had a way of getting bigger, in spite of weekly payments. Let him sweat till he saw Mackenzie—it would serve him right.

"What for? I ain't ——" Pardo stopped himself in mid-sentence with an effort.

Cole's satisfaction increased.

"I don't know what he wants, but you better come, I reckon. Sheriff sorta hates to be kep' waitin'."

Pardo heaved himself up from his chair and fastened his collar. Cole saw that his plump yellow fingers fumbled with the buttons, as a man's will when he is frightened. He stood aside for the other to go first, exactly as he would have done if he had been making an arrest. As they came into the office he observed that Pardo's face was wetter than before, and grinned sourly. If he had his way Lin Kennett might take Pardo's last cent without hindrance.

Mackenzie's Voice Was Gentle, But Cole Fancied He Saw the Money Lender's Shoulders Twitch at the Question

"Hear you been loanin' Lin Kennett some money, Mr. Pardo."

Mackenzie's voice was gentle and his blue eyes mild, but Cole fancied he saw the money lender's shoulders twitch at the question.

"Why not?" Pardo's hands spread in a gesture that seemed to settle his head closer than ever to his body. "Ain't it my business?"

He drew out the first syllable of the word so that to Cole it was as if he spoke of bees. Mackenzie nodded gravely.

"Reckon it is, Mr. Pardo. Only I figgered 't maybe you'd ought to be told 't Lin ain't good for it. Ain't got a cent, nor apt to have one."

Pardo's body relaxed and expanded; he released his breath with a chuckle that was like a sigh.

"So? You send for me to prevent I should lose money by him?" Mackenzie nodded again. "Much obliged. I would get paid, Mackenzie. I ain't worryin'."

"Lin ain't apt to pay you. And he ain't got a thing to levy on if you was to try to collect from him."

Sim Cole broke in on the talk impatiently.

"Reckon if Pardo's satisfied that settles it, sheriff."

"Maybe, Sim." Mackenzie did not look at his deputy. "How you figgerin' on gettin' paid, Mr. Pardo?"

Again the money lender's hands performed the spreading gesture.

"You should ask me, Mackenzie! I guess maybe you forgot the time I lose the note that Bothwell gimme, eh? I find out then ——"

Cole's lips twisted at the memory. He had seen that affair himself. He had been leaning on the pipe rail before the courthouse when the slip of paper blew out of Pardo's window, had seen the money lender's frantic snatch at it from the sill, heard his shriek of anguish as the wind carried it mischievously over the roofs and out of sight. He could still see Pardo's bulk plunging through the thorny creepers along the branch as he searched for that note, hear his whimpers as he came back in the dusk without it.

"A hundred dollars I lose—like that!" Pardo had almost wept as he explained how he had left the note on his desk when he opened the window.

And Cole frowned as he remembered Mackenzie's answer to the plaint.

"Whose note was it? Fess Bothwell's? Then you can quit frettin', Pardo. Fess ain't lookin' to cheat you. He'll sign another for you."

Cole had laughed at the conflict in Pardo's face as he heard that promise. Now as he watched the man's look he found it comic once more. Because Fess Bothwell had signed another note, Pardo took it for granted that it was safe to lend money to a beat like Lin Kennett!

"Right then I find out that people is different here, Mackenzie." Pardo wagged his head. "It ain't business, maybe, but I lend money on it many times. Up here it ain't like it is other places. I ain't worried; Lin Kennett ain't a crook."

Mackenzie shook his head. "Maybe not, Mr. Pardo. Maybe he'd pay you if he had the money. Reckon he would. But he ain't apt to have it—not any way 't I can see."

Pardo seemed impressed. "You think I don't get paid, huh?"

"Wouldn't surprise me a heap if you didn't."

A low mourning noise came up from Pardo's chest.

"Two thousand dollars I would lose, Mackenzie, if Lin Kennett would be a crook! Two — —"

"That's a powerful lot of money to loan anybody, Mr. Pardo." Mackenzie spoke with an inflection that puzzled Sim Cole. "I'm right surprised you done it—with Lin not havin' no property."

"I would sue him in the courts, anyhow! If he is a crook I would send him to the jail."

"He ain't, Mr. Pardo. Reckon they's no law against borrowin'. And it looks to me like you'd only go spendin' some more money if you went to sue him. You c'n get a judgment, but it won't be worth much."

"I would sue him, all the same."

Pardo went out, mumbling. Cole sniggered as the sound of his steps died away.

"An' folks say he's smart! Givin' Lin Kennett a coupla thousand just because Fess Bothwell turned out to be honest! It sounds plumb foolish, sheriff!"

"I reckon it ain't as foolish as it sounds, Sim. But it's foolish, sure enough." Mackenzie resumed his labor on the tax receipts. Cole, at the window, watched the money lender cross the road. He chuckled.

"If a feller 't's as simple as that c'n get rich lendin' money, looks like I was a fool to stick to sheriffin'. I'd ought to go into the lendin' business myself."

Mackenzie looked up. "I wouldn't, Sim. It ain't a safe business without a man knows a heap about folks."

"I reckon I know more about Hewitt County folks than Pardo, anyhow." Cole laughed.

"Figger he's a fool, Sim?"

"Don't have to figger. It shows, don't it?"

Mackenzie took up his pen. "Reckon you better don't go in the money-lendin' business yet a spell, Sim. He ain't a fool, Pardo ain't."

"Changed your mind, ain't you?" Cole grinned. "A while back you was callin' Pardo a flea."

Mackenzie nodded over his work without looking up. "Reckon I did, Sim. But that ain't sayin' he's a fool. Heard tell that fleas act smarter'n folks some ways, Sim. Reckon this here one knows what he's up to. Don't reckon they was ever a fool flea 't got as fat as Pardo, Sim."

Cole subsided into his tilted chair, grinning. It would make a good supper-table story—this tale of the two thousand dollars advanced to Lin Kennett on the security of his honesty! Mackenzie must be getting old or he'd see the joke himself.

II

IT REMINDED Sim Cole of a fire in the grass—this instantaneous explosion of hatred between the two hill-bred outlanders. Just so had he seen the dry brown tufts of bunch grass burst into a roaring flame that seemed out of all proportion to its fuel. He forgot, conveniently, that he was a deputy charged with the maintenance of the peace; it would have needed more than Sim Cole, anyway, to stand between Fess Bothwell and Cal Durie now.

They had brought their enmity down from their hills, Cole knew; a quarrel rooted in some obscure feud of the uplands. Hewitt people gave them both a canny courtesy and a clear path; they were known as dangerous men to cross, as harmless, except to each other, if left alone. Cole had moved out of the way when Cal Durie came down the courthouse steps; the other men on the flagstones had separated deliberately. Only Fess Bothwell had stood his ground; there had been no pause, no hesitation; they fought without words, bitterly, giving and taking blows with no attempt to block or parry.

Cole judged them evenly matched, but he saw that an advantage lay with Durie, and understood it. Durie must have found out upstairs that he was going to lose his land. Bothwell had no such added stimulus to quicken his hate; from the first he seemed to be defending, while Durie attacked. And he gave ground steadily, till a wicked rising swing sent him against the pipe rail, bent him back above it, off his balance. Durie struck him twice before he could recover; he fell backward over the rail, striking heavily and making no effort to get up. Durie bent over him, his teeth showing.

"Had enough?"

"Reckon so, for this here time."

Bothwell's mouth bled and his speech was thick. Durie straightened and turned, his hostility transferred, now, to the onlookers.

"Anybody else 't wants to laugh at the joke on me?"

No one answered. There was a shuffling of feet on the flags; two or three men drew away from the rear rank, and Dan Mackenzie, coming down the courthouse steps, made an easy passage between those who stood their ground. He faced Durie calmly.

"Been huntin' for you, Cal. Reckon you got time to step back to my office?"

The hillman hesitated, his lips still drawn back from his teeth.

"What for, Mackenzie?"

"Want to talk to you a spell, Cal. Take it kindly if you'd come—save me ridin' out to your place."

Mackenzie's voice was gentle, but Cole felt in it a quality that was nearer to command than appeal. Durie shrugged; he flashed a quick look back at Bothwell, who had risen and clung, visibly giddy, to the pipe rail.

"All right, sheriff."

Cole followed them without quite knowing why. He would have preferred to stay outside and discuss the fight with the other eyewitnesses, and he came into the office half expecting to be ordered out. But Mackenzie nodded acquiescence.

"Shet the door, Sim. Sit down, Cal. Reckon you can stand it after a fight like that."

"I licked him to rights, Mackenzie. Learn him to laugh me in the face."

"Reckon you did, Cal." Mackenzie nodded. "But that ain't why I want to talk to you. This here court case ——"

Durie came to his feet. "That's it, eh? I plumb forgot. You reckon you c'n come out yonder an' sell my land, Mackenzie? Reckon I'll set on the fence an' leave you do it? You come shootin' when you come!"

Mackenzie nodded again, as if the speech pleased him. "Reckoned you'd look at it like that, Cal. Don't know but I'd feel thataway if I was you. That's how come I got you up here. Reckon you know 't chat ain't goin' to stop Sim Cole an' me, Cal."

"Maybe chat won't, Mackenzie, but I'm aimin' to do more'n chat if I got to. I bought that ridge, fair an' honest, an' paid good money for it. I got my deed off ol' Mis' Kennett; I been payin' taxes every year."

"I know, Cal. It's rightly your land. Reckon this here's one o' the times when the law don't look at things straight. Mis' Kennett figgered she had a right to sell you the ridge; folks thought Lin was dead. But the law don't see it thataway, Cal. Law 'lows 't Lin owned that tract all the time. An' this here judgment 't Pardo's got against Lin is bound to lie against his land. That's the law, an' neither Sim Cole nor me is to blame for it. Seems kind of a pity to go shootin' us, Cal, if the law sends us out to sell the land."

"Can't shoot the law," said Durie. "But I ain't goin' to git run off my land without a fight. It's mine, sheriff. I paid for it, cash money down. I sweated off the scrub with my two hands, like a nigra. I planted them peach trees—come a year from now that there orchard'll be worth a heap. Folks don't figger this here sand'll grow peaches, Mackenzie, but they're wrong. I'll show 'em."

"Reckon you will, Cal, if you get the chance. That's what I'm aimin' to fix. Shootin' me an' Sim Cole won't get it for you. But this man Pardo, Cal—strikes me 't maybe he'd listen if you was to talk to him right."

Durie's teeth showed again. "Him! He done it on purpose, Mackenzie. He give Lin Kennett that there money because he knowed Lin had a claim on that ridge."

Mackenzie nodded. "Maybe he did, Cal. Looks like it. But they ain't no proof 't he knowed. Folks figgered he was plumb foolish to leave Lin have that money. Sim, here, he talked some about goin' in the lendin' business himself, it looked so simple."

Cole scowled. He did not like to be reminded of the time when he had called Pardo a fool, now that all the county was chuckling at this proof of his smartness.

"Maybe if you was to go see Pardo, Cal, he'd settle it friendly. He's put up some money—if you was to pay him back ——"

"Two thousand and seven hundred!" Durie snarled "You reckon I got a gold mine out yonder, Mackenzie?"

"I don't reckon Pardo give Lin Kennett as much as that, Cal. Reckon Lin'd sign a note for a hundred, maybe, and Pardo'd give him ten. Looks to me like Pardo'd make money if he got three-four hundred back. Might go ask him, Cal."

"Ain't got it! Done spent all I could raise, Mackenzie, hirin' lawyers. An' I'd see Pardo ——"

"Might leave you have the money myself, Cal. Got a mite saved up. Welcome to it if it'll he'p hold on to the land."

Durie's face relaxed.

"Come down out'n the hills myself, Cal. Reckon we'd ought to stick together some."

"I'm right obliged, Mackenzie. I wasn't lookin' for this I — I'll go see Pardo."

"That's right, Cal. You ain't got a gun on you, have you?"

Durie produced a pistol from his hip pocket.

"Reckon you better leave it here till you come back. Won't need it talkin' to Pardo, Cal." Mackenzie put the gun into a drawer and turned the key. "You go see what he says."

Durie hesitated. The old man's eyes met his without wavering, and he shrugged assent. When he had gone Sim Cole's pent eloquence escaped.

"You figger 't Pardo'll leave go now? Figger he's fool enough to take three-four hundred when he

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Bothwell Had No Such Added Stimulus to Quicken His Hate; From the First He Seemed to be Defending, While Durie Attacked

PROFESSIONAL YOUTH

By DOROTHY PARKER

It is All Very Well for You to Beg Them to Give the World Just One More Chance to be a Better Boy, But It's No Use. They are Definitely Off Everything

IF YOU want to take home to the folks some of the real inside stuff about this younger generation that has been breaking into the news so much lately, you owe it to yourself to start the thing off right by meeting Tommy Clegg. He is just the boy to come stealing down the winding staircase and let you in on the ground floor. For Tommy is one of the charter members of the Younger Generation, Inc.

Now, I shouldn't want you to go away with the notion that Tommy is the boy who invented youth. He himself would laughingly deny it if you were to walk up to him on the street and ask him to tell you flatly, one way or the other, did he or didn't he.

But he was well up in the van when it came to cashing in on the idea. Tommy and his little playmates don't regard being young as just one of those things that are likely to happen to anybody. They make a business of it.

And Tommy Clegg did much to put the current younger generation on a business basis. He is in a practically perfect position to do some invaluable work in the way of getting the firm's name before the public. As a sort of side line to his regular job of being just a kiddie, Tommy is engaged in giving literature a series of shoves in the right direction. It was but three or four short years ago that he first toddled to his little desk, seized his pen in his chubby fist and proceeded to knock American letters for a row of cloth-covered volumes of Louisa M. Alcott. And just take a look at him today—one of the leading boy authors, hailed alike by friends and relatives as the thirty-one-year-old child wonder.

Perhaps you have read his collected works, that celebrated five-inch shelf. As is no more than fair, his books—Annabelle Takes to Heroin, Gloria's Neckings, and Suzanne Sobers Up—deal with the glamorous adventures of our young folks. Even if you haven't read them, though, there is no need for you to go all hot and red with nervous embarrassment when you are presented to their author. Tommy will take care of all that for you. He has the nicest, most reassuring way of taking it all coolly for granted that not a man or a woman and but few children in these loosely United States could have missed a word that he has written. It grinds the ice practically to powder the moment you meet him.

How Tommy Prepares for Emergencies

PROBABLY you have it all worked out by this time that Tommy isn't his official title. You seldom said a truer word. He signs his works in full—almost to repletion, in fact—Thomas Warmington Clegg, Junior.

But he wants all the world to think of him as just Tommy. He presses you to try to be a child again, along with him, and go ahead. He bucks you up by explaining that everybody calls him just Tommy—and when he says "everybody" you get a more than fair idea that it is no mere figure of speech. There is a largeness about it that hints pretty strongly to you that he includes such people as Gloria Swanson and Secretary Hughes and all the severely crowned heads of Europe. You have to fight hard to keep the tears back when you realize that there he is, urging you to string right along with the big boys and call him Tommy too.

But democratic—that's Tommy all over. Scarcely 85 per cent of his success has gone to his head. He doesn't take any more credit for what he has done than if he were Thackeray.

There is a pleasingly boyish sound about "Tommy" that makes it, really, more a trade-mark than a name. And Tommy Clegg, who has one of the best little business heads you ever saw in your life, isn't the boy to overlook that. Youth, as we got to saying only about five minutes ago, is his dish. It was a rough day for him when he found it was no longer practicable for him to go about in rompers and carry a pail and shovel.

He can hardly keep from breaking down and taking a good laugh, he tells you, every time he thinks how funny it is for a child like him to be sending belles-lettres for a loop, the way he does. But you mustn't think he takes it too personally. He simply sets it down as additional proof of what the present younger generation can do, once it gets into its stride. Perhaps at the moment you may not be able to recall ever having seen any pictures of Keats with a long white beard, either; but that, as Pat said to Mike while they were walking down the street one day, is neither here nor there. I'm not quite sure if it was Tommy that started it, but there seems to be a pretty persistent rumor going the rounds of our boys and girls that nothing was ever written prior to a couple of years ago.

You will find it rather uphill work, at first, to draw Tommy out about himself and his achievements. He may even wait to be introduced to you before he tells you, with an almost fanatical regard for detail, who he is, what he does and how much he gets for it. From there he will go on and show you a full line of samples, just so there will be no chance of your getting any wrong ideas about his work.

For Tommy never runs the risk of going out without taking along a few manuscripts; an author never knows, these days, when somebody is going to rush up to him in the Subway or on Forty-second Street or up at the Polo Grounds and ask him to give a reading. And it doesn't do any harm to be prepared, so that he can start right off, the minute anybody drops a hat. In case of any tie he usually slips a couple of photographs in his pocket, too, for he might run into Jeritza or Queen Mary or Peggy Hopkins Joyce any time, on a ferry or at the movies, and there they would be, begging him for some little keepsake, and how would he feel if he had to confess that he had gone and left his photographs in his other clothes?

They are pretty striking, too, these pictures of Tommy. Taken in profile, they are, and so that there won't be any confusion in the beholder's mind he is shown holding a pen and bending musingly over a fair, broad sheet of paper—just as a barber, say, might be photographed dreamily regarding a razor and strop.

As special correspondent from the front line of the younger generation, Tommy naturally strives to give the public—his public, he calls it tenderly—a good all-round view of the boys and girls. Sometimes his stories show them as clear-eyed young rebels—Tommy loves that one—facing life with sparkling eyes, their shining eyes undimmed by mists of sentiment and conventionality. He intimates pretty definitely that they are so many white hopes, and now that they have come along to take hold of things it's going to be just the dandiest of all perfectly corking little worlds. Tommy uses these tales of his to get into circulation some of his more revolutionary ideas. It makes you stop and give a hearty gasp when you realize how daring is the viewpoint of these young ones of today. Looking facts squarely in the face isn't the half of it. Those clear-eyed heroes and heroines as good as come right out and say that there are two sexes, that youth is not apt to last a lifetime, that parents are occasionally slightly out of touch with the activities of their children, that spring is one of the pleasantest of the seasons and that there have been several known cases where love did not endure after the first forty or fifty years. It gives all the old theories rather a nasty shake-up, that's what it does.

But startling as these stories are, there doesn't seem to be any noticeable clamor for the moving-picture rights to them. As publicity for the younger set they are all very well, of course, as far as they go, but they don't catch the out-of-town trade. There isn't, as you might say, a headache in a barrelful of them.

The Goings-On of the Younger Set

TOMMY, who has his lighter side, too, is better able to show some of his real stuff when he writes, not of clear-eyed young rebels but of cock-eyed ones. There are few that can tie him when it comes to describing night life in the country clubs and the merry romps of the light-hearted girls and boys, so full of mischief and gin. You get the impression from these works that an evening with the younger generation is like something between a Roman bath and one of King Alphonso's little vacations at Deauville. Rouge flows like water in Tommy's pages, and cigarettes and cocktails circulate as freely as hard-boiled eggs at brookside picnics. Things, according to the author, look pretty black; he broadcasts the grim warning that conditions are getting no better rapidly and that decadence, as those outside the younger generation know of it, is still in its infancy.

And as the farmer said when his wife, who had long been subject to deathlike epileptic seizures, finally died during one of them, "That's more like it." That's the stuff that got the boys and girls before the public. Those are the stories that have done much to make it common gossip that you never saw your mother behaving herself that way when she was a girl.

Tommy Clegg, being, as you might put it, one of the members of the firm, knows what he is talking about when he tells of the goings-on of the younger set. As soon as you meet some of his friends you can see that his characters are drawn practically from life.

He has several playmates who are carving out quite a name for themselves as lost souls. With the engaging frankness so characteristic of the modern young, they sit right down and tell you all about themselves without so much as a flinch; it just seems as if they couldn't bear to think of your going along from day to day without knowing the worst about them. They are too far gone to conceal their shame. It is almost as if they wore on their

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SO-SO

By EVERETT RHODES CASTLE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

"BLOOD wants Mr. Denny." Sammy the red-headed office boy hissed the words over his shoulder to Miss Macklin, Blood's private secretary, as he pushed wide the mahogany gate leading to the outer office. The secretary, despite her strictly tailored hair and blouse, sighed softly

"Poor Mr. Denny," she whispered to the clicking keys. To the boy she nodded briefly. "Poor Mr. Denny," she repeated as she watched the boy move down the long room, his head twisting this way and that, probably to repeat the words he had hissed to her. Over the silent keyboard she watched the whisper travel from desk to desk, from ledger to ledger, from billing machine to clanging typewriters—like a grass fire running with the first puff of evening breeze. Quietly she watched the red-headed Sammy near the end of the room and turn toward a row of old-fashioned desks in the far corner. The boy moved with the conscious importance of one who partook of power by proxy, aware that fifty pairs of eyes furtively followed his every step—from behind roll-top desks, over ledgers, across the complicated machinery of modern office equipment. But he did not swagger. Miss Macklin understood Sammy. He liked the old man, judging him by the keen standards of an office world, from the viewpoint of one steeped in the knowledge of all the meanness heaped upon the weakest private in the ranks. His step faltered as he drew nearer the dark far corner. He stooped to fumble with the lace of his shoe and Miss Macklin blessed him. A good kid, stripped at the last moment of his importance, thinking only of the message he must give—and its import. Miss Macklin almost said "Poor Sammy."

Many times during the past two years Sammy had carried the same message through the mahogany gates and down the long office, and almost always with regret. And for two years Miss Macklin and the rest of the general office of The Deviston Drug Corporation had watched him deliver it, heard his efforts at airy matter of fact. The first had been Clarkson, the veteran sales manager, a contemporary of the second Deviston and a man whose old-fashioned jet-buttoned waistcoat and hearty laugh were known wherever drugs were sold. Even old Neary, the crusty custodian of the warehouse elevator, lamented his going. His successor was a younger man with a springy step and a slight mustache. He told the sales force, with a cold eye for the row of men, men for the most part of Clarkson's school, that he stood for sales production. He told them that the only difference between a rut and the grave was the depth, and forgot to give the credit to Elbert Hubbard. Then in quick succession went Anderson, the treasurer, and Abbie Henderson, his funny prim old assistant. The general office began to understand. It understood better as time went on. The new office manager kept saying it over and over again: "Heads up! Eyes bright! More pep! This place has been an old folks' home long enough. On your toes! Let's go!"

And they went, one after the other. Old blood yielded to the march of efficiency. From behind the old mahogany rail the immaculate Horace Blood, as cold and prematurely bald as efficiency could be, pressed the button and one young man with a clattering device did the work of two old men.

For two years, one after another, and still Mr. Denny had clung to his desk—until now

As the boy once more stood erect the eyes of the office centered on the old man. For he was an old man, though little, and the droop of him seemed to have crept into his straggly gray mustache. Poor old Mr. Denny! Miss Macklin had a funny little clutching thought! It was this. The little man had sat at that very same desk in that very same room before Sammy had been born.

"Mr.—Mr. Blood wants to see you, Mr. Denny."

"Me?"

"Sure."

Miss Macklin was too far away to get the words—the very few that were spoken—but the pantomime filled her eyes with sudden tears. The brave attempt at unconcern as the little man arose, a quivering whistle on his lips, a poor little whistle that died in a palpable quiver of the lower lip; the march down the narrow aisle and the turn to the left; the quick rustle as the general office appeared not to notice, a silent tribute of friendship and sympathy. Poor Mr. Denny! And that was funny too. Blood was Blood to the office, Grayson the sales manager was Fish-Face, but Denny was always Mr. Denny. No one knew exactly why.

Miss Macklin arose and held the gate open. It was a tribute that efficient young lady accorded only to the living Deviston. Mr. Denny thanked her with troubled courtesy. His lips smiled, but his thin fingers were twisting convulsively.

Womanlike she thought of the other woman. What would she say? What would she do?

But it was too cruel—even for efficiency. Twenty-nine years of a man's life! The best years; faithful years. She decided as the little man passed through the door into the private office of the general manager that for once the dreaded sign was wrong; that for once Horace Blood was giving a command direct.

But Miss Macklin was wrong. Smiling bravely Mr. Denny sensed it the moment he crossed the threshold. Blood nodded pleasantly—too pleasantly and indicated a chair before the wide table desk

"Sit down, Mr. Denny," he said

Mr. Denny did so, well to the fore of the chair, where his trembling knees were beneath the sheltering lee of the table. He nodded nervously.

"Yes, Mr. Blood?"

The general manager found it hard to meet the anxious gray eyes of the old fellow. He lit a cigarette to cover the pause—an awkward inefficient pause. Then he brushed his foolishness aside.

"Denny," he said abruptly, "you've been with this organization for twenty-nine years, haven't you?"

The little man nodded. "Man and boy," he said quietly.

"And you know that time marches on?"

"Yes, sir."

"That you are no longer as young as you were fifteen—ten years ago?"

"Yes, Mr. Blood."

"And that modern business is like war? The battle is always to the strong?"

Mr. Denny considered this gravely and nodded.

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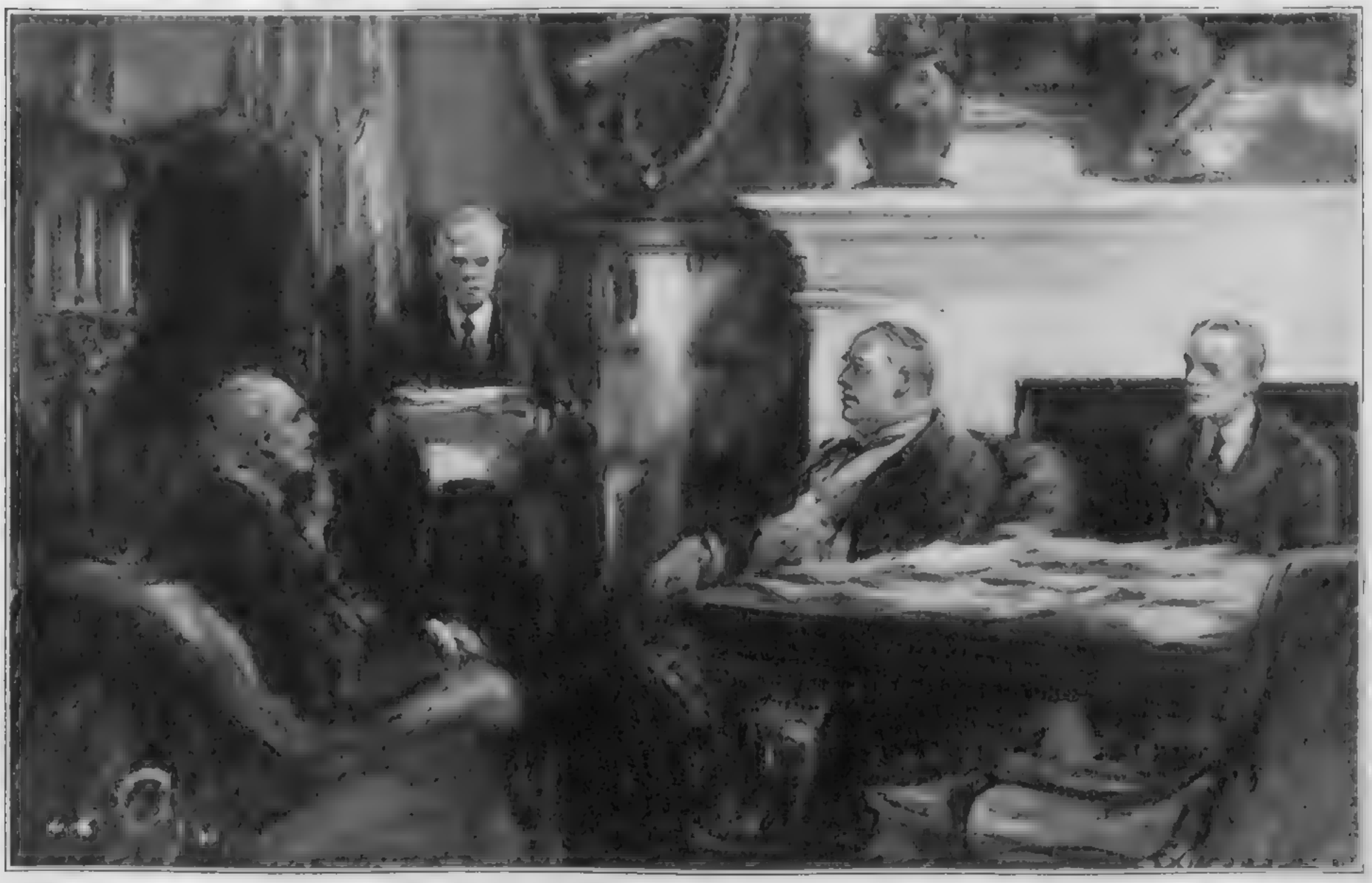

"What Kind of Gibberish is This?" But Deviston Cut the Angry Colonel Short. "Shut Up," He Said Amiably

THE SOFT SPOT

By Douglas Walshe

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

IF YOU want to know the true bore of a big gun, in spite of the proverb don't ask his valet; go to the man who runs him, his private secretary. And he won't tell. But he knows. Oh, yes, the chap who lives with him, eats at his table, sleeps in his house, drives in his car and checks his private banking account—he knows, all right.

He's the johnny who does the spade work—and a good spade is not afraid of a little dirt—the fellow who polishes the pedestal, unmixes the metaphors and oils the wheels. Gives him a push here and a pull back there. Undoes what he has done and didn't ought to, and does what he's left undone and ought to have done. Works the press. Tones down or writes up his speeches. Flies his kites. Sees the fellows it isn't policy for the boss himself to see. Protects him, bullies him, rebukes him, flatters him—in short, mothers and makes him.

That isn't cockiness. That's the job, and a jolly interesting job too.

I'm P. S. to Ramsay—Martin Ramsay, Member of Parliament for Brightsea, managing director of Ramsay's Stores in Oxford Street, and proprietor of the Daily Deliverance, not to mention a few odd directorships in the city.

That brings us into touch with pretty nearly everyone worth knowing. J. P. calls when he comes over from America; the Prime Minister—either side, because our paper's independent—dines with us once a session; and though nobody ever refuses our invitations, our refusals of other people's average out at a dozen a day.

But the Ramsay the world knows and the Ramsay I serve are two very different men.

In political circles they consider him an obstinate old incorruptible, and he has turned down, in order of mention, an undersecretaryship, a baronetcy, an earldom and a marquisate. "What the hell does your old man want?" the P. M.'s personal P. S. asked me despairingly. And I told him the answer is a lemon. Which it is.

At his store, on his paper and in the city they call him a holy terror; and even the lift boys are subdued in his presence.

Well, that's all right.

But I know about his watch.

It's rolled gold—at least the case was rolled gold till all the gold rolled away. It is just battered, discolored brass now. People who catch sight of it think it's a whim, a touch of rich man's meanness. One fool, indeed, who wanted to suck up to him, sent him a top-hole new gold watch for Christmas.

The governor thanked him—and then broke him for impertinence and gave that watch to me.

It was then that I got the story out of him.

It seems that when he fell in love he was worth about fourpence, being a clerk in the countinghouse of Wells & Hunter. His father was dead, and his mother had just enough to live on. And on his twenty-first birthday she had given him his father's gold watch, which had been his father's father's before him. It was a big, solid-gold, full-hunter, English-lever affair, not even keyless—the sort of watch that never wears out and when it gets into a family, sticks there.

Well, the girl he loved was in the millinery, and they wanted to get married and hadn't any money. So what does the old man do, being desperately keen on the lady, but make a trade with his valuable gold old-fashioned watch for a modern, rolled-gold keyless one—and put twenty-two pounds in his pocket over the deal. Then they bought some things on the hire system and got married.

"I'd Take the Very Clothes Off My Back and Fling Them in Your Face, Too, if I Could!" He Cried

Now his old mother was a bit of a tartar, and she thought no end of the family watch. And he'd swapped it. He didn't dare tell her. He owned up to me that every time he and the bride went to see the old lady after the honeymoon to have their errors in housekeeping pointed out to them, he fairly shivered for fear his mother would find out. Ramsay, mark you!

And once she nearly did. She asked him if her clock was right, and without thinking he pulled out his timepiece, and the fat was in the fire.

"Martin, what have you done with your father's watch?" asked the old lady, and the future power in politics, press and business went all of a dither and couldn't speak to save his life.

"He's left it at a shop to be cleaned, mother," said the young wife, as cool as a cucumber. "And they've lent him that one to be going on with!"

Do you know, he wiped his forehead while he told me about it, even then, thirty years afterwards?

It reminded me of the story that they used to be telling, of Bertie hiding behind a pillar at the age of fifty, afraid to face Queen Victoria's strafe for coming late to one of her parties.

"I loved her more for that lie she told for me than —— Pass the port," said the governor.

The old lady never found out. They kept it from her till she died.

It was on her little bit of money that he started in business for himself.

Leonard, their only child, cut his teeth on that rolled-gold watch.

"See the dents he made," said the old man—the fellow they're all afraid of.

When the boy was ten and the Ramsay stock had fairly begun to boom his wife died.

"Leonard and this watch and the memory of the only lie I ever knew her tell are all I've got left," said this man of great possessions. "I'd give a thousand pounds now to get hold of that other watch. But not to wear. I shall never wear any other watch than this, and it would be sacrilege to have it replated. We used to laugh about our guilty secret. She would pat it and say what a pity it was I'd sacrificed my real gold watch and only got her and this in exchange. And as I told you, the boy cut his teeth on it."

Well, that's Ramsay, breaker of men, flint face in the city, autocrat in his store, puzzle in politics and Napoleon on his paper—Ramsay the stern and the strong.

Can you wonder that I like him? Can you wonder that I was sorry for him about Leonard? He was as tender with that boy as he was with that old watch. Leonard was hers—what she'd left behind. Got to have the best of everything, sonny had. Eton and Oxford, a car of his own, a big allowance, and extra checks for the asking.

The usual story—rich father, spoilt son.

He wasn't a bad chap. It wasn't his fault that he was his father's soft spot. The cleverest of us is only streaky bacon, after all. Old Ramsay was the finest judge of other men I've ever met—but he was a fool about that boy of his. If at school he'd allowed him tenpence a week instead of ten pounds for pocket money, if he'd shoved him straight into the office and made him begin at the bottom of the ladder with no guv'nor's-son nonsense about it—— Oh, well, what's the use of talking?

You've got Leonard, haven't you? Handsome, careless, casual, extravagant, a spoilt, idle young libertine. In other words, his father had made a gentleman of him, and was blind to the fact that the apple of his eye had quite a good few maggots in it.

The governor's fault, mind you. When you can't deny your son anything your son can't deny himself anything. That ought to be printed on the check book of every father who has got on.

I did what I could. Again and again I hinted to the governor that the wild-oat acreage was getting a bit too extensive and it was time he pulled him up.

But he wouldn't listen.

"He'll only be young once," he said. "Let the boy have a good time. I can afford to stand the racket."

I should like to remark that the father who said that had one of the biggest business brains and one of the hardest business hearts either side of the Atlantic.

And then the blow fell.

I opened a letter of the old man's marked private. Wait now. I was quite right to open it. More than half the letters addressed to big guns are marked private or personal or immediate and important. The only letters Ramsay ever opened himself were those marked—but perhaps I oughtn't to give that away.

It had come by messenger, and this was how it went:

Dear Mr. Ramsay: By the time you get this I shall have been married to your son Leonard by special license at the Paddington Registry Office. He says he is quite sure you will forgive him and he is bringing me along to see you after we have had lunch and before we start on our honeymoon. But, please, I want you *not* to forgive him. I want you to be very, very angry, and dreadfully rude and insulting to me. I want you to turn him out of the house without a farthing, and stick to it. I want him told to go and earn his own living, and support his own wife, since he has chosen to marry beneath him.

Leonard thinks he can do anything with you. He laughs at me when I say I am afraid you will be very angry with him for marrying one of your typists. I didn't mean to marry him.

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THE LAW AND THE PROFITS

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

LAWYER EVANS CHEW was at loggerheads with the universe. He gazed with wrathful and unappreciative eyes from the window of his sanctum on the eighth floor of the Penny Prudential Bank Building. Spring had come; spring, with its sensuous and tantalizing odors of jasmine and violets and barbecued meat; with its fresh, green leaves and early vegetables; its siren call to the great open spaces where men can joy-ride to their hearts' content.

But in the bosom of one of Birmingham's foremost colored legal luminaries there was no answering lilt. His heart hung heavy beneath the fifth rib, and he was oblivious of the fact that at this particular time of year the majority of humans consider themselves extremely fortunate to be existing. He stared out across the roofs that lined Eighteenth Street, and he muttered anathema upon the cosmos.

Lawyer Chew's pride and pocketbook had both been severely bumped.

The door opened and a young man entered unannounced. Because of the informality of his entrance, the attorney guessed the visitor's identity; but the grunt that emanated from his affluently rounded torso could not possibly have been construed to constitute an enthusiastic welcome.

If Florian Slappey was nonplused, he gave no outward indication. He stepped jauntily across the office and inspected his sartorial perfections in the ample mirror. It was easily apparent that the song of spring had not escaped Mr. Slappey. That gentleman was resplendent in new raiment of pearl gray, edged with white. From floppy Panama to new suède shoes, Florian was a study in masculine perfectivity. What cares he may have possessed had been stored away until the howling advent of another cold gray winter. His voice vibrated cheerily across the room

"Mawnin', Lawyer Chew. How's business?"

Chew answered without turning: "Terrible!"

Mr. Slappey airily waved a gray-gloved hand.

"What diff'ence do it make? The answer is: None whichsoever. On account, Lawyer Chew, nothin' makes no neverminds on a day like this. Even a fun'ral couldn't make me feel sad, because, Lawyer Chew, if'n I was to see a fun'ral all I could think of would be how slick the flowers would grow over the corpse."

"You Leave Me Be. I Didn't Come Heah to Git Insulted"

The counselor mouthed something that sounded suspiciously like profanity. Florian smiled broadly.

"Somebody must sho'ly have inwited yo' mother-in-law to visit at yo' house. What the matter is?"

Chew turned. Truth to tell, he was not displeased at the opportunity to air his troubles. His figure garbed in neatly pressed Prince Albert, snowy vest and gray trousers—moved ponderously and majestically across the handsomely furnished office. He extended toward his visitor a letter he held in his hand.

"Read that, Florian."

Florian accepted the letter and strolled with it to the window—the one with a southern exposure. There he paused to extract a Turkish cigarette from a near-silver case, tap it lightly on a freshly manicured finger nail, ignite it with a patent lighter and inhale a single luxurious puff of the heavy smoke. Then he gave his attention to the missive that was typed upon the letterhead of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise:

Dere Lawyer Chew, Sir: This is to inform you that your services as Council for this organization has been dispensed with complete from now henceforward and your monthly retainer of $25 will immediately cease at once. We regrets to do this but is forced along with our trenchment policy. Wishing you best wishes, I am

THE SONS & DAUGHTERS OF I WILL ARISE,
BY ISAAC GETHERS,
GRAND MAGNIFICENT HIGH POTENTATE.

Florian emitted a slow whistle of amazement.

"It ain't so, Lawyer Chew."

"Huh! Maybe you think it ain't!"

Florian slowly recovered his poise and his optimism. After all, on such a day, one simply could not continue to stare at the darkest cloud when the silver lining was in evidence.

"Shuh! What does twenty-five dollars a month mean to a rich feller like you?"

Chew shook his head sadly.

"'Tain't that, Florian—'tain't that, although they ain't never gwine be no time when even such a seemingly insignificant sum like twenty-five dollars per month cash money won't he'p. It is the blow to my pride, Brother Slappey. You visu'lizes befo' you a man completely crushed an' burdened down by his woes. I not on'y has lost my job as their official counsel but also, Florian, I loses the influence which comes fum bein' same an' the business which comes fum hereinbefo'-mentioned influence. The mo' I reflec's an' cogitates upon this outrage,

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"Just a Minute, You-All, Till I Finishes What I Is Wukkin' At"

A Bureau of International Police

By Sir Basil Thomson, K. C. B.

Former Assistant Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, London

FEW people outside police circles realize how profoundly the automobile is affecting police problems. In that centuries-long game between the professional criminal on the one side and the forces of law and order on the other, there have been times when the police appeared to be winning. They scored a goal when Sir Edward Henry discovered how to classify finger prints; they brought the ball very near to their opponents' line when they began to cooperate with the police of other countries. But cheap facilities for travel, which made it possible for the criminal to slip away to another state or another country when his own had become too hot to hold him, set the fortunes of the game the other way, and now the automobile has arrived to complete the discomfiture of the side that is contending for the safety of society.

The Masked Faces of Detectives Confront the Criminals Taken Each Day by the Police in the Big American Cities. This Daily Line-Up is for the Purpose of Identifying Habitual Law Breakers

The traveling criminal has been the pest of the police in Europe for fifteen years; he has worried the police of the United States for much longer.

In earlier days he would cross the frontiers of states and countries by train, and a telegram warning the police to receive him on arrival might overtake him. But it had long been evident that the warning must be systematized. The tendency of every head of police is to concern himself with the safety of his own territory—to take, in fact, a parochial view of his responsibilities—and if he can drive out his local criminals into the territory of his neighbors he is satisfied. If he sends a warning to the police of the territory concerned it is because there is friendly personal contact between the two chiefs. If they are unacquainted or unfriendly no notice is given. Naturally the criminal profits much by his change of scene. Instead of the uneasy feeling that the detective standing at the corner has seen and recognized him and may be following, he feels that in the new city he can look the world in the face and pose as a tourist or a prosperous business man without any danger that some prying policeman may inquire into his movements. In planning his depredations in an unknown field he has some of the exhilaration of the explorer of an undiscovered country—he is embarked upon a romantic adventure. The hotel thief and the confidence man enjoy this pleasant stimulus every day, and if some chance misfortune overtakes them and they fall into the unsympathetic hands of the police they reflect that the world is large enough for both and that two cities must be shunned instead of one.

The Motor Car as a Factor in Crime

THE automobile has been a godsend to the adventurous criminal. Mobility and a certificate, not of character but of affluence, were the two conditions on which he thrived, and the automobile put both into his hands at once. He can take his choice of high-powered cars on any parking station without expending a cent, and he becomes at once as mobile as a bird. With a superficial change in its marks of identification the automobile becomes in another state a guaranty of affluence and respectability—a starting point for a series of new adventures. In many cases it is made one of the actual tools employed in robberies and burglaries. The police need watch the railroad stations no more; they have now to patrol roads as they had to do in England in 1790, for with the discovery of the automobile the roads have come into their own again. The highwayman, who had disappeared from Europe for three generations, is again among us, armed with far more dangerous weapons than his prototype of the eighteenth century. In order to cope with him the police ought themselves to be turning the automobile to account, and in a sense they do. In large cities like London a whole fleet of cars is maintained to carry policemen swiftly to a vulnerable point or to patrol lonely roads in the county limits. Motorcycles are also used, especially in America, but more for exacting respect for the speed laws than for the prevention of crime. The expense that is grudged for an increase in the force of men is withheld for such costly luxuries as the automobile, though a large body of police may be less effective than half the number amply supplied with the means of rapid locomotion.

If criminal statistics were accurately recorded for the whole of the United States probably it would be found that a large proportion of the crime is directly due to the automobile. Every police force in the country is distracted by the number of automobile thefts, and one of the reasons for the great increase in burglaries—estimated by the American Bar Association to be as much as 1200 per cent in ten years—and the small number of convictions is the fact that the burglars use the automobile to make their get-away. Something might perhaps be done to meet this difficulty by establishing state police in every state and by adopting an improved system of automobile registration. In London, for example, it is said that the new system under which every automobile is required to carry its license, protected against dirt by a celluloid case, in a conspicuous position on the car has reduced thefts, because the police can see the particulars at a glance and verify them by telephone.

In the United States it has been realized at last that a Federal criminal-identification bureau is a necessity in order to put an end to the scandalous abuses of parole. To mention one city alone, in San Francisco, where the theft of automobiles is common and the police succeeded in arresting about 80 per cent of the thieves last year, only about 4 per cent were sentenced to imprisonment: the rest were paroled. There are cases on record in which a traveling criminal has posed as a first offender in different states on four separate occasions. For the moment, the scheme has not gone beyond the paper stage; and Washington and New York City are disputing the rival merits of the two cities as the home of the new bureau. Money ought to be voted forthwith on a scale sufficient to insure that the bureau is adequately staffed. But a word of warning should be given. A bureau of identification depends for its efficiency upon the number registered not being too large. If the number of finger impressions exceeds two hundred and fifty thousand there must be delay, and delays in the bureau, added to the delays incident to the enormous distances between some police forces and the bureau, may well defeat the object. If a police office has to wait for a week or more for a reply to its inquiry it will hesitate to make use of the bureau, and abuses will go on as before; therefore a strict rule will have to be made that the finger prints of none but genuine traveling criminals shall be sent up. It is not worth while to record the finger prints of the petty local lawbreaker, who is not in the least likely to take to the road. Most European countries have now a central identification bureau, and the United States will shortly follow.

The next step in the warfare against the international criminal is the establishment of an international bureau, to be confined, as far as identification is concerned, to the international criminal—not merely the depredator, but the political criminal, whom Russian communism has been financing in every country to foment the overturning of stable government by force. In 1921 a Dutch police officer, Mr. Van Houten, who was then the head of one of the four police forces in Holland, but has since been charged with the duty of guarding the German ex-Kaiser, consulted me as to the best method of setting this movement on foot. After some discussion he decided to issue a circular to his colleagues in all countries, inviting their support, and at the same time I published an article in the League of Nations Journal, suggesting that, as the League was already dealing with the opium traffic it might well consider the advantage of instituting a police section.

An International Bureau Needed

WHEN the establishment of an international bureau reaches the practical stage difficulties are certain to be raised about the place selected. Very naturally every country will want to give it hospitality, and there may be some jealousy between leading police officers on this head. But if the bureau were attached nominally to the League of Nations Geneva would naturally be the place, and no one could reasonably have a word to say against such an arrangement. It would not do to leave the organization to a single enthusiast, because the dividing line between the enthusiast and the crank is drawn rather thin. Already the crank has invaded certain police offices in Europe and has spent money uselessly on a number of ingenious toys that capture the imagination of the visitor but do not contribute to the arrest of the criminal. The organization therefore ought to be put under the control of a small committee which would keep a tight hand upon the personnel and the expenditure. An efficient organization could be established with quite a small staff, and the main expense would be for printing, postage and telegraph fees.

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MY DIPLOMATIC EDUCATION

A War Embassy—By Norval Richardson

IT SEEMS almost absurd, and surely dull, to confess that my diplomatic experience carried me through the four years of the war without my once hearing the roar of a cannon. Even when I made several trips to Paris on special missions for the ambassador, and passed not so very far from Verdun during the height of that battle, I neither saw nor heard anything that really approached what was going on at the Front. Existence in the embassy at Rome those days was very much like a scene in the theater where the action off stage is affecting everyone and yet is known of only through those who come in and tell about it.

At times we resented this unadventurous side of the war that we were forced to live; but so far as escape went, that was impossible. The Department of State had issued an order stating that no one in the diplomatic service would be allowed to resign in order to enter the war. We tried to console ourselves with a realization of the fact that what we were doing had to be done, and though it had none of the elements of adventure and enthusiasm and the fascination of danger, it was far from uninteresting. Indeed, except for the restlessness incident to being shut up in offices from early morning until late at night while others were out in the open fighting for what they believed in, it was an absorbing and vitally real experience.

One of the most interesting sides of embassy life was the exceptional opportunity offered of watching and feeling the constant reactions of the Allies, the steady hope that rose above all discouragement, the development of a faith that would brook no thought of failure, and the intense—often impatient—interest everyone showed with regard to the eventual decision of our country.

Scene at the Borghese Palace, Rome, a Few Days Before Italy Declared War

Embassy Luncheons

THOSE long days of neutrality! No one at home can quite appreciate what we went through; at least not unless he can imagine the United States at war, with a lot of representatives of another country living among us, sympathetic perhaps, but still not taking an active part in the struggle or doing anything to end it. Of course, there were constant veiled and quite frank insults thrown at us; there were many trenchant questions put that were exceedingly difficult to answer discreetly; and the feeling of being so completely out of it, so far as our Government went, often made us realize that expressions of sympathy and interest were out of place on our part.

Rome became, during the war, a sort of stopping-off place for everyone who was going to or returning from the Near East; and being in some ways a very small place—in that all were thrown rather intimately together—all these transient people flowed incessantly in and out of the embassy. The ambassador was keenly interested in meeting everyone who arrived in Rome, and extended a generous invitation to us to bring anyone who had had unusual experiences to the embassy for luncheon.

These luncheons became one of the important rallying points of Rome, though at first they brought on serious household difficulties, especially when twenty people were assembled in half an hour and arrived unannounced for luncheon. Signor Tomasso, the very competent embassy chef, threw up his hands in panic and said it was impossible to prepare suitable meals unless he knew the day before how many guests were expected. The ambassador insisted that this was not at all necessary—besides being impossible—and pointed out that a well-filled larder would solve the difficulty and meet any emergency. A well-filled larder, according to him, consisted in always having on hand a cold boiled ham, plenty of preserves, bread and coffee.

This had been tried in Virginia and found most successful in a country where anyone who calls is expected to remain for at least one meal. Hospitality in that warm-hearted land had even gone to the extent of including on large estates guest burying grounds for those who found their hosts so delightful that nothing but death could entice them away.

Putting Virginia hospitality into practice in Rome, especially during the war, took some clever planning. Roman cooks are not quite so efficient in rising to unexpected situations as our own black artists; and the courtyard of the Palazzo del Drago did not afford such a convenience as a stray chicken that might be caught, picked, fried and served to the casual guest. However, Signor Tomasso, who arrived each morning at ten o'clock in a very smart dogcart, finally accepted the inevitable, and before the war was over had learned that another appalling habit of those people from the other side of the world was to invite fifty people to luncheon ten minutes before the meal was served and expect all of them to be fed. Characteristic Italian cleverness—which is amused in solving new problems just as the French is bored by them—came up to the scratch and actually met such emergencies. How, heaven only knows!

Interesting Guests

THE faces that appeared at that long table come back like an extraordinary pageant in which almost everyone ever heard of was present. Lloyd George, with his keen dancing eyes and poet's brow; the strangely intriguing countenance of D'Annunzio; a man who had been in the Serbian retreat and who told blood-curdling stories of bravery and suffering; the rather portentous presence of Mr. Balfour, whose sonorous voice suggested a daily diet of turtle soup and port wine; Mrs. Eleanor Franklin Egan, just back from the Mediterranean, in which she had spent several hours swimming back and forth between a Greek ship and a German submarine in an attempt to use American neutrality for humanitarian purposes; a secretary from the legation at Berne, who talked most amusingly of spies jumping up out of the most comfortable chair in his bedroom whenever he appeared; the young Duchess of Sutherland, beautiful and exquisitely dressed, recounting her experiences in hospitals at the Front, where she often worked twenty-four hours without a moment of rest; Samuel Gompers, with the youth and vigor of a boy; the delightful, simple charm of the Prince of Wales; Richard Harding Davis, just back from Saloniki; Miss Jane Addams, so quietly convincing of deep sincerity; the severe and intellectual General Foch; the gentle dignity of Cardinal Gibbons; and hundreds of our own compatriots who came to help Italy or were

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Wounded Italian Soldiers Were Cared for in the Quirinal Palace at Rome

NORTH OF 36

By EMERSON HOUGH

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XVIII

THE morning advanced. The riders had begun to reassert the dominance of man and horse over horned kine. Band joining band, converging, controlled, the approaching dust clouds seemed to show that ruin had not been complete; that the salvage was larger than an inexperienced man would have hoped.

"They got anyways a thousand head there," said Dalhart to the cook.

He swung into saddle and rode out, meeting Nabours, who came ahead, throwing up a hand.

"Stop there, Dalhart! We got to tally in the findings. Knot your rope. The boys'll set 'em through."

The two wheeled apart. Slowly the herd was dribbled through between them, while the crude but efficient art of handling cows went on. Each sat his horse, facing the other. At each hundred he advanced a knot under his thumb. When the last steer had passed the two did not vary five head in the tally of the crowding mob of cattle.

"Eleven forty-six!" Nabours called. Dalhart nodded.

"I can't be sure. I made her eleven fifty."

Nabours grumbled. "It's a start, no more. Go back and help the other boys, Dalhart. There's a big holding yon way, about five mile toward the hills, besides this one. Bring 'em in."

Del Williams rode to the cook fire and had a tin cup of coffee before he roped a fresh horse and changed his saddle. Before leaving he turned to Nabours with a question.

"Was any of our boys off north, about three mile, Jim?" he asked.

"I don't know. The run was mostly east."

"Well, I seen several men riding over towards the hills where I was at, about sunup."

Nabours growled his own suspicions.

"Well, it might of been worse," went on Williams. "I seen fifty head piled in one arroyo. I don't know how many more there may be, further on; but the boys are gathering a good many at the aidge of the pecan bottoms where the creek runs. Golly-hemlock! We ain't half made the herd yet! The boys'll be bringing 'em in before long."

"Now, Sinker!" The foreman turned as the boy horse wrangler came up, grinning diffidently. "Reg'lar vaquero, eh, hide pants and all?"

"Del said I could have his leggins," the boy replied, blushing vividly. "Now, my pants was tore, and that there point man has got on my necktie. But please kain't I leave my horses and go help round up? My horses won't go far."

"Huh! Want to break in and be a full cow hand, eh? Your job's on the remuda. But you can go ef you don't stay over a hour, like yore maw used to say."

The boy sang very loud as he rode off. He hoped she had seen the sprouting down on his cheek.

"I know what I'll do," he said to himself. "After this, nights, I'll spread down, her side the camp. I'll sleep the neardest of anybody to her, so's't I kin keep watch."

Dust and noise, harbingers of more cattle coming in, twice more called Nabours and Dalhart to their tally stands.

"Well, anyhow, we got over twenty-five hundred head right now, and more in sight. Wait till Sinker and Sanchez comes in with their drag. Ef we get over thirty-five hundred, that's big enough for a herd to drive good. What's a few cows? We can comb the whole country by tomorrer. They was too full to run fur, but they fanned on us."

In a Flash, the Girl's Pony Was Trying to Get His Forelegs Over the Log. The Girl Herself, Thrown or Slipping Out of the Saddle, Was in the Water

Nabours, under the influence of rest and coffee, began to relax.

"I'll go over to Miss Taisie's camp afore long," said he, "and tell her we ain't broke yet.

"But say, Mr. Dalhart, tell me"—he cast a quizzical look at the other's rather spick-and-span appearance in contrast to his own—"was you maybe going to church? And you might let me know ef you put bear's grease on yore whiskers too."

Dalhart, unmoved, stroked his luxuriant beard.

"Nem-mind," said he. "What's a man withouten a good baird? Kain't no woman git away from a baird. Now, I riz whiskers sence I was twenty, and I allus noticed, ever I swep' my baird acrost a gal's face she was shore mine."

"You ain't got no gall hardly, have you?" rejoined Jim Nabours. "Well, keep in mind there's sever'l you ain't swep' yet, ner ain't apt to. Laigs is better'n whiskers in the cow game. Keep yore eye on that Sinker kid! He'll make a cow hand."

As to this prophecy of the old foreman, events bade fair verification. All the remainder of the day the bed-ground holding increased, and late in the afternoon came a last drove of trotting longhorns, urged on by the ambitious Cinquo, who had relieved faithful Sanchez, found watching a considerable bunch grazing while he himself awaited help.

"You're living up to them hair pants, son," was the foreman's comment.

The full complement of hands now was in camp. The cook's fire was glowing in its trench. Men were eating three meals in one—beans, corn bread, molasses. They talked, mouths full, contented. Not a man lost; maybe not over ten per cent of the herd gone; they thought the scrape well over. Even Nabours began to talk. It was these last comers, however, who had brought the biggest news.

"It was Sanchez found him," broke in Cinquo in his repeated explanation. "When I seen him, too, he was daid, plumb daid. He ain't none of our hands. He got kotched in the run where they piled over the bank."

"That so, Sanchez? *Quien es?*" demanded Nabours of the old Mexican.

"*Es verdad*," replied Sanchez. "*Quien es? Yo no sais.* Me, I dunno." He shrugged a thin shoulder indifferently.

"Now, he was a heavy-set man, with sort o' red face, maybe—sandy, anyhow—an' he didn't look like no real cow hand." Cinquo was more explicit.

"No, but I'll bet he was a real cow thief," growled Nabours. "I'll bet they was all around our camp, outside the herd, last night. Fools for luck. Well, anyhow, that makes two. Leave him lay where he's at, the damned thief! I only wish it was Sim Rudabaugh or Mr. Dan McMasters!"

The losses, thanks to good cow work, bade fair to be far less than the morning had promised. Nabours thought next day the main herd could be pushed on northward, slowly, while a few men were held back, detailed for a last combing of the broken ground where the run gradually had faded out. True, the herd might tally out two or three hundred short—probably less than that. But a cow was only a cow. Besides that, a number of cows had come in that did not show the Fishhook road brand, as Del Williams mentioned to Nabours.

"You mean they don't show it yet," remarked that veteran. "We're working for a orphant. A cow is only a cow, and these men in here wouldn't mind ef oncet they seen the orphant."

"I gathered them strays, er some," broke in Cinquo. "Er me an' Sanchez did. We brung in Ol' Alamo, that big dun lead steer, an' he brung in a lot o' strays follerin' him."

"I got a damn good lead steer," said Jim Nabours solemnly, helping himself to coffee. "Sinker, you got the nacherl makings of a cowman in you."

The tired men, taking without a murmur the added sleeplessness of a full-night watch, made every safeguard against a repetition of the late disaster. The whole camp was sleepless. The cook kept his fire going all the night and fed the men as now and then they straggled in after the reassembled herd seemed safely bedded.

Even at Taisie's camp little sleep was known. Old Anita nodded at her fire, but Milly was openly bellicose.

"Ah got a load in my gun fer dat triflin' nigger Jim, Miss Taisie," she declared; "but Ah done put a-nother load down on top o' hit. Ef ary man come snoopin' roun' yere in de dark agin Ah'm gwine to bust him wide open—Ah suttenly will!"

XIX

OF THE mysterious night marauders who—to their own sorrow—had invaded the Del Sol trail camp, no further trace was gained or sought. They had vanished as though into thin air, and left behind no more than surmise and suspicion. To their dead, left on the field, no soldier's honors were accorded. The embittered cowmen let them lie unburied.

The last gatherings of the scattered cattle having been concluded with such subtractions and additions as left old Jim Nabours not too ill satisfied, the great caravan passed on to the northward, day by day, like some vast millepede edging across the green surface of the unbroken sod—cows, horses, carts, flanking riders and keepers of the drag, all acting in their busy daily drama as though on a stage set on some vast moving platform of the idle gods.

Perhaps two hundred miles, as nearly as they could guess at an unmapped and unfamiliar portion of their own state—a land by no means yet redeemed from savagery—still lay between them and the Red River, the Rubicon of that day, the northern boundary of Texas. Ten miles, twelve, once in a while fifteen miles a day, the great herd grazed and strolled, north and yet northward, unhurried by its guardians.

Not so far ahead, now, the wholly unsettled Indian Nations; and at any time the chance of yet other depredations at the hands of the determined white savages, whom they dreaded more, and whose work, they felt sure, was not yet done. As they approached the Red River, still unmolested, their anxiety grew less. Could they have seen into the unsettled land ahead of them it might well have been more.

A wild enough scene it was, that made by Rudabaugh and his score of hard-bitten men in their own encampment the first night after they themselves, pushing swiftly on ahead of the Del Sol herd, which still made their objective, pulled up on a bit of broken ground at the naturally strategic point, the south bank of the boundary river. For a time they roughly had known or guessed what the trail herd had made in northering; but their own forced march to the Red had gained them nothing.

It was time, but the Del Sol herd had not appeared or left any trace of its whereabouts. The men in the rude bivouac—they had, in their haste, brought little with them beyond what their saddle horses carried—began to grumble.

"Well, how could I tell where they'd cross?" demanded Sim Rudabaugh irritably, in answer to some query. "They ought to cross here. This is right on the old Whisky Trail, due north of Worth and Bolivar. This is where Jess Chisholm used to cross when he headed for the Canadian. That's why I pushed on in here."

"Well, they didn't. When they come to Bolivar last week they must have swung up the Elm towards the Spanish Fort, away in west. Good cowmen, they sure are. Anyways, they've give us the slip."

"They've done nothing of the sort, Hanson," retorted the leader of the band. "There's nobody gives Sim Rudabaugh the slip."

"Well, they're north of the Red by now, like enough."

"Don't you think it! The Red's up, almost bank full. No herd could ford it. Besides, even if they was north of the Red, I reckon we know the Nations better than they do, and can do more with the tribes. If they get too far west they'll hit the Comanches. They're not done with this trail yet.

"Not that I want their damned cows now," he added. "We'd make more by going back to Palo Pinto and working up the Brazos. But it's not every herd that has a hundred miles of scrip along with it in a box. Once word comes down that a herd's been sold at Abilene, that scrip'll go up, and go up fast."

"And then besides!" grinned another man.

"And then besides, yes! There never was a man I hated worse than Burleson Lockhart. I'll follow him beyond the grave. Scrip I take from him now or from his family is worth to me five times over, even now he's dead. And his daughter ——"

Followed some low obscenities from his followers which did not abash the ruffian chief.

"Follow me and you'll see yet," he resumed. "I've never yet quit. It's easy to cross here if we have to, and follow the Arbuckle Trail along the Washita. They go twelve miles a day. We can go fifty. We can head them when we please. I don't intend that herd shall ever see Abilene. No, nor I don't aim that any man on that herd'll ever cross south of the Red again!"

The cold-blooded ferocity of the man silenced his followers, as always it did. They were all in one way or another allied in a vast and unscrupulous border conspiracy in a land to which little actual law yet had come. The dullest of them knew that their heyday would be brief, that events were moving fast. The swiftest horse and the surest hand, the boldest and most ruthless leadership—these were their hope. So they followed Rudabaugh, the real leading spirit of the predacious drifters who had seen in the disordered post-bellum political conditions a vast opportunity for gain in a dulled and disorganized land which did not yet suspect its own riches. Rudabaugh had imagination, saw far ahead.

"I swear!" he broke out in one of the half-epileptic fits of choler which sometimes marked him—he was only a pirate of old reborn in the blood of the Civil War—"I swear, someone's got to suffer for some of this! Last night four Indians rode right into our camp and drove off six horses, and us needing every head we've got. You all hear me, now! I swear I'm going to shoot the first Indian I see north of the Red, I don't give a cuss what sort it is. We've gone palavering along and letting a lot of longhorns shoot us up, and then we have the Chickasaws run circles around us!"

At first no one made reply, though a wild band they made, such as no other land, no other conditions, could have produced.

"Do you mean that, Sim?" asked one of them presently.

"You know damned well I do," rejoined the leader. "You needn't put it past me."

To Rudabaugh, subterranean politician, soldier of fortune and renegade, no title or description could more nicely have been fitted than the one word "ruffian." Of nondescript figure, perhaps of middle height, his body as well as his face showed dissipation written indelibly even for his age of forty-odd. His hair was dark, not yet much thinned, and had a reddish cast as though reflected from the deep floridity of his complexion. His eyes also were hazel to the point of redness, smudged and flecked in the pupils and evil to look at. His lips, thick and astonishingly red, carried out the misprized plan of his other features; he was coarse, common. Yet the inordinate personal conceit, confidence, vanity of the man had mirror in his clothing. Even on the trail he might have been made up for the stage villain, with the high boots, the velvet coat, the gaudy tie—in a borderland where tie or collar was not customary. Excess as much as daring was stamped on him, flamboyance, aberration; yet even at middle age he by no means had outgrown his earlier faith in his own invincibility with women; nor had his other activities put woman from his mind. His camp talk, not to be hinted, always gave proof of that.

To his unquestionable mental boldness, his daring imagination in material matters, Rudabaugh added the callous and ruthless indifference to the rights or sufferings of others which often secures precedence in a band of criminals. The bad eminence of Rudabaugh was conceded as of merit.

Of Rudabaugh's earlier and possibly criminal record there was little known. Only a very few in his newly chosen home knew he had been border outlaw for many a

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One by One, by Pints and Tens and Scores, the Other Cattle Followed the Lead That Established

WHITE HEAT

II

By R. G. KIRK

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

THE elastic limit of any material is the measure of its ability to recover its original shape after stresses applied have deformed it. It is a measure of the resiliency of the material; of its ability to fight back, to recover, to come in for more, to stand up to its job. In steel the elastic limit is very high; and in men.

Beyond the elastic limit it is not safe to stress any material. Though the material may not break under such a strain, still it will always be weak thereafter. A test piece deformed by such a stress stays deformed. Engineers use what they call a factor of safety when they figure the loads that may be applied to steel. Usually it is four, which simply means that they are so careful about approaching the elastic limit of this strong metal that they will only stress it to about a quarter of what it would really stand. For elastic limit is, in a way, a measure of endurance, and endurance is the true strength—of steel and of men.

Big John Devany knew all about the wisdom of a safety factor, and he applied it—to steel. But at the end of a little more than a year under him, square-shouldered, thick-necked, tough-muscled, tough-spirited Bill Gier was licked. For more than a year Bill had fought his job, tearing whole-heartedly into it; one day lifted to heights from which he could vision the splendid thing of which he was a part; then for months denied that vision by endless hours of joyless and exasperating tasks. But Bill, proud of his strength, flinging himself at his job twelve hours a day, trying with all his might to make John Devany money seven days out of seven, wondered why each new week found him with less fight in his efforts. Bill did not know that the most imbecile of all industrial fatuities, the seven-day working week, was the thing that was gnawing like some white, fat grub at the roots of his strength. But the final stresses, which went past Bill's elastic limit, came when a triumph was denied him that might have given him just the help he needed.

Here Was a Scout! Nothing to be Won With a Chestful of Flowery Phrases

"Water!" said Haberline, the Bessemer superintendent, when Bill told him his scheme for handling the cupola cinder. "You want to carry it off in eight big gutters of water?" Haberline laughed, and the laugh went into Bill like a dirk. "You don't happen to know that there's not enough water supply on this plant to furnish all our needs now, do you? You young college squirts give me a pain. You land here full of loony ideas, when what we want is sweat. You get them damn hunkies of yours down there in the dump to give you a day's work and that place'll take care of itself. That's what we pay you for; not to be mooning around with half-baked schemes."

Haberline hid the constant trembling of his lower lip, which already gave sign that his time in steel was short, in another derisive laugh. Then his shifting eye caught the fact that only one vessel out of four was blowing. He knew that all the big fellows were out on the plant to see the mill record broken. Sometime that night, if all went well, the world figures for monthly Bessemer tonnage would fall. Throwing away a full-length unlighted cigar, Haberline got another between his working lips and departed in search of the turn-foreman, fumbling for matches in a pocket that had been empty of them for a week.

Bill Gier dropped his forehead on his wrists. Under Bill's scalp, behind his right ear, a band of pain a hand-breadth wide ran downward, passing through his throat, over in front of his shoulder, and reaching far down inside his chest. When he stooped it hurt him. When he took a deep breath it hurt him. For a week, steadily increasing, this thing had been wearing down the fight in him. Bill didn't know that his nerves were tired. Bill really didn't know that he had any nerves; nor that a couple sets of ganglia that needed recharging could raise more merry Ned than a whole bodyful of played-out muscles or a whole headful of fatigued brains. All that Bill knew for sure was that he wanted to quit; quit cold; quit steel for good; quit now. And he sat there with his forehead on his wrists and fought that want bitterly, grievously.

"Sick?"

That was John Devany's voice as the office door opened.

Bill raised his head. Had he not seen Forester at Devany's side he might have answered differently.

He said "No; resting," and waited for results.

"You will be sick in a minute," Devany assured him. "Go find Haberline and come back with him. Maybe you'll get a long rest after we've gone over a certain proposition with him.

"Forester, here," said Big John, when Bill came back with the boss, "has worked out a scheme to take care of the slag from the cupolas. He took it to Mr. Remour, and Mr. Remour sent him over to me. It's a good scheme, Sam, and it ought to make you fellows sick. You're up to your neck in that mess all the time, but instead of doping this thing out yourselves, you let a learner put this over on you. Look here!"

Legree spread a print on the table before Haberline and ran a forefinger wisely along the yellow pencil lines that had been sketched over the blue-and-white design.

"You see," Big John explained, "under the end of each slag spout there runs a trough that carries half a foot of water. The troughs have enough inclination ——"

Through the whole of that sickening business Bill Gier sat silent; sat silent, waiting the word from poor steel-broken Sam Haberline that never came. Then at last it was over. John Devany had tucked the yellow-lined blue print into his pocket, and without a single sarcastic word to Gier, in a silence toward him that was freighted, had departed. Forester had departed with him, a sneer that spoke of triumph in more than one thing vital to Bill Gier and a contemptuous glance from Bill being all that passed between them. Haberline, poor, broken Sam, cracked by the overload he had been carrying to the point where he sold out his self-respect for favor of the general manager's brother-in-law, bit into a new cigar and, without a glance at Bill, followed out at the heels of Devany and Forester, fumbling in a pocket for the match that he well knew, from weeks of searching, was not there.

Six months ago Bill Gier would perhaps have stood up on the two feet of him and fought them all. Perhaps not. So deep was the disgust that Bill felt for the three of them, bully John, sneak Forester, wreck Haberline, that perhaps even six months ago, before the stuff of him was stressed beyond the safety limit, he would have reached out a hand and pulled pen and paper toward him. Strange, as he scrawled a few listless lines, that he felt no resentment toward the telephone voice. That Forester had thought out this plan independently and contemporaneously with him was absurd. He had told only two of his plan—the telephone and Lloyd Evan, and Lloyd Evan held Forester in sublime contempt. None but the Voice could have divulged this thing; and yet he felt only a great regret that this girl could not judge, from the very fact that he had told it to her, that his little scheme was a part of himself, a thing of valued secrecy, and a still greater regret that there existed such intimacy between Forester and the girl as would allow her so unwittingly to betray him. Characteristic of Bill Gier, his simple inability to conceive that the girl might have done the thing deliberately. A qualm of disappointment shook him. He had never even seen her, and nothing but banter had ever passed between them. Yet her voice had become a fine thing to him; a thing of happy possibilities; a splendid hazard; a vision of beautiful womanhood built upon no more substantial foundation than oriole notes over a phone wire. And now this vision, which with its whimsical presence had helped him laugh away a hundred hours of weariness and discouragement too heavy for words, was dissipated into a breeze-blown vapor, into a shimmering mist, pretty, gaudy, inconsequential.

Bill put his name at the bottom of the sheet of paper. The pen dropped from his fingers; rolled away; left an uncertain broken trail across the words he had written; fell to the floor. Bill Gier was through with steel.

Ten minutes passed; an hour, maybe. What did time matter? Then the door opened. That would not be Haberline. Haberline would not come back to the office while Gier was there. The door went shut; clashed into its frame with such violence that glass jingled on the floor. Bill caught the odor of liquor. That would be Evan. Bill looked up.

"Thought I'd find you here," growled Lloyd. "Last week or so you've been moping in here half your time. Just went down to warn the dump gang I was going to drop a bottom in a little while and found the place empty. Not a wop in sight. Another gang must 'a' jacked that job wholesale. I thought you ought to know, and as you don't get around on your job much nowadays, I hunted you up. Why don't you come to life? You don't get anywhere in this game on an office chair. What's eatin' you these days?"

Bill Gier shoved the sheet of paper over to the melter. Evan read it.

"Quitting, eh?" said Evan, and stood expectantly.

He had put that tone into the word which left no doubt as to what he wanted to convey. Then he had stood there, waiting for something to happen.

Six months ago no man would so have stood; not longer than it took for Bill Gier to reach him. But now Lloyd had said the fighting word, unsmiling, and got no results. The stuff of Bill Gier had been too often overstressed.

But there is this about an overstressed bar of steel: It is still steel. Even a broken bar—that is still steel. The impurities that make pig iron pig iron, once burned out, are gone for good. The subtle alloys that once transformed the purified pig to steel are still all there, unaltered. Only the physical characteristics have been changed, the fiber spoiled. The fatigue that even metal knows has sapped its strength, worn its resisting powers down, broken it, maybe; but it is still steel. The stuff is there.

Off in one corner of a steel-plant yard you may see mountains of discarded scrap—broken piston rods, cracked cylinders, shattered wheels, bent axles, rent chains, torn cables, worn-out rails, split fishplates, rusted spikes, old bolts, hammer heads, pick blades, what not; a mighty tonnage of unnamable rubbish gathered together from the trash heaps of the world; the life gone out of it; piled skeleton bones of once living mechanisms that had served men, and in that service had been subjected once too often to strains beyond steel's elastic limit. You may follow it if you will, after a magnet crane has snatched it up in great conglomerate handfuls and dropped it in an ignominious jumble into scrap pans scheduled for the open hearth. You may see deft giants known as charging machines pick up these pans of scrap at the end of a long arm and thrust

them through small blazing doors and upset them deep in the terrible flames that seethe and billow above a boiling hearth and under a dazzling roof. And a few hours later you may see that selfsame broken steel leap white and eager out of the opposite side of the furnace. It gushes from the tap hole dreadful in its purity, frightful in its beauty; plunges with a voice more fearsome than Niagara's into a waiting ladle. You may watch, if you will, a crane pick up this ladle, which holds six score tons and more of the awful stuff, like a child picks up his sand bucket, watch it carry the molten steel to the pourers and the molds; follow it to forge and rolls; and so, in the end see it worked again into the things men need, strong and enduring as before. Except for the white heat of that fiery furnace, the worn and battered steel required nothing No dross needed removal, no toughening element replacing. The stuff was there. The steel was steel. Also the scrap was scrap, and would have so remained, broken and useless, except for the saving grace of that one mighty fire.

Lloyd Evan towered over the broken boy. When he was drunk Lloyd Evan cared not at all whom he provoked to battle. Friend served as well as enemy to appease the lust of fighting that red liquor roused within him. No malice sent those irresistible fists of his through his opponent's guard. Only a mad desire to demonstrate that in his world of hard and rugged men he was the hardest and the ruggedest.

"Quitting, eh?" Lloyd Evan said again, and stood a while, expectant. Then he whirled about and the door dashed shut contemptuously behind him.

Little Marya Proskovetz, stamped with the square-mouthed, blue-eyed trade-mark of Bohemia, was an invaluable nurse at the emergency hospital at Susky Steel for many reasons, one of them being that there was not a language or a dialect from the Balkans north that she couldn't make a stab at. Little Marya Proskovetz was buttoning her coat. It was ten o'clock. Work that had kept her at the company surgeon's side five hours overtime was done. A shifter had swayed madly over cleared switches from the open hearth a half hour since, bringing the last of the men buried in the fall of the old retaining wall that had stood a cracked and sagging menace just below the gas-producer house for many a year

The surgeon's office was dark. Marya had tidied up the last bit of disarray and turned out the lights, and now, before she left, she went over to a window that opened to the plant, once more to look upon the wonder of the mighty works at night. A quarter mile away, across a gleaming maze of tracks, beyond great shadowy groups of hulking mills, the Bessemer stood out, its cupola house an inky pile against the crimson sky, its vessel house a grisly skeleton whose seared ribs, gaunt and black, inclosed the savage fires that had burned them bare.

Outside the open window at which Marya stood in quiet awe there still were grouped a few men of the crowd that had gathered there, awaiting news of their countrymen and buddies at the open hearth. Two of them smoked long, down-curved, silver-lidded pipes as they talked to each other in low tones, and a word or two struck sharp on Marya's ears, so that she softly knelt behind the sill of the dark window and listened.

"They'll be fixing that wall now," one voice was saying. "They might just as well have left the last three poor fellows where they were. We Lithuanians make good back fill, I understand." There came a bitter laugh. Then, "Well, we got one of the damned steel-mill Romanoffs tonight, at any rate. Your aim improves, Sandor. You did much better with your shovel on this Forester than when you aimed at little-boss Bill."

A second voice laughed.

"I'm glad I missed Boss Bill," it said. "He is fair to men. The blow at him was one in sudden anger, not a planned one. His fist is like a mule's hoof. I who know, say it. But he strikes when it is right to strike; not just because his station is higher than another man's nor because one does not speak his tongue, nor to show his strength to a woman, like this popinjay brother-in-law of the damned aristocrat that heads this works. The fool! To come strolling alone through our little place of leisure, and at night! As though I had not kept the memory of him sweet since the time he struck me down when I stopped him and his woman from walking into the drop of Number Three!"

"Well, you brought him down with one barrel tonight, Sandor, old brother," commended the first voice.

"I am pleased myself," the Sandor party stated. "I bent that shovel over his head till it fitted him like a skull-cap. Let him lie there and fester. I hope they drop a cupola before they find him."

Sandor cupped his hand and tapped the burned tobacco from his pipe into it. He put this into his pocket. Tobacco is no commodity to be wasted. First you chew it, then you smoke it. Sandor had lately heard that the final residue made a passable snuff. He would try that. The men strolled off toward the gate.

"The thing that pleases me most," Sandor was saying as they went out of earshot, "is that my shovel freed us all from the stupor of that filthy dump. If it had not become necessary for us to hide out for a space we would all have rotted there." But before the Lithuanians had gone a dozen steps toward the steel-plant gate the sturdy white-cotton ankles of little Marya Proskovetz had lifted her with a speed that was almost flight a story upward and sent her bursting into the telephone exchange. She grasped a slim girl by the shoulder, shaking her.

"Forester!" she gasped. "Your fella! Some guinea crowned him with a shovel and he's layin' over at the Bessemer now, down in the cupola dump. The gang walked out on him an' left him there, just like a bunch of lousy Lithuanians. An' they might drop a cupola! An' they don't know he's down there! An' him such a swell dresser, with such wonderful ——"

(Continued on Page 135)

"Quitting, Eh? Sure I'm Quitting! Quitting This Rotten Game for Good! It Breaks Men! Sucks Them Dry of Sap!"

THE FALL

By STACY AUMONIER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

THE city of Bordeaux is a city of broad avenues, open spaces, big blocks of commercial buildings, narrow alleys leading down to congested docks, great wealth, great poverty, great industry. It has a character widely differing from any other French city. Broadly speaking, it is a hard-working, thriving, sober place. People do not go there for pleasure. They go there to trade. As in the case of all large cities, especially when they happen to be ports, it is watered by a continuous social flux that is anything but hard-working, thriving or sober. It holds out endless temptations to the adventurer, the thief and the garroter. The wine industry and the bourse attract the gambler and the speculator. The constant inflow of ingenuous sailors, blue-eyed and bewildered, who draw their pay and get lost in the mazes of the west side, attracts the attentions of the more malignant characters. The cafés and cabarets abound with mysterious individuals willing and anxious to introduce the newcomer to the most delectable and special attractions. On the whole, Bordeaux is neither better nor worse than her sister cities of the south. Less sophisticated than Marseilles, she seems somehow more independent. Farther removed from the nerve centers of France, she contrives to lead a life of her own. The depressing Landes country does not get on her nerves. She reacts to it. And there is always Biarritz and St. Jean de Luz and the gay little luxury towns within easy train journey. And there is the Spanish border and untracked regions of the Pyrenees, easily accessible places for the lady or gentleman who suddenly finds that the only people desirous of his or her company are the very efficient *gendarmerie* of Bordeaux.

Very Laboriously He Made a Careful and Exact Plan of the Island

Max Renault, alias Anton Sachs, alias Jules Destourney, was one individual who more than once found getting over the border at Irún, disguised as an old priest, a useful means of evading the just retribution of the law. On the second occasion he was away two years, wandering about the north coast of Spain. During that time his experiences must have been unenviable. He knew little Spanish and no Basque. The people he moved amongst were mostly beggars themselves, or poor fishing folk living from hand to mouth. He begged what he could, stole what he could; but the conditions of life were very hard. He made himself a weird instrument, a kind of piccolo, out of a cane stem. This he played somewhat unconvincingly outside cafés and eating houses; but the Spaniards and Basques are musicians themselves and his awards were negligible. Once he stole a donkey, drove it into the hills and sold it to some gypsies for a trifling sum. He traveled far afield after that, put up at an inn and drank much brandy—and that night he dreamed about falling.

We all have our pet nightmares, and Jules' pet nightmare concerned falling. It was horrible. He never actually fell, but he was always just on the point of falling from some great height. Sometimes he would be on the roof of a very high building, looking down into the street below, just losing his balance. On other occasions he would be seated in the front row of a gallery, very, very high up in a theater. There was no rail in front of him. His knees were giving way. The floor below was attracting him. Sometimes he would be peering over the edge of an enormous precipice, lying on his face and looking down at the rocks beneath. He would try to edge away, but an overwhelming power drew him forward. At such moments he would try to scream and be unable to. After an endless struggle he would awaken with a start and find himself clutching the bedclothes, making horrible noises in his chest, and his brow would be clammy with perspiration.

During those two years he did many reprehensible and desperate actions, but he always managed to escape detection. At the end of that time he found himself one day at the little fishing village of Fuenterrabia, looking wistfully across the bay at his beloved France. Surely the time was ripe for return. He had changed much in those two years. The police must have been very busy with other fugitive gentlemen. He thought longingly of Bordeaux, with its rich merchants and stupid sailors, its familiar cafés and well-cooked food. Yes, he was a desperate man. Somehow or other he would return there.

Whilst gazing across the sea, he became suddenly aware of someone approaching him. Instantly alert and prepared for flight, Jules turned. One glance satisfied him that the man was an English tourist. One of those absurd, comic Englishmen, as drawn in the French journals. Elderly, with drooping mustaches, rather fat, in a check suit with baggy knickerbockers and stockings, and thick brown boots. Round his shoulder was swung a leather strap with field glasses and in his hand he carried a camera. The Englishman spoke to him in broken Spanish, but he seemed to know less Spanish than Jules.

Jules replied in French, which the Englishman spoke tolerably well. He wanted to know how far it was to Pasaques across the hills, how long it would take to get there and what sort of place it was.

But yes, of course, Jules smiled ingratiatingly, was he not himself a professional guide? It would take perhaps two hours—two hours and a half to Pasaques. There was no road. It could only be found by one accustomed to the mountain path. An enchanting place, Pasaques, where the famous Victor Hugo lived for some time; and there was a café there built over the bay, with passion flowers in profusion growing over the pergola. And the *patron* would draw you up oysters straight from the river bed in a basket—an enchanting place! Why, yes, he would guide the distinguished visitor that very afternoon, and they could return in time for the Englishman's dinner at the Hotel Miramar. Excellent!

As they picked their way up the mountain path that afternoon, Jules was constantly thinking of Bordeaux. It was a steep climb. He was quite surprised that the fat, elderly Englishman stood it so well; surprised—and angry.

Bordeaux? He wondered whether old Madame Lachaise still kept that little comestible establishment in the Place Duquesne. There were friends who would never give him away. There was no one to fear except the police. Inspector Tolozan? Curse fate! Spit on all these comfortable people to whom everything seemed to go right! This fat, prosperous Englishman!

Once on a broken plateau they passed an oxcart laden with ferns and a peasant in a blue blouse. They passed no one else in a two-hour walk. They were cut right off from the world, amidst bowlders of rocks, shrubs, thick masses of fern, distant peaks, some snow-clad.

"*Bella vista, monsieur!*" said Jules, pointing across an opening in the hills.

The Englishman leaned forward and looked in the direction Jules' stick was pointing. *Bella vista*, indeed! There was a sudden, quick movement, and a knife was driven clean and truly between the Englishman's shoulder blades.

When the convulsions had ceased, Jules dragged the heavy body into a thick, high clump of ferns and calmly went through the pockets. There were a lot of papers that annoyed him intensely; passports, letters of credit, bills, a check book, things denoting wealth but quite unnegotiable. Nevertheless, Jules had little cause to complain. There were Spanish, French and English notes. There were a gold watch and chain, a gold cigarette case, loose silver and various light trifles. He flung the camera away, and also the case of the field glasses, too compromising articles to be seen with; but stuffed the field glasses into his breast pocket. Then he walked on hurriedly for half a mile, crawled under a dwarf oak tree and counted the spoil. He rapidly added up the notes, calculated the total in francs, allowing for the rate of exchange, and the probable selling value of the watch and chain, and so on, in his own market. He was the sudden possessor of approximately nine thousand francs.

He cleaned up his hands on some damp moss, buried the knife deep in the earth and covered that with moss and stones, and set out for San Sebastian.

Fortune at last had smiled upon him. He gave no further thought to the ridiculous Englishman, except as an inert piece of matter that might be compromising under certain circumstances. He arrived in San Sebastian after dark, weary and footsore. He knew the town well and he made for a humble quarter, where food and lodging would be procurable. He ate heartily, drank good red wine and much brandy until he fell into a heavy, torpid sleep. He had, however, taken the precaution beforehand to see that he secured a room in the lodging with a door that locked. Fortune and security at last! Bordeaux at last!

He swung out into a glorious rose-hued dreamland of happiness only to find himself, after an interval of time, clinging to the flat surface of an enormous stone column above a square. The column seemed to be swaying in the wind. Down below tiny figures were just perceptible on the pavement. The old horror again possessed him. He was bound to fall, hundreds of feet, into that terrifying void below. It did not occur to him to wonder how he had got there. The fact that he was there was sufficient. If only the dread thing would keep still! If only there were any means of descending! But no, he was on a kind of large projecting capital. The column beneath was narrower. He peered over the edge and saw the narrowing flutes of the column vanishing into perspective, lost amongst the stone base hundreds of feet below. There was nothing at all to cling to. He was falling! He screamed, but the screams were stifled in his throat. This way! That way! Now he was off! He was hanging over—the edge of the bed, those choked, ugly noises coming from his chest.

Ah, thank God! All a dream, all a dream! He would not sleep again that night. He sat up, drank some water, lighted the candle, counted his wealth all over again, lay there inert and watchful, till the light of dawn crept between the crevices of the shabby curtain. Then he slept placidly for several hours.

The sun was shining on San Sebastian when he went out. Everything was normal and gay. Along the water

front tamarisk trees, with their soft, feathery outlines, blended into the warm haze above the bay. Women in black mantillas passed by him, and he did not resent the fact that their glances were not for him. He wandered about the town and bought a ready-made suit, a shirt, a scarf, a new Basque cap and some canvas shoes. Then he returned to his lodgings, changed his clothes, paid his bill, took the old clothes away with him tied up in a paper parcel, and walked to the station.

In two days' time he arrived in Bordeaux, looking like a respectable Spanish workman. His hair had turned gray during those two years, and he had grown a mustache and a little stubbly beard. He made his way to the Place Duquesne, crept stealthily up the stairs of Number Seventeen and gave three slow taps on the door, the last tap being louder than the first.

The door was opened a few inches, there was a short interval of inspection, and then a voice exclaimed, "Name of God! It's the Jackal!"

He was admitted. The room was occupied by two men. One was a thick-set, malevolent-looking middle-aged man, with very dark eyes and a long scar running from just below the ear to the middle of the throat. The other was a frowzy old man with swivel eyes, impossible to focus. It was the younger one who had admitted him.

He turned to the elder and said, "Do you hear, Uncle Sem? It's the Jackal!"

The old man appeared to be searching the ceiling. He muttered, "The Jackal, eh? Where have you been, my brave Jackal, all these years?"

"Over the border, Uncle Sem."

"What have you come back for, fool? To compromise us? Don't you know it's the Widow for you if they catch you?"

"I was bored, Uncle Sem. I had to come back. I was lonely."

"Imbecile!"

"He's all right," interjected the younger man, known as La Tonnerre. "Look at him, uncle! His mother wouldn't know her darling boy. The Jackal was always a good workman, Uncle Sem. How have the dice fallen, old boy?"

"Badly," answered Jules. "Pigs and stones! There's not a sou to be scratched from the vile, evil-smelling swine. Nothing came my way, until last week when a fool of an Englishman fell into my mouth. See here!"

And he produced the field glasses, the gold watch and chain, the cigarette case and the other trifles. The older man's eyes regarded the objects obliquely.

"Any money?"

"Only a few francs."

"Um!" grunted Uncle Sem suspiciously. "Traveling Englishmen usually carry more than a few francs upon them, especially when they boast such finery as this."

"Letters of credit, check books, if they're any good to you, uncle."

"Um! Let's have a glance. Where's the case to the field glasses?"

"I threw it away."

"Imbecile! A Theiss too."

Whilst the old man was examining the watch and the cigarette case, Jules inquired of La Tonnerre concerning their mutual acquaintances.

"Where is Barouche?"

"Barouche! He is spending a long vacation out in Cochin China. There was an unfortunate affair with the cashier of a bank at Bayonne. Clumsy work!"

"And Anton?"

"Dead! He died quietly one morning at dawn. The blade was too quick for him!"

"Lisette?"

"No one has seen her since you left. She was last seen walking on the quays looking into the water."

"Toni Hecht?"

"They have sent him back to Silesia. They did not like his face."

"Gabriel Foret?"

"Yes, he is still working. But he becomes foolish. Women and absinthe do not agree with him. Labori died in the infirmary. There is no one left of our old company except Uncle Sem and myself. You are welcome, Jules. We want men of intellect and go."

It was not an inspiriting record. Jules felt a craving to escape from it all. He had been drawn back to Bordeaux by the nostalgia of old associations. He liked the place, the kind of food to be procured there, familiar places and people. But the life of crime terrified him. It was not conscience which troubled him. It was just the physical dread of—falling. It was in his blood that somewhere, at some time, in the prosecution of his nefarious craft, he would fall. The nightmare would materialize. And yet what was he to do? About his person he had concealed eight thousand francs. From the sale of the field glasses, the watch and the cigarette case he would be lucky if he got another two hundred. This was wealth, comfort and security for a few months. And then what? He could not afford to go back on his only two pals.

The old man was saying: "Here, I will see what I can do with the watch and the cigarette case. You take these glasses, Jackal, and try your luck on the east side. You were an idiot to have taken these out of their case."

"The case isn't of much value, Uncle Sem; and it was clumsy, with a long leather strap attachment, difficult to conceal."

Uncle Sem said nothing, but he blinked vacantly at the ceiling, stood up and shuffled towards the door.

"He's a marvel!" exclaimed La Tonnerre, when the old man had gone. "He must be seventy-two, and he has never made a slip. The police watch him like cats and they've never sprung within a meter of him. I believe he could cast his shadow into the face of the sun."

Jules sighed.

"Let's go and eat," he said. "I have a few francs and that vile Spanish food wants forgetting."

They repaired to a quiet restaurant of which the *patron* was a good fellow, not too inquisitive or squeamish about his guests. And they did themselves well. Soup, a bouillabaisse, tripe stewed in oil with braised Spanish onions, Rocquefort and radishes and two bottles of good burgundy. Oh, it was glorious to be back in Bordeaux!

And Jules kept on saying to himself, "I mustn't talk too much. I mustn't let on to La Tonnerre that I have eight thousand."

There is a fascination about spending freely almost as intoxicating as any alcoholic material which may be the product of this action. Once he thought at random, "Why I've only got to sell those field glasses to make enough to pay for this luncheon."

La Tonnerre, indeed, was not unduly aroused. They both belonged to the school which taught that the great thing in life was to eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow —— Ah, lots of nasty, unpleasant episodes might happen tomorrow! One might fall, for instance. Clambering about on dangerous peaks, there was always that sickening attraction—the law of gravitation. Bah! Another glass, old boy! Glorious to be back in Bordeaux!

The docks were alive with dear familiar sights—stately liners, the black hulls of old sailing ships, weather-battered smokestacks of tramps. There was the delicious odor of tar, oil, hemp, brine and the chestnut braziers on the quays. There were the familiar figures—wharfingers in blue blouses; foreign sailors; fat old fishwives with their booths; women selling flowers, stockings and gingerbread; port officials fussily conscious of their gold trimmings. This was the place to live in, to lose oneself in. No one took any particular stock of this respectable-looking man. What was he? A mechanic of some sort? A small shopkeeper? A ship's cook? Who cared?

Having parted from La Tonnerre, who stated that he had to go and claim some commission that was due to him, Jules wandered luxuriously eastward. It was early afternoon and the sun was pleasantly hot. He walked up the Rue Fondaudege and then took two turnings, sharp to the left, then to the left again. He came to a narrow, middle-class street of shops. Near the end of the street he stopped in front of an establishment which bore the name of François Monsel. He entered and produced the field glasses.

A rather bored young clerk said "Yes, what is it?"

"Do you want to buy some field glasses, monsieur?"

"Field glasses!" exclaimed the young man in a tone that implied that field glasses were the very last thing that his employer would ever dream of buying. Nevertheless he took them in his hand and examined them.

"Where is the case?" he asked.

"The case is lost."

The young man's face expressed bored indignation. However, he disappeared behind a wooden partition with the glasses. In two or three minutes an elderly Jew came in with the young man. He was wearing thick spectacles and a black skull cap.

He looked hard at Jules and said, "Where did you get these glasses from?"

"They belonged to my brother, monsieur, who died."

The Jew looked closely at Jules' face, his clothes, his shoes and his cap. He made no attempt to conceal his suspicion.

"Where is the case?"

"There wasn't a case. My brother must have lost it, monsieur."

"When did your brother die?"

"Last year, monsieur."

(Continued on Page 68)

The Englishman Leaned Forward and Looked in the Direction Jules' Stick Was Pointing. Bella Vista, Indeed!

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Ruinous Competition

LESS than two years ago common labor was a drug on the market. Today, in many parts of the country, it is either unobtainable or is to be had only at a price considerably in excess of its fair value. Everywhere employers are asking what has become of our unskilled labor. Certain manufacturing and mining interests declare that it has returned to its native villages in Eastern and Southern Europe, and ask for replacements recruited by raising immigration quotas. Elsewhere in this issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST Mr. Kenneth L. Roberts shows the viciousness of this proposal and outlines the sort of legislation that will insure us not only an abundant supply of labor but a volume of man power capable of vastly higher and more useful development than much of the human material that has been coming to America in recent years.

Broadly speaking, we have as much common labor as we ever had. The trouble is that it is not productively employed. No one knows and no one can estimate with even moderate accuracy how many hundred thousand able-bodied men who ought to be working on the railroad, making steel, mining copper, putting up dwelling houses or raising wheat, are tarring endless stretches of boulevard roads, grooming public golf courses, and erecting showy city halls, county courthouses or municipally owned railway stations. The most casual scrutiny of the tremendous amount of public work now under way in the country makes it obvious that productive industry's most pitiless competitor for unskilled labor is the state itself. Not the state alone, but most of its counties, towns and cities are doing their full share, and more, in snatching away from industry, manufacture, transportation and housing operations the common labor that should be theirs by economic right.

It is a commonplace of good economics that great public works, betterments and improvements should be made, as far as possible, in periods of industrial depression. At such times it is possible not only to take advantage of materially lowered costs but to lessen the hardships of widespread unemployment. This principle, everywhere accepted, appears just now to be almost universally disregarded.

Though state competition begins at the bottom with unskilled labor, it by no means ends there. It withdraws from industry a proportionate amount of technical and supervisory effort. All along the line this competition is felt. The state must have materials as well as labor; and as a rule its bidding for what it wants is not nearly so restrained as that of men in charge of private operations. The state will be served, and up go prices.

The price of money wherewith to finance these great undertakings is even more affected by this ruinous competition than is the price of materials. Thanks to their power to issue tax-free bonds, public subdivisions can borrow money much cheaper than private corporations. In the more thickly settled parts of the country municipal obligations are sold on a four per cent basis, or a trifle higher or lower, depending upon various circumstances. In the same regions in which this rate prevails, long-established and well-managed minor industries and public utilities must usually pay at least five and a half, often six and not infrequently seven per cent, to provide working capital and to finance extensions necessitated by the growth of population. To cap the climax, these tax-ridden corporations are required to pay increased taxes to help perpetuate the labor, capital and material competition that is hamstringing them.

Paradoxical as it may sound, the most hopeful feature of the whole situation is that it is growing worse so rapidly. The more oppressive it becomes, the more clearly will the relationship between cause and effect stand out. The sooner the great mass of voters, irrespective of party politics, begins to perceive the causes that underlie unsatisfactory conditions, the sooner they will call a halt. Public extravagance, especially when practiced at the most inopportune time, has graver consequences than are at first apparent. Its primary effect is to increase taxes. Its secondary and less spectacular effects are to discourage private enterprise and to choke off industrial and agricultural sources of wealth.

Four or five per cent of our children are born color-blind. Red danger signals mean nothing to them. Persons suffering from this defect are properly forbidden to drive locomotives; but we take much graver chances in permitting trouble-blind politicians to control our state and national affairs. Drunken motor drivers are a smaller menace than trouble-blind optimists who think that a sunny day means there will never be another storm. This variety of Pollyanna feels keenly but thinks little. "The war is over and paid for," he babbles. "This is the richest country in the world. Its resources are inexhaustible. Nothing can touch us. Down with the crape-hangers! Full speed ahead!"

Up-and-Coming Canada

THERE is no parallel in constitutional history for the position of Canada in the British Empire, although it compares rather closely to the relationship a separately incorporated branch business bears to the parent company. Gradually Canada has taken over self-government until today she is in absolute control of her own destinies. All that is left of Downing Street direction is the presence of a governor-general at Rideau Hall. The governor-general acts as representative of the sovereign, and the fiction of his administrative powers is still maintained in form and procedure; but as a matter of actual fact, his duties are purely ceremonial and social.

Complete autonomy with regard to domestic affairs, however, has not satisfied the up-and-coming Canadians. During the past two decades they have felt a growing consciousness of nationality. After playing an aggressive and gallant part in the war they demanded a voice in the making of peace; and as a result their delegates sat at Versailles. They refused to be satisfied with anything but direct representation in the League of Nations. They have taken into their own quite capable hands the making of treaties with foreign nations; and recently they established at Washington a Canadian ambassador.

Rudyard Kipling phrased Canada's position quite accurately many years ago: "Daughter am I in my mother's house; but mistress in my own." Today the daughter has become a competent housekeeper and does not hesitate to voice her own views, firmly if affectionately, on all matters jointly affecting the two households. Perhaps, as is the way with the younger generation, she is inclined secretly to feel that she manages her own new home rather better than the easy-going maternal ménage is conducted, and that the old lady is slow in recognizing the latest domestic improvements; even that her taste in furniture is a bit old-fashioned. Perhaps, also, the mother looks with some wonderment and not a little dismay at her pushing, assertive offspring. But family ties have not weakened.

To understand Canada's position it is necessary to revert again to the comparison with the branch company of a widespread business concern. She handles her own affairs, pays her own dividends or meets her own deficits, and deals mostly with other companies in her own field; but at the same time maintains the ideals of the parent concern, deals largely in the same lines and stands shoulder to shoulder in times of competition and stress. Canada is probably more firmly established today than ever as a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations. Such sentiment as may have existed for separation or annexation has diminished with each new access to her powers of self-government.

But the people of the dominion do not interpret their imperial citizenship as entailing any obligation to model themselves on the old established lines, nor to sacrifice their own interests at the behest of their partners. They were not in favor of the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese treaty, and they manifested quite clearly that they were strictly opposed to war in the Near East, where the policy of Lloyd George made a clash with Islam imminent. The treaty with Nippon was not renewed; and fortunately Britain realized in time that a grievous error had been committed in Asia Minor, and the war with Turkey was avoided. The Canadians took a firm stand against immigration from India, and today are looking sharply even at settlers who come out from the mother country. A few years ago they welcomed the Prince of Wales with whole-hearted enthusiasm, but at the time the ink was hardly dry on an order in council stopping forever and a day the granting of titles in Canada. During the Laurier régime they arranged a preferential tariff to increase the sale of British-made goods in the dominion, but in spite of it their trade relations with the United States have ever since become steadily more predominant. They do comparatively little business with the other overseas dominions and possessions. In fact, they take little more actual interest in Australia and India than they do in, say, Siam or the Straits Settlements. But through it all the bonds that bind the dominion to the empire continually show signs of added strength and not of strain.

It is interesting to note that Canada plays a rather prominent part today in imperial government, through the participation of several gifted sons. The British premier, Bonar Law, was born in the dominion. Another Canadian, Lord Beaverbrook, has introduced into British politics a close approach to bossism. It was Beaverbrook who jockeyed Bonar Law into the leadership of the Unionist Party in the first place, and who later brought Law and Lloyd George together. A third Canadian, Sir Hamar Greenwood, was one of Law's most powerful aids and had the distinction of being the last Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Although Canada has gone farther than the other overseas dominions in achieving absolute self-government, her position is fairly indicative of theirs. There is nothing in the nature of a considered scheme of unity to weld the empire together. Plans for closer federation and an imperial parliament have often been mooted but have never been seriously entertained. It has been quite clearly recognized that nothing in the nature of a trade federation is feasible. But nevertheless, the real solidarity of the empire in the war was the wonder and despair of the enemy countries, which had not believed a racial organization so loosely knit could wage war with such inflexible determination and singleness of purpose. Advocates of the principle of the League of Nations might derive some comfort and perhaps a little hope from watching the British Commonwealth of Nations function. If it is possible for so many scattered units, with their widely divergent interests, to combine so effectively, is it too much to hope that some day a basis will be found upon which all the nations of the earth can combine to insure permanent peace?

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH CONGRESS?

By Frederick W. Dallinger

Member of Congress From Massachusetts

WHAT is the matter with Congress? No other question has been asked by so many people throughout the country for so many years. That something is the matter seems to be almost the unanimous opinion of the people of the United States. Much has been said and written condemning and defending this institution, but too little attention has been given to reforms that would make these criticisms less justified. Some trusting souls would have Congress perpetuated, while others are even convinced that the only hope of the nation lies in its speedy and total extinction.

It may interest the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to know the conclusions of one who is serving his ninth year in the House of Representatives, to have described his idea of what the matter is, and to learn of the reforms these years of actual experience show to be needed if Congress is to retain its power and regain the prestige it formerly enjoyed.

From the time, in 1215, when the English barons demanded of King John that he sign on the dotted line the Magna Charta of Anglo-Saxon liberty down to the present there has been constant criticism of things as they are and a constant pressure for change. By force of this dissatisfaction Western civilization has advanced by gradual process from feudalism to absolute monarchy, to the rule of the barons, and finally to substantial democracy. The transition from one to the other has rightly been slow. The conservative has contemplated with contentment whatever then existed and preferred always a return to some former method rather than an advance to what was new. The radical, on the other hand, rushes rabidly and with close-shut eyes to whatever is new, scorning all that is old and time-tried. Our civilization luckily has chosen the happy medium between these extremes and thus has lived.

Reflected Faults

MOST, if not all, of those who framed our Constitution were afraid for the future. They doubted the ability of the thirteen English colonies to form themselves into a new nation. But it was done, and the wonderful nation we have today disclaims any foundation for their fears. George Mason, one of the framers of the Constitution, addressing citizens of Virginia in 1787, well expressed the common fear by saying, "This government will commence in a moderate aristocracy; it is at present impossible to foresee whether it will in its operation produce a monarchy or a corrupt oppressive aristocracy; it will most probably vibrate some years between the two, and then terminate in the one or the other." Thence on we have heard expressed similar prophecies, but we have managed to continue the process of government with order and a reasonable measure of security to the persons and the property of our citizens. Inequalities will continue, injustices will occur and only in the millennium will there be universal satisfaction in things as they are.

But those who have given serious study to the development of representative democracies, to our national Congress and to the individual congressmen believe most of the present ills of our national legislative body can be remedied. To avoid a dictatorship, not only must Congress be continued but it must keep and exercise the authority with which it was clothed by the framers of the Constitution.

The faults of the individual members of Congress are those of the American people. These men and women who journey to Washington to represent this great nation are actuated by the same impulses as are the people from whom they come. They fairly represent in faults and virtues the people who send them to Washington. How can more be expected of them? Such is democracy. The ridicule of any particular member of Congress is usually ridicule of the voters who elected him. As water will not rise above its source, a people will not have representing them statesmen who have risen too far above them. The personnel of which Congress is composed is far from perfect; it can be improved; but not until the general education and civic interest of the electorate make it choose with more discernment. Thus it is that with the electorate lies the responsibility of finding better representatives.

But there are other faults besides those of personnel, and faults curable by Congress itself. Chief of these are the rules of procedure in both House and Senate, which result in delays, injustice and hodgepodge legislation. This faulty procedure can be corrected by simple changes in the rules of the House and Senate.

We have recently seen a President of the United States, without much adverse criticism, by means of the power of Federal patronage, put into practice his theory that the President, in addition to the great powers given him by the Constitution, should exercise the functions of the British Prime Minister, and as the leader of his party in Congress initiate all legislation. Manifestly under such a system the Congress becomes a mere ratifying and investigating body.

One-Man Government

A DEMOCRATIC member of the House of Representatives well expressed the supineness of Congress in 1915, as the Sixty-third Congress was about to expire, by exclaiming, "We might just as well have stayed at home for the past two years and let the President run the country. We've been nothing but rubber stamps anyway."

Of course such a theory carried out to its logical conclusion would mean the end of democracy and the beginning of a dictatorship or elective despotism, which was precisely what the framers of our Constitution, in their wisdom, sought to avoid. As students of history they knew every previous attempt to establish a representative democracy had failed by reason of the usurpation by the executive of the powers of the people's representatives, and they therefore guarded against this very danger by separating the executive from the legislative branch of the Government.

President Harding, formerly a member of the legislative branch himself, and a firm believer in the American system of constitutional government as established by the fathers, scrupulously regards the doctrine of the separation of powers and refrains from attempting to dictate to Congress. But the newspapers of his own party blame him for his lack of leadership in Congress and demand that he do precisely what they condemned his predecessor for doing. Those endeavoring to put through legislation of whatever nature are impatient at the delays necessary to convince a majority of the four hundred and thirty-five congressmen and ninety-six senators, and knowing how much easier it would be to convince one man, the President, are prone to prefer one-man government. Thus, forgetful that it is no more than safe at least that a majority of five hundred and thirty-one legislators should favor a bill before it is forced upon one hundred million people, many resent the procrastination of Congress and would prefer virtual one-man government. Perhaps the legislative mill, like that of

(Continued on Page 105)

"Take it Back to Warren—That's a Good Doggie"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Hollywood Lyrics

I

THE leading lady who played with Hewett
Was really his wife, although nobody knew it
Till the company noticed how Hewett would flinch
At those forty-foot kisses—then 'twas a cinch!

II

He had played with Booth, had Polonius Cobb,
But he went to the movies to get him a job.
He got a job, and he's working there still,
For he washes trained pigs with considerable skill.

III

The flowing whiskers of Hamlet Dart
Had gained him many a character part;
But a candle destroyed them from ear to ear—
So now he's back playing as atmosphere.

IV

Mr. Irving's eyes were a china blue,
So they didn't film well—they seldom do.
His roommate gave him two black ones recently—
They photograph better, but he can't see decently.

V

Lonestar Lou, he could work a six-shooter,
Play a crook or a thug or a wild freebooter.
Lou on the lot was a do-or-die;
But at home he put on a pale blue tie.

VI

Edna May Henna is so refined
That she has to retire when she changes her mind.
If she changed her husbands that modest way,
One would see very little of Edna May.

VII

Three months she waited, did Lucy Mott,
Ere she saw the inside of the Starfilm lot.
Now she's got a job, and you've no idea
How clever she is—in the cafeteria.

VIII

Sycamore Sanderson, sure enough,
Was a lallapalooza at Western stuff;
But at Eastern stuff—such as finger nails
And clean white collars—
description fails!

IX

After long, long waiting for a job, Jake Green
Got a part as a diner in a restaurant scene.
It was thirty-six hours since he'd eaten, poor Jake,
So he wasn't very mad when they had a retake.

X

Daisy De Licious, a dyed brunette,
Had wonderful tresses until they were wet.
Then they turned to a marvelous bright sea green.
Now 'tis only in mermaid parts she's seen.

XI

Tulip Toots has been kissed so oft
That it makes her scream when a man gets soft.
She always screams till his love proves true
By kicking and beating her black and blue.

XII

They poured hot tar down the back of her neck,
They hurled pies at her till she was a wreck,
They tumbled her into a barrel of batter—
But she earned five dollars, so what does it matter?

—*Gelett Burgess.*

Romeo and Juliet

(In the Manner of Booth Tarkington)

THE scene is outside the Capulet home in Verona, New York. The time is about nine o'clock at night. ROMEO MONTAGUE *appears, carrying a ukulele under his arm. He vaults the white wooden fence and lands in Mrs. Capulet's favorite bed of pansies, but this doesn't bother him at all.* JULIET, *a young lady of fourteen, is swinging pensively in the hammock on the side porch. She is playing with a fluffy white French poodle which she calls Flopit. Young* MR. MONTAGUE *steals cautiously around to the side of the house and strikes a few preliminary chords on the ukulele.*

ROMEO *(singing; the tune is intended to be Sweet Adeline):*

Oh, Juliet, sweet Juliet,
There's no one in your class, I'll bet.
You are the nicest girl I've met,
Oh, Juliet, sweet Juliet.

JULIET *(from the hammock):* 'Lo, Romey.

ROMEO: Hello, Julie.

JULIET *(who affects baby talk):* Ickle boy Montague got a booful voice, hasn't he, Flopit? How does he make up such won'ful, won'ful songs out of his own head?

ROMEO *(modestly):* Oh, it sorter comes natural—making up songs and things like that.

JULIET: We think it's marv'lous. Just marv'lous. *(To the French poodle):* Don't we, darlin' Flopit? Ickle boy Montague could w'ite po'twy like Longfellow, and make millyums and millyums of dollardies.

ROMEO: I could make up lots of songs like that about you. You're so—so soulful.

JULIET *(to the poodle):* Ickle boy Montague t'yin' to flatterbox us, p'eshus.

ROMEO *(earnestly):* No, I mean it. I think you're the most soulful girl I ever met. Lots of girls don't think about anything but clothes an' dresses, but you're different.

JULIET: Ickle boy Montague is a no'ty, no'ty flatterbox. We think ickle boy Montague is the nicest, nicest boy in Verona; don't we, tunnin' Flopit?

ROMEO *(eagerly):* Do you? Just because my dad an' your dad had a fight's no reason why you an' I shouldn't be friends, is it? When a man gets to be my age he sorter sits down an' figgers things out, an' thinks about the serious things of life. Don't you think love is a wonderful thing?

JULIET *(softly):* Ess.

ROMEO: I do. I think maybe love is prob'ly the most wonderful thing there is. Take some girls, f'rinstance. I don't believe they know what real love is.

JULIET: Ess.

ROMEO: I mean like this: When I was younger I never used to care much about love an' those things, but when a man my age meets a girl an' he thinks about the serious things of life, then he just naturally knows right away how he feels about it, don't you think?

JULIET: Ess, deed ums.

ROMEO: Do you know what name I have for you when I think of you?

JULIET: What is pitty name?

ROMEO: I call you My Dream Girl.

JULIET: 'At's boofums! Dest boofums!

ROMEO: I know a case, f'rinstance, where a man over in New Rochelle, going on eighteen years of age, got married an' nobody thinks anything of it.

JULIET: Make pitty singin' again. Flopit and me dest love ickle boy Montague's booful singin'.

ROMEO *(strumming his ukulele):*

Down by the stream where I first met Rebecca,
Down by the ——

NURSE *(from the house):* Mis' Julie!

JULIET: Oh, there's that ole nurse! *(Calling):* It's only nine o'clock.

NURSE: You ma say you come right away in the house.

JULIET *(sulkily):* Oh, all right! Dood night, ickle boy Montague. Say pitty dood night, Flopit darlin'.

ROMEO: Good night—My Dream Girl.

CURTAIN

—*Newman Levy.*

Drives That Drive You Crazy

HERE'S what you'll get in tomorrow's mail:

Fellow citizen: The time has come to prove you're a worthy citizen. A $10,000,000 auditorium, waiting room and civic lunch counter is needed for Blahblah Square. The municipal committee on improvements and impediments has declared a crying need for it by vote of 7 to 6. The thrift committee of the Chamber of Commerce has approved of it after an investigation tour that included Niagara Falls, California, Tucson and Palm Beach. The rest is up to you.

South Juniper Street's quota is $1,586,026, and your share of that is only $2,173.63, inclusive. This project is one you can be proud to subscribe to. The committee has been assured it will be done right. Ground will be broken early in June. Meanwhile the digging is going on now as our paid solicitors finish their lists.

This marble auditorium, waiting room and civic lunch counter will be the best of its kind south of Hudson Bay and west of the Hudson River. It will be a thing of beauty and an expense forever. Subscribe now and get a tin button inscribed, "I am a good fellow! Are you?"

This drive will end in 20 days. Contribute now and have a chance to double up later.

Dear sir or madam: Please buy two tickets to the Garbage Men's Ball, both of which are inclosed. Show your appreciation of our faithful work in all kinds of weather, including fair and warmer, when the breezes blow and you need us most.

The ball will be held at 8 P.M., May 27th, and dress suits are permitted. You do not have to attend in person so long as you buy both tickets or one. The proceeds of the ball and check-room privilege go into our fund for providing pensions to garbage men who have worked 30 years on the job. The tickets are $1 apiece, or two for $2, and so on. No returns allowed.

Alumni of Bohunk University: Your alma mater is calling you. It needs one-fifth of this year's salary.

(Continued on Page 95)

The Hostess, Who Surprises Her Best Friend Trying to Steal Her Very Best Maid. "Petunia, When You Have Callers, Please Entertain Them in the Kitchen"

SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

Day by day in every way
We gain in health and vigor
With Campbell's aid our health is made—
Just watch us growing bigger!

Tempting!

And no wonder! That fragrant plate of Campbell's Tomato Soup which is so tempting to your appetite, is pure tomato—the finest red-ripe fruit that grows! The tasty tomato juices and the rich tomato "meat" are strained to a smooth, delicious puree. A delight to the appetite!

Cream of Tomato

Golden country butter is blended with Campbell's Tomato Soup and delicate seasoning is added by the skilled hands of our famous French chefs. Serve it as a Cream of Tomato for a very special treat either for the family meal or when you are entertaining. It takes but a few minutes to prepare it according to the simple directions on the can. And it tastes so good!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Children thrive on good soup

Let them eat it every day. They like it and it is splendid for them. Your doctor will tell you so. Good soup is a spur to the appetite and a healthful stimulant to the digestion. Only the best of ingredients are used in Campbell's Soups and they are blended in kitchens of spotless purity. Exactly the kind of food you want your children to have!

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

TRIUMPH

By MAY EDGINTON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

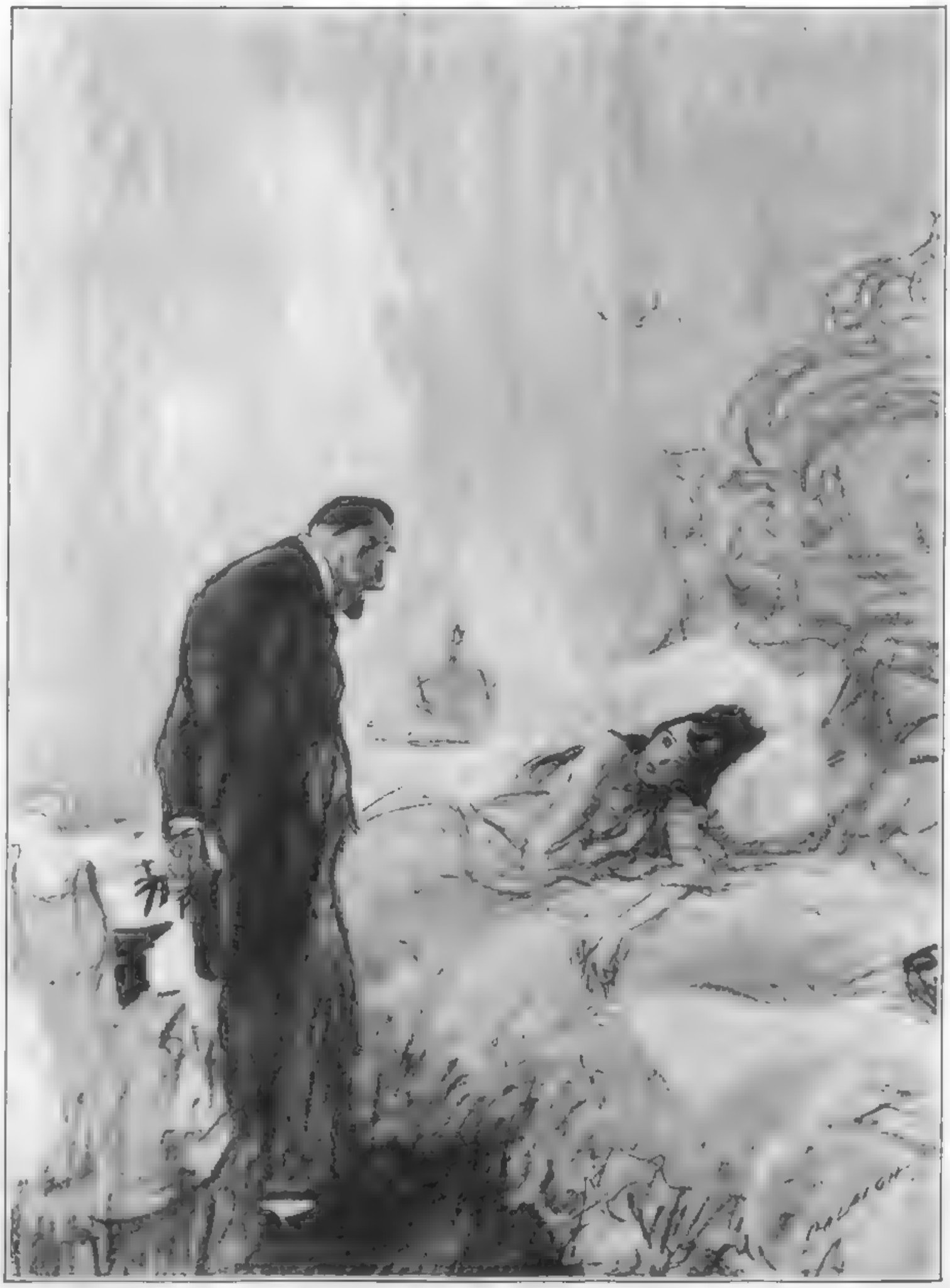
KING GARNET rolled over on the grass, rubbed his eyes and looked up at the blue sky of a vivid May morning through the arch of green boughs that hung over him. The park was quiet, green, fresh, dewy. Summer dust had not yet blown in upon it; winter's frosts were over. It was so beautiful, so quiet, that he did not much mind the nights there; only the dews were still heavy, and there was no way of drying his clothes save by the heat of his slightly shivering body. The nights were not so bad, when in the kind dark a man dropped and slept where he fell, forgetting the gnawings of his stomach; but the days were hell; so long, so hungry, so empty, so hopeless.

A wave of trade depression and unemployment had rolled over the whole country. He had many companions, who stirred and moaned and growled in their sleep, drawing as far as they could away from each other, couched in the shelter of bushes or tree trunks; all dreading and hating the dawn.

King Garnet had ceased to wonder at them or meditate upon them. He existed; they existed; the world went on. And, like those other slightly shivering sleepers, he saw nothing coming to him.

He lay on his back and looked up at the blue sky through the green leaves. There was no wind; it was warm, with a little mist, and a promise of precocious heat. He meant to go presently and dip in the cold Serpentine, which wound like a quiet silver snake through the beautiful ways of the great park, and then to rub himself dry on the grass like a dog.

He chewed blades of grass, enjoyed the flavor, spat them out and took fresh mouthfuls. He had nothing to eat, and had eaten nothing since midday yesterday, when he ran after a taxicab with luggage on it and lifted the luggage down at its destination and carried it up three flights of stairs for sixpence. He bought bread and cheese.



The Doctor Came. "My Voice!" Whispered Anne Land, Blanched Whiter by Her Fear Than Illness Had Left Her

From newspapers people sometimes left on the park seats he gleaned his news, and he had gathered that Lady Mabel Conway was in town again. She had arrived for the season. Lady Mabel's arrival implied, of course, his mother's. He could imagine how they would instruct Maddox to pursue secret inquiries as to his whereabouts—secret inquiries; discreet, convenient and most ineffectual. When he had read of Mabel's return he wrote to Maddox, sending perforce an unstamped envelope, and writing on a telegraph form with a post-office pencil, saying:

> If my mother comes to see you about me, kindly tell her I've gone abroad. All my thanks for all you've done—don't know what it is, I'm sure. Yours, KING GARNET.

And he hoped that would end the matter and appease his mother's comfort-loving conscience.

Mabel's charity!

"Let's die decently first; I can't prevent her burying me in a rich coffin if the body's identified," he thought, browsing on the grass.

He could still smile at things, and he laughed at that out loud, so that the nearest sleeper rolled over and opened a red-rimmed eye. "Seen sumthin' funny, mate?" he growled.

"It's all damn funny if you come to think of it," King replied.

"Not as I see," said the other derelict, and he laid his head upon his arms again and lay very still; so still that at first King Garnet, who had learned a great and tender respect for much that he had never respected before, turned from him and left him alone. But presently the stillness was so supreme, so deadly, that he turned over again and said, "Tell us."

"I'm tired o' tellin'," the other whimpered with an oath.

"But not tired of being believed, eh?" said Garnet.

The other stared at him.

"No," he muttered. "There's sumthin' in that. All rogues an' liars an' sneak thiefs, ain't we, dreckly the soles drops off our boots. We're judged by our boots; strike me, if we ain't! Our boots and our beards! 'Ow kin I get shaved? I ain't got the price, an' don't see no likeli'ood o' getting it neither."

"Well, tell us," said King.

The pitiful thing lay and whined out a story that would have been disbelieved if he had told it in the streets or to a charity mission; but King Garnet knew that it might easily be true. He knew that every incredible word of it was probably bare fact, embroidered by no beggar's artifice, no cunning and no crookedness.

When the teller had told his tale, he lay and cried.

"Wish I could help you," said Garnet. "I'm cleaned out."

"Wouldn't be 'ere if you w-w-wasn't," the other sniveled.

"I should not," said King Garnet.

"You don't seem too darn sorry about it, though. Might a'most like it."

"Don't like it, old pal; but I own it's taught me something. If I thought I'd come through on the right side I'd be glad I'd been here."

"You would, eh? You been a sort o' swell, eh?"

"I've been a rich man," said Garnet contemplatively.

It seemed a long while ago, and made him smile; and his mouth watered to think of it.

"Eh?" said the derelict, and shot him a malevolent glance. In a tone of weak, raucous anger he cried, "I'm bloody glad you're 'ere! And this ain't the last ditch, neither, lemme tell you. 'N' I 'ope you rots in that last ditch, you—rich—man!"

He dropped on his side again, and rolled over to refuse further communion.

"Dare say you're glad," said Garnet, and he lay placidly chewing grass.

He knew these days that the classes were at each other's throats, and that the actual brutality of the top dog to the under dog paled before the contemplated brutality of the under dog should ever he struggle on top.

He lay and thought: "No wonder! No wonder! Oh, God! No wonder! It is not a matter of specific concessions or of raising wages a shilling here and a shilling there to stop their shouting. It isn't a matter of scientific strike breaking, and law and police and armies. The world is wrong at the heart."

He looked around him with the open eyes of a man for whom living has been whittled down to a matter of less than the barest necessities. His eyes were open to see incredible simplicities; to see great big horrors and know they were daily life; but to see great big rough love, too, and to know it was daily food. And he saw and heard the little things also; the sounds of many little griefs from the submerged that he had never considered before; and many little sounds of laughter, too, that he had never known till now. He tore off the comfortable hypocrisies that cushioned his class, and he saw all things raw, before they were dressed for the palates of the rich.

He looked again presently at his neighbor and saw his sore toes protruding through the hard and broken remnants of boots lashed together miraculously with twine.

"Got sore feet?" he remarked.

The other grunted a hostile assent. Garnet sat up and unlaced his own sorry boots. He took off his socks—his last pair—of fine soft wool and threw them over.

"Have my socks," he said. "Washed 'em yesterday in the Serpentine. Tolerably clean."

(Continued on Page 32)

TOURISTS who travel by Hupmobile, enjoy and appreciate a sense of security which is peculiar to themselves.

They set out for the long-distance trip of a week, or a month, with the same supreme confidence that they start out in the morning for the usual day's running around.

They know their car is ready for all roads, day after day—with an unvarying faithfulness which is one of the most highly prized of all the well-known Hupmobile virtues.

(Continued from Page 30)

The derelict rolled over and stared at him malevolently and grabbed the socks

Boots in hand, King Garnet went over the grass to the shining water. He undressed on the bank and plunged in, the first swimmer. Save for its surreptitious guests, still sleeping their uneasy slumber, the park was empty. He swam slowly, conserving his strength, remembering not to do enough to tire himself, there being no breakfast to follow. He dried himself on the grass under the pale sun, like a dog, with all a dog's delight

He lay and lazed most of that day, his stomach aching for food—but the pangs not too sharp so long as he exerted himself but little—and he thought of Anna Land. It was the day after her concert. He watched a fat man on a seat reading a morning paper, and hoped it would be left. It was. The fat man tossed it down, rose and walked away. King Garnet took it, and retiring to the middle of a great green space where children played, sat with his back against a tree and read:

Miss Anna Land delighted a large and fashionable audience last night at the Queen's Hall. The young singer, who already has many friends and admirers in musical circles, has a most beautiful personality, and, in her golden-tissue gown, received salvos of applause before she had sung a note. She has a mezzo-soprano voice of extraordinary power, range and flexibility, and an exquisite tone. She sung first the Barcarolle of Hoffmann . . .

We understand that several contracts were offered her last night. Miss Land, however, will probably appear for the next year or so under the ægis of Signor Marini, who declares her to be the most brilliant beginner in Europe at the present time.

King Garnet read down the long column with a smile.

About six o'clock King Garnet rose and made his way slowly through the park towards the Corner. He had eaten nothing at all that day, but with any luck expected to scrape up a meal before he slept. At six o'clock the early theater dinner traffic began. There was a steady chance for finding cabs, opening doors, or sometimes of keeping an eye on a car while its driver-owner dined.

He went towards the Row, where a few people were riding, and beside which a few people walked leisurely. He was about to cross it when he saw, coming towards him from his right, strolling leisurely through the perfect evening before going home to dress for dinner, a slim young man of unusual elegance.

It was Paul Bobby. He was accompanied by an older man; not Silver Garnet. This man was older than Silver, rounder, harder, wide-awake and alert to a degree that expressed itself in his walk, the manner of his talk, the carriage of his big head.

King Garnet did not know him. But as he saw Paul Bobby his brain suddenly felt as heavy as his body felt light; a deadly excitement of resentment took him. He turned aside, stopped and stood clean in the two men's way. They both looked at him swiftly, and Paul Bobby's eyes flickered a startled warning. King Garnet heeded not that warning.

He remarked, "Good evening, sir." For he did not even know Bobby's name.

Bobby hesitated, nodded and would have drawn his companion on.

But Garnet moved again in front of them as they stepped aside, and said, "No, sir. A word with you, if you please."

Bobby paused a long time. His hand went to his pocket and back again. His eyes narrowed.

"Get out!" he said. "I've—er—helped you once. I can do nothing more."

"Is the feller begging Paul?" the bigger man asked.

"Yes," said Bobby. "Come, my man, move on. Let us alone."

King Garnet looked at him steadfastly.

"I haven't had a meal since yesterday midday."

"Go to the workhouse or one of the charitable shelters and see if you can stick 'em for a meal," the bigger man advised.

King Garnet laughed. He felt rather light-headed, but amazingly clear-headed at the same time.

"No, sir," he replied with faint mockery. "I rely on this gentleman." And he thought: "I s'pose this is polite blackmail. Oh, Lord! But the price of a meal won't hurt the little swine!"

"Man seems to know you, Paul," said his friend.

Paul Bobby murmured something in his ear that made the big man start, and his eyes livened and fixed cautiously on King Garnet.

He said, "Is that so? Come, then, Paul, don't be a fool. I'm in on this." Roughly he ordered Garnet, "Come and sit over on those chairs under the trees with us and I'll have a word with you."

King Garnet followed the sulky Bobby and the solid man to a green place where a group of unoccupied chairs were placed under trees

"I've got to sit down," he said suddenly, "small credit as I'll be to you, gentlemen," and he sank suddenly on one of the chairs, sick with hunger

They saw him very pinched about the lips and nostrils, and pale

"Y' know, Ogilvey . . ." said Paul Bobby, beginning to talk whisperingly in the other's ear.

Ogilvey growled. Then turning to Garnet he said in a rough voice, "Look here, young fellow, you can't find any work here, eh? I thought not. Go abroad . . . go to Canada. Go out West—more scope. The city's overcrowded."

"And you two'd like to be rid of me," Garnet calculated aloud.

"Rubbish!" said Bobby. "What do you matter to me anyway? I'm through with you."

"If I cast myself on my brother's charity— " King began, watching the boy's dark face.

"His brother!" Ogilvey exclaimed.

Paul Bobby muttered an aside to him.

"Life's queer!" Ogilvey appreciated. "Make a point in a film one day, Paul. Eh? Shan't forget it."

"You," said Paul Bobby to King—"you leave your half brother alone and he'll leave you alone. If you don't he'll hand you over to the police. That's dead sure. He's only keeping his hands off you by a big effort and my well-meant advice. Understand that!"

"And if I go down you go too," Garnet retaliated.

"Come, Paul!" said Ogilvey, expostulating. And he bent a powerful look on the starved young man before him. "Now, you, my poor good fellow, listen! You don't do any good talking to us like this. Get that. But we can do you a little good, you know, and I'm not the man to grudge a little help to a fellow creature. You're breaking your arrangement with Mr. Bobby here by accosting him as you've done. However, you're hungry; you're in a tight corner. Far's I'm concerned you're forgiven."

King said a little hazily, dazed again by the efforts his brain was making, "You can't do anything but forgive me. I've got you——"

"No, you fool," said Ogilvey, "the under dog has never got the top dog, and you can't reverse our positions. Now,

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"You Can Ring Me Up, My Dear, Any Time You Like," He Said. "And We'll Make Our Bargain. It Will be Worth Your While"

The Millionth Car manufactured by the Buick Motor Company, photographed in front of the Administration Building at Flint, Michigan

The Millionth Buick

Buick has produced its millionth motor car and occupies a unique position in the industry through the attainment of this coveted production figure.

Wonder is expressed at such an achievement even when effected by a very low priced car, and in the case of Buick, a quality automobile, the record is strikingly significant.

The fact that the public has desired and purchased one million Buick cars, an unprecedented number in its price class, implies extraordinary respect for Buick power, reliability, comfort and beauty.

It bespeaks unique and unquestioning public trust in Buick service, engineering and manufacturing methods, and in Buick ideals.

Finally, it indicates an ever-widening preference for Buick and a belief in its superior value, extending even to people who could afford much higher priced cars.

Proud as the builders of Buick are at having reached this milestone, they are deeply conscious that it involves a high responsibility and it is their purpose to honor this obligation by continuous adherence to Buick ideals:

—to the end that Buick shall always merit the recognition now so universally accorded—The Standard of Comparison.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars

Branches in All Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

(Continued from Page 32)

can you? Look at you! I ask you! Be sensible! Pull yourself together! You are cleaned out?"

"I haven't eaten since ——"

"Ah, so you said. Now! Like to go abroad where there is work?"

"Find me work here."

"No," said Ogilvey, and he set his bulldog face. There was no quarter there.

"You want to get rid of me; I'm a bit of a danger knocking around," King stated slowly. "Well ——"

"You'll go abroad?"

Many things came blurredly into King Garnet's head; chief and most agonizing, the thought of Anna Land. Thousands of miles of land and ocean separating him from Anna, and how on earth ——

Yet how on earth would he ever get near her again, this way?

A little pride still upheld him, so that he wished to hide himself from her until he could come as a man who fought a winning battle.

To Ogilvey, watching with his little bulldog eyes screwed up, he nodded.

Ogilvey slid his hand into his pocket and brought out five shillings, which he handed to Garnet across the sullen and rigid form of Paul Bobby.

"Supper and breakfast for you. Not a bob more. No, not a penny till you comply with my conditions; or rather I should prefer to say, till you take my advice."

"Sounds nicer; better bit of humbug," King Garnet commented faintly. And in his pocket his fingers turned around the coins.

"Tomorrow morning early a steerage passage'll be booked for you on a boat that'll sail next day," said Ogilvey. "If I say so, it will be done. What name are you giving?"

"Johnson," said Bobby, answering for him.

"Johnson," Ogilvey continued. "Call at my office tomorrow, 36 Robert Street, give your name, and you'll be handed another five bob and your rail ticket for next day. Morning after that, call for your steamship ticket to Canada and another five bob, in time to catch the boat train. When you're aboard you'll find ten pounds for you in charge of the purser. Get me?"

"Absolutely," said King Garnet, heaving to his feet like a man drunk. "I'll be getting along for some grub now."

"Don't spend it all at once," said Paul Bobby sardonically.

King Garnet turned and swayed over the youth.

"Before I go I'd d-d-dearly like the p-p-pleasure of lamming the life out of you," he began in a faint voice that stammered from sheer weakness.

"Go along, you fool!" Ogilvey commanded.

King Garnet went along.

They sat and watched him padding over the grass towards the Corner, till he merged into a stream of pedestrians and passed from sight.

"That's a man I'd like to get out of the country!" said Ogilvey. "I told you at the time, when I knew exactly what you'd done, that you ought to have seen to it, Paul."

Bobby nodded.

"Careless, I admit."

"Fellows are queer," said Ogilvey. "If I'd given him fifteen bob all at once he might have felt rich and decided not to go. But five bob at a time, eking it out like that, and then the ten pound aboard ship like a carrot in front of the donkey's nose—you see the psychology of it, Paul?"

"Oh, ah, I see."

"Besides," said Ogilvey, "calling at the office to report himself, as it were—I'd like to keep an eye on him, hanged if I wouldn't! Come! We must get on." King Garnet filled himself with coarse food and slept like a top that night under the stars. When he called at Robert Street next morning Ogilvey himself saw him, and handed him his further dole. Now Ogilvey was suave and obliging. He gave him a handful of cigarettes and adopted a friendly tone.

"Not brought up to work, my boy, eh? And no talents, eh? Well, get out of it! Get out of it! And when you get over see what you can find. I'd go right up to the Yukon and just try my luck. I would! A young single chap ——"

"Yukon?" said Garnet, smiling. "Death trap, isn't it? Suicides, murders, failures, eh?"

"And millionaires made overnight!" cried Ogilvey, slapping him on the back, his tone jovial but his eyes cold. "Make a dash for it! Try an adventure or two! You've a big world before you yet!"

On the morrow King Garnet sailed for Canada with ten pounds in his pocket, one of Ogilvey's old suits of clothes and a change of linen from the same source tied up in a bundle, and his heart fixed feverishly on far gold fields.

He thought: "Yes, make a dash for it. I will. It's quick or never for me—quick or never."

He was afraid, and owned it to himself in his rocking berth at nights, of the toy of success that he had put gayly and proudly and freely into his beloved's oblivious hands.

Ogilvey said to Bobby, "There goes a man who'll never come back."

XXI

ON THE very day that King Garnet sailed Anna was sitting with Lucia again in her rose colored bedroom; and Marie, with tearful eyes, came in and out to fetch the beautiful clothes from cupboard and wardrobe and drawer to fill the trunks which she was packing in an adjoining room. The heavenly sun of a May day streamed through the open window; and also there entered, familiar and friendly, the thousand little sounds of the town. The window boxes were filled with rows of hyacinths, whose sweet, heavy smell stole to the two women within. There were roses as usual—Ivinghoe's—on the dressing table, a silver tea tray on the satin fender stool and a litter of invitation cards on Lucia's little rosewood desk in the corner.

Yet all was changed. Anna sat and looked at Lucia almost in awe; Lucia, who was at peace; from whose face the tired lines were smoothing away; whose eyes were restful; who said thankfully that she now slept of nights.

"Oh, Lucia," said Anna, fearful for Lucia as she was never fearful for herself, "are you sure?"

She Came Out of a Trance and Found Herself in a Happy Land, But Did Not Know Where

Lucia smiled.

"Are you sure," Anna hurried, "that you can do it? Endure it forever? That it isn't just a phase, a respite, Lucia? You, who've so loved the world and all your toys, my dear, do you truly realize that you're giving up everything forever?"

"And gaining so much, Anna," said Lucia.

"When did you finally decide, my dear?"

"Yesterday," said Lucia. "I talked it all out with Father Bernard. I've been to see the convent; I've talked with the mother superior; I've seen all they're doing, Anna. It isn't an inward life, as thoughtless people suppose. It's an outward life. They visit the sick; they nurse and work and teach; and they give all they have to the poor—all things very new to me, dear. And I see they are splendid. If I learn to give enough I may even be splendid myself one day."

"Oh, Lucia! I shall lose you!"

"No, no, my dear, never! We shall write to each other; think of each other; see each other sometimes. I shan't be idling here, with nothing to do and nowhere to go except to people who don't really want me. That'll be all the difference."

"You've loved clothes so much, Lucia."

"All mine are going to a private society, which will distribute them to young actresses who are very hard up and yet must make a good appearance. It's a good way to dispose of them. I have some lovely things, Anna."

"Oh, Lucia!"

"Is there anything at all that you would like, Anna, before I sell my jewelry?"

"Nothing at all, darling."

"I bring all my money to the convent, of course. Now it will be used beautifully, to the last penny."

"Have you told anyone, Lucia?"

Lucia shook her head.

"Whom have I to tell, Anna? Nobody cares but you."

"Lord Ivinghoe, perhaps?"

"He does not care," said Lucia with a smile.

"Marie cares, Lucia," Anna said quickly, thinking of the Frenchwoman's tearful eyes.

"She loses a good job, my dear."

Anna held Lucia's hand in a long silence. Then: "Lucia, when ——"

"Tomorrow."

"Tomorrow, Lucia? Oh, no!"

"Tomorrow I enter the novitiate, and in three years' time I take the veil. My way is all just carved out for me now, Anna, and I haven't a thought, a wish, a sorrow or a struggle. That is how the mother superior explained it all to me. 'You will just serve,' she said. The most marvelous and lovely old woman, Anna."

Anna got up and paced the room. She looked into the other room, where Marie was packing gown after gown; and cascades of lovely chiffon lingerie hung about everywhere, on chair backs and couch.

"It is like death," she said, coming back.

Lucia sat still in her usual chair, her usual rose-silk pillows behind her.

"It is life, my dear."

"Have you truly thought carefully enough, Lucia?"

Lucia nodded.

"Several times in my life, Anna, I've known a woman do much as I am doing; enter a religious order and lose herself so that her world never found her again. And I've smiled with the others and said 'Poor Dolores'—there was one called Dolores—or 'Poor Moira'—I remember a girl, a Moira Silman, doing it. 'She's awfully embittered,' we said. 'How sad!' We didn't know, my dear, we didn't know. I don't know now all that I shall know by and by. But the greatest dedication one can make could not possibly be bitter or sad. There's something glorious about it; privately glorious; that one feels in one's own heart. Giving all one has to give is surely worth doing. 'Sell that thou hast, and give to the poor.'"

On a note of rapture Lucia's voice died. Anna went to her and knelt beside her.

"This is good-by, then, Lucia, for a long time. I go next week."

"You're going to sing in Rome, in Milan, in Berlin, in Paris, in opera, under Marini?"

"I have a year's contract abroad, Lucia. Then I come back to London to sing at Covent Garden."

(Continued on Page 36)

Authorities recommend bacon for children

It supplies energy in abundance and is easy to digest

Romping, running, in all their waking hours hardly ever still, children lead incredibly active lives. It's natural; they should.

To sustain this activity, however, they must have plenty of fuel food.

That bacon is exceptionally high in fuel value is shown in all nutrition charts. It is, moreover, easy to digest.

That is why all prominent physicians recommend bacon early in the child's diet.

If you will look in the books of Dr. Isaac A. Abt and Dr. Julius H. Hess, both noted baby specialists, you will find it listed for the end of the first year. Even soft-cooked or poached eggs come later.

The bacon that children are given, however, must be well-cooked, crisp and brown.

For this reason, Premium Bacon in the cartons is especially recommended. In the cartons you get this finest of bacon already sliced, and in such uniformly thin, even slices that proper cooking is very easy.

It is an economy, of course, to buy a whole side of Premium Bacon. From this generous family supply, thin slices for the children can be secured with a little extra care in cutting.

In either form, Premium Bacon comes in sanitary packing that keeps it clean and wholesome.

Make sure that the bacon you buy bears the mark Swift's Premium.

How to cook bacon for children

quoted from Dr. Isaac A. Abt's book, "The Baby's Food"

Broiled Bacon

Put thin strips on a broiler. Place broiler over a dripping pan and bake in hot oven until crisp.

Fried Bacon

Heat fry pan very hot. Put in thin strips of bacon. As fat is drawn out, pour it off. Cook bacon till crisp and brown.

Diet: 1-2 years
(from Dr Abt)

10 A. M. Feeding

Cereal with part bottle
Crisp bacon (after the 14th or 15th mo. alternate egg with bacon)
Toast or zwieback
Bottle

Breakfast Menu
(from fourth to tenth year)
quoted from Dr. Dorothy Reed Mendenhall, Extension Service, Univ. of Wisconsin

Orange, cooked apples, stewed prunes
Dish of well-cooked cereal
Soft-boiled egg, or bacon
Glass of milk
Bread and butter or toast

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Swift's Premium Bacon

(Continued from Page 34)

"All you ever wanted," said Lucia with a dreaming smile. "Take it, Anna, and be very happy. Be as happy as I am. You can't be more." And she whispered good-by like an amen.

On the day that King Garnet left England, and Lucia and Anna had that farewell talk in the little incense-filled house, Silver Garnet sat at tea in Mabel Conway's drawing-room. Mrs. Garnet had received with regretful protestations his promise of a thousand a year allowance, and had gone away to rest before dinner. But still Lady Mabel and Silver sat on in the long green room with the teacups between them.

Silver admired Mabel extremely. She was so wonderful in that she believed all he said. She believed in him, at his bidding, as much as he believed in himself. She was satisfying, and she listened. She was going to be a countess in her own right—when the tuberculous brother died—and yet she listened with interest to Silver Garnet talking about himself.

It confirmed him in his view that Silver Garnet was a pretty big man, with a great big iron character that radiated from him like the rays of a powerful lamp, or how could he so mesmerize this little aristocrat?

"I'm going into the city," he said. "I intend to make money. I know some people would say I have plenty, and I suppose I have for an unambitious man. But I am not an unambitious man, and in my poor opinion money should breed. That's what it's for. I will tell you between ourselves, I am going in for copper. A short while ago I nearly went into another big thing; but circumstances arose, and I didn't. When I say 'circumstances' I mean enemies, of course. A man like me," he romanced, "naturally has enemies. I think I could surprise you, dear lady, if I were to tell you a few tales about that. In fact, I'm sure I could surprise you. Fact is I mustn't tell. I'm not a talker.

"But copper—you may take it from me that there is shortly going to be about the biggest boom in copper that has been known for years. However, I mustn't bore you with business things that you can't possibly understand. Tell me, what do you like doing?"

"I think I like everything," said Lady Mabel a little vaguely; and indeed she did.

"I love to hear a woman say so," Silver announced; "quite a relief in these days when women have so many fads and fancies. Most women make so many demands and complaints if everything doesn't just suit 'em." He was nursing wrath with Anna, but Mabel did not know that. "Fond of dancing, eh?"

"Oh, very," she assented.

"Good!" said Silver. "You must dance with me one night, will you?"

"I'll be charmed."

"Keen on polo, of course?"

He had been taking anxious steps towards becoming a member at Ranelagh and Hurlingham.

"I try to see all the polo," said Lady Mabel in the tone of one hardily practicing a virtue.

"Good!" Silver announced again. "Must let me drive you down; you and Mrs. Garnet. Eh?"

"We'll be charmed—one day," said Lady Mabel.

"She staying with you all the sum—all the season, eh?"

"I hope so," said little Mabel, turning her devotional eyes up to Silver's pleased face. "I am so fond of her."

"I hope you'll allow me to call sometimes; must look after my stepmother," Silver proceeded, more and more pleased.

He had already lunched here with the two women, and this afternoon he had called uninvited.

"I hope," Mabel replied, "that we shall see a good deal of you."

"I shall take some shooting for the autumn, of course," said Silver. "You'll both have to come and stay with me, eh? My stepmother'll play hostess, no doubt, if I persuade her to. She—she knows a lot of people, I suppose?"

"Oh, of course," said Mabel.

"It isn't of course at all, me lady," Silver thought rather grimly. "I haven't collected many worth the trouble so far."

But his mind, always heatedly ahead of his actions, already seized upon this idea of an autumn house party in Yorkshire or Scotland. If copper behaved as he considered likely he would rent a moor, with Lady Mabel Conway and Mrs. Garnet picking and attracting desirable guests.

"Hunt at all?" he added.

"Oh, I couldn't miss a season!" said Lady Mabel.

"My word!" Silver thought. "She takes some keeping up with."

But he meant to keep up with her, now he had found her; and strangely enough, the more difficulties her acquaintance imposed upon him the more he respected and admired her.

She was now remarking in that pretty, uncertain way of hers: "Aren't you a socialist, Mr. Garnet? I'm sure I've heard so."

Silver's eyes bulged a little.

"I have studied social problems quite a bit," he said rather heavily, "and in some ways my theories have at times coincided with the more advanced ideas on socialism. But I'd looked only at things from one side then; now I've had opportunity of studying closely both sides; and it makes a difference. Some men won't change their views. Convince 'em they're wrong, they're ashamed to alter. I am not that sort of man, Lady Mabel. I have delivered a good many addresses at—at socialist meetings; and I have studied matters fair and square from both sides—after all, what is fair and square if that isn't?—and I say this: That socialism's one-sided. Very. Out for personal advantages. It wouldn't work out. Never, never, never, Lady Mabel, would socialism work out!"

"Then," said Lady Mabel, "you won't be putting up for Labor at any of the by-elections, Mr. Garnet? I somehow imagined ——"

"Me a Labor candidate!" Silver cried. "Dear lady, you haven't got my politics right at all. Let me tell you ——"

At some length he told Lady Mabel, till dusk crept into the green drawing-room and the footman came to remove teacups, while Silver still sat oblivious of time. Lady Mabel listened. His rabid earnestness impressed her; she believed him; his contradictions she did not notice; his pressing attention warmed the thin blood in her veins. Few men sought out Mabel. She hung on Silver's words and decided to defend him against the barbed shafts which some of her friends would direct at him.

Silver left at last, not so much because he was tired of talking or because he thought Mabel could be tired of listening, but because he had a dinner appointment. It was with Anna Land.

Anna and Silver had dined together at the Charlton. Ferrugi had come to compliment and congratulate and say a regretful au revoir to his beautiful singer. Many people recognized and bowed to her. Special flowers were on her table. She now shed luster on Silver rather than his shedding luster on her.

That situation did not altogether please him. At heart he had a little canker. True, he liked to be seen in public with important people, with aristocratic people, or with decorative women; and Anna was most decorative tonight; but he was sore at their respective positions thus falling into such allotment. With Anna he had been the host and patron always in his own mind. He still wished to be the patron. He would have liked to patronize protectively this beautiful thing. And when he saw the glances of recognition and admiration, the attention of the great Ferrugi, and noted that Anna was the attraction at his table, rather than that romantic, impressive, dominating person, Silver Garnet, he suffered a slight shock of incredulous vexation. The Charlton's special floral tribute to her angered him. He felt himself on the edge of a background that he certainly did not intend to occupy. Therefore he thundered and lightened, which he did with impunity these rich days. He raised his voice and insulted Ferrugi, and bullied every waiter literally within sight or hearing. From Ferrugi the insults dropped as water from the oily back of a duck. He answered with placations; the waiters bowed, apologized for nothing at all, and smiled on Anna.

Anna was so radiant—if still grave with the shadow of parting with Lucia—that it seemed as if every other woman in the great rose-colored restaurant paled to insignificance beside her. She had arrived in these few months of waxing prosperity to full beauty. The gloss on her hair was like the gloss on the wing of a raven, and her eyes, so big and bright, shone, full of visions. She had seemed as if she walked on air to their table; she sat there bright with glad dreams. Her hands were now manicured as flawlessly as Lucia's had ever been, her body was sheathed in silk as fine. She had no sumptuous furs or jewels, yet never seemed to lack them. Her youth and beauty cloaked and adorned her.

All through the dinner Silver eyed her with increasing passion; all through the dinner he quarreled with her and bullied her and made love to her. He forgot the anæmic Mabel entirely; in fact, he had forgotten her as soon as he stepped outside the house on his way home to dress for Anna; and all the way there, and then to the Charlton, he had thought only of Anna. She eluded him; she went to Rome and Milan, Berlin and Paris; and if he could have seen her down and put his foot on her neck, he would have put it there. He ached that she should be thrown down and kept there for him to salve.

She told him of Lucia; he told her of Mrs. Garnet, of Lady Mabel Conway and of Bobby's fine contract. He tried to fill her ears with big talk of financial affairs, and to pose as a money-maker of acumen and repute. He said he had already got the City with its ear to the ground, listening for his footsteps. They both dreaded and admired him. The cooler Anna kept, the quieter remained her eyes, the hotter he grew; and his fancy flew higher, trying to bring down hers. Only the total surrender of her mind would have satisfied him tonight.

He talked on; and when other diners had thinned out to inconsiderable numbers they still remained at their table. She sympathized with his plans and extolled his ambitions; but he could not get from her the dumb and undiscerning flattery that he read in Lady Mabel's devotional eyes.

All the while, as they talked of others, he sensed that she longed to ask him if he knew of King. He vowed to himself that he would not have answered; and as if she knew it she let the topic alone. A deadly mood fell upon him. He felt thwarted.

At last she rose, gathering round her the black velvet cloak which had been one of the purchases of her first modest prosperity, and said she must go home. He followed her out, dangerous; and still dangerous, shepherded her into the limousine. He gave her humble address to his chauffeur and flung himself beside her with a sound of rage.

"Why don't you leave that wretched hole and live in comfort, my girl, as you could?"

"My landlady was good to me in the old days, Silver, and now I'd like to be good to her for a short while in the new."

"Pshaw! That isn't the way to go through life! When'll you be a woman? A true woman doesn't go in for high nonsense like that. She just grabs all the little luxuries she can obtain, and quite right too! What are women for?"

"I don't think you've ever known."

"Eh? Known?"

"What women are for."

He laughed.

"Come here, Anna." He flung an arm about her. "Kiss me." He kissed her by brutal force—a long kiss of anger.

She flamed at him, and they literally fought in the limousine. He tried to hold her to him and to make love; whether from a passion of anger or a passion of affections, his head was too muddled to care. All he knew was that with Anna he had no success, that he could bully servants, boast to men, buy the favors of women, and yet could not touch Anna Land. She eluded him.

The chauffeur had driven on, immobile, though the thick glass of the wind screen probably reflected dimly something of what went on behind him; and now he drew up before Anna's home in the mean street.

With an exclamation of disgust Silver realized their destination and let her go. She went straight to her front door, latch-key ready, opened it in an instant, and would have shut it again as swiftly, only that his foot was over the threshold.

"Go back!" she flamed.

"I won't!" said Silver. "I will come in! Come, go on! You can't have public scenes. Does a woman no good."

She ran up the stairs and Silver followed hard behind, his hat still on the back of his head. He had been so angry in the car that he had kissed her with his hat on.

Realizing his lack of manners on the way upstairs only increased his temper, and he flung the hat, which now offended him as much as it had offended Anna, very violently on her table. Inside the room, she swung round to face him.

"Now, Silver Garnet, get out, and stay out!"

"So you say now, dear girl, when you see yourself on the edge of getting all you want; when you can find your backers by lifting up your little finger."

"I have no backers!"

"If you have no backers you're a fool! You're no true woman to muck your chances. A true woman is an opportunist. All the better for men. We don't mind making the opportunities. Ah, you look at me now as if you'd like to kill me with your scornful eyes, Anna; but not so long ago you were glad of me; you ate my dinners; you sat in my theater seats; you—you—led me on; you ——"

"Will you go, Silver?"

"You shall be glad of me one day again, Anna. Yes, you shall! You call yourself an honest woman, never giving a man anything you don't want to give. Well, let me tell you you're no true woman."

"For the third time!" she laughed, heated with scorn.

"Give me softer women, who don't want to behave like ice to a man when he's on fire! Give me a woman who'll pretend a bit then!"

"Go and find them!" Anna cried. "There are plenty."

"There are! There are! But listen! The time shall come, Anna, when you will behave more prettily to me; when you'll pretend like the rest, if I want to; the time shall come when perhaps it won't be pretense with you. You love me! I say, you love me! Only you won't admit it. These putrid, sickening, unsexed ambitions of yours dominate you now; but wait till you fail! Wait till you fail, I say, and you have to turn to your proper dominator, man; when ——"

"Will you get out, Silver?"

Silver clapped his hat on his head, looked at her long and hard, and went out. She locked her door behind him.

She stood quite a long time on her hearth, looking into the empty grate. Like most women, she always imagined a fire in a grate, whatever the weather. She was sorry for all that Silver had become. She pitied him. She saw clearer than he how his new world had pulled its golden veil over his eyes, and when it had got the man properly blindfolded would cheat him up and down its highways, and in and out of every one of its market places. She became suddenly aware that she was staring at bars of cold black iron, and concern with Silver left her. She went to pull her curtains across the window, and looking up, beheld the stars. Under the same stars slept King Garnet, somewhere. But where? Again, because she did not know, because she feared for him, she wept.

XXII

THEN Anna Land walked through the ways of paradise. She entered into her wonderful year, and triumphed. The applause of multitudes was always in her head like the surge of the sea; the adoration of men informed her with the knowledge of the resistless powers of a charming woman; the admiration of a society to which she had never before had entrée seemed to stabilize and secure her. Her voice strengthened, her beauty grew; she added to her ready mind a store of worldly knowledge and found it good.

In Rome a lovely princess was her friend. In Milan, when she sang, the stage was heaped with flowers; a romantic officer of the Bersaglieri followed her incessantly with his offers of love. She could have married Marini, and did not, to his undying chagrin and surprise. She made a good income, and spent it. That was Marini's advice.

"*Carissima*, you must have clothes. You must have jewels. If you will not accept jewels from men you must buy some for yourself. You must buy something! A prima donna without any jewels is incredible. Grudge yourself nothing. It's an investment that you make. The ease, the peace, the luxury, the beauty of life will cost you dear, but repay you more. Live your life full of color, my heart," said the sentimental Marini.

The summer flitted by like one golden day. Sometimes she had a few hours to spare. Someone with a high-powered car would be at her disposal. At the end of her season in Milan she had a few days to spare

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The pattern on the floor is Gold-Seal Rug No. 524. In the 9 x 9 foot size the price is only $13.50).
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She found herself a guest on board a ducal yacht, and saw for the first time the sun and the blueness of the Mediterranean. She had taken Marini's advice, and her clothes vied with those of the most exquisite women on board. All the day they were cool and white, these women; all the evenings some mere flame of chiffon sufficed to cover them, with an amazing jewel or two. In this life Anna Land bathed and was radiant. But she preserved her dream. In her white stateroom at nights, during those hot blue days, she dreamed it all over again.

"I am climbing; I am climbing; and I will stand at the top of the world; and he will come to me."

Sometimes she thought: "He could write a letter. He could! He could! He can find me, but I cannot find him."

Sometimes she thought: "He must fail!"

Sometimes she thought: "He will win!"

But all she really knew of King Garnet was his silence.

Marini said to her one evening, "*Carissima*, is there a man?"

She looked back at Marini in silence, and asked herself poignantly, "Yes; is there a man?"

It was an evening such as happens on the Mediterranean. They were at Naples. She had left the yacht and the dreaming days; Marini had come to her to escort her to Berlin. They sat on the great white stone terrace of a hotel, dining under the stars. The moon was up over the dark blue bay; the air, hot, still and fragrant, had the headiness of wine. Along the white stone terrace many tables were set, with red lamps like fireflies on each. She wore a gown of white chiffon, winking with its crystal embroideries. She felt all over smooth as satin, supple with youth and subtle as a Circe. The heavenly night made her feel like that, and her heart said: "Close your eyes, drift for a moment; and imagine—imagine ——"

She imagined briefly that there was a man indeed; that he sat on the other side of that inconsiderable barrier of the table; that he was tall and big, with the muscles of an athlete and the laugh of a boy at play; that his face was the face that had looked into hers beside the binding machines of the Garnet Printing Works; that had looked into hers in the darkness of a little car, in the lighted dance room, across an infinite gulf in a great rose restaurant; that had lain on hers in an agonized happiness for the length of a long kiss.

The Italian spoke again, beseechingly: "Tell me, my beautiful Anna, is there a man?"

And she said slowly, "Yes."

"He is a fortunate one," said Marini. And when she merely smiled, he pressed: "Where is he?"

She had to answer, "I do not know."

All that summer Silver Garnet was plunging farther into the labyrinths where he did not know his way in and from which he could not find his way back. He was a prey for all the spiders of shady finance, who, when they saw the big fly blundering their way, tempted him in and enmeshed his feet. He lost a hundred thousand pounds by the end of July; that was over copper. He had ordered the building of a racing stable in Berkshire, and the work had been begun, and he had bought a horse or two. But he saw no prospect of selling his freakishly expensive stable except at a grave loss. He wanted to rent that moor in the autumn and gather about him the kind of people Mabel Conway could attract, and he was still prepared to spend money on it. But he began now to look carefully at his finances—he was spending personally at the rate of ten thousand a year already—then to make frenzied efforts to readjust them, then to be surprised, then to be ill-tempered, then to fear.

About the beginning of August, when London had emptied—or emptied according to his new ideas—came his great crash over jute. Ever since early spring he had been nibbling at a huge jute enterprise; in June he had gone in a whole hogger, at the beginning of August the company was wound up; and the chief sufferer, for some inexplicable reason that he was only now beginning wrathfully to understand, was Silver Garnet. Other men crawled out, but he was in it up to his neck.

Three days before the twelfth, which was to find him gloriously upon his moor among his guests, he sat with Maddox, and Maddox explained matters.

"Can't I go for 'em?" roared Silver; and Maddox replied coldly, "You can't."

"Then how do I stand?" said Silver, perspiring.

"You've dropped over two hundred thousand pounds since February," said Maddox, looking at his figures. "Dropped it in crazy speculations, Mr. Garnet. No wise man ever speculates on other people's calculations. You'd better have stuck to your inheritance, the printing works. Still, it's too late to cry over that; the milk's spilled. Let us see what we have left."

Maddox pursed his lips over what they had left; and he shook his head, and looked very remonstrantly at Silver.

"We have left," said he, frowning, "something like one hundred thousand pounds. Invested at 5 per cent, which you will scarcely get with safety—and I do not advise you, with your proclivities—I speak frankly, with apologies—to go into anything that isn't safe—your income should reach about five thousand pounds, or something less perhaps. Do not reckon on more. Your income tax on that will be a matter of 25 per cent."

"I shan't have four thousand a year left!" cried Silver.

"You will not. Still, last February, when your income was more like four hundred pounds, that would have seemed a tidy sum, eh?"

"This isn't last February!"

"No; I appreciate it, Mr. Garnet. There has been much water under the bridge since then. However, you can live an adequate bachelor life on between three and four thousand a year. I should sell the big car and drive a little one myself, if I were you. Any garage will give you an estimate for upkeep. I should sell the house and take a nice flat. Then you will be able to afford yourself a little shooting, and run over to Paris, and so on. Talking of shooting, this moor is costing you three thousand pounds, eh?"

"It is."

"Practically your new yearly income."

"Well ——"

"What was the estimate for the stable? Let me see—ten thousand pounds?"

Silver perspired.

"Sell the stable, subrent the moor at the best figure you can get and cut your losses," advised Maddox.

"But I—I—I've got a big shooting party."

"You have, have you?" said Maddox; and looking dispassionately at Silver, he wondered how he achieved it.

The next moment Silver was explaining: "My stepmother is acting as hostess, and she and Lady Mabel Conway made a list of guests. A man must have a lady if he entertains."

"Lady Mabel Conway," mused Maddox; "daughter of the late Earl of Aldersley; sister of the present earl, who isn't going to live next year out, it is said. Girl with about twelve thousand a year of her own; will have fifty—yes."

"Sweet girl, too," said Silver sentimentally. "Very sweet. So womanly."

Maddox eyed him.

"I couldn't give up the shoot this autumn," added Silver earnestly. "It's gone too far."

"Very well," said Maddox. "But I'll sell the stable for you, shall I—and the house?"

"I suppose so," Silver muttered gloomily.

"And the cars?"

"Oh, I'll want 'em both up north, won't I?"

"Dare say you will. Sell one of 'em—the big one—when your shooting party's over. And retrench, my dear sir, retrench! As for servants ——"

"I'll want every man jack of 'em up north, shan't I? And there's a whole army of keepers and beaters and what not."

Maddox threw up his hands.

"Very well," he said, "go to ruin your own way."

"I'll pull up directly the shooting party's over."

"My dear sir," said Maddox, "pulling up's the hardest thing in the world. You've learned the easy lesson of spending and squandering. You learned that quick. But this is a different job. You'll mean well and say to yourself: 'I'll save on this, but I must have that; I'll sell that, but I must keep this.' Now I say to you, sell this and sell that. Sweep clean! Begin again! Two hundred thousand pounds since February!"

Even the lawyer sat aghast. Silver gloomed.

"You spend at the rate of ten thousand a year too," said Maddox. "These figures you have shown me, and that you have asked your bank to show me—we have gone into them and prepared a statement, and you spend at that rate. Shall I tell you the truth?"

"Certainly," said Silver, "if it will help."

"I don't know that it will help," Maddox replied; "but it's this: You don't know how to be a rich man."

Silver rose in what dignity was left to him and went out of the office, mortally offended. His car was at the door—the big limousine, with Jarvis at the wheel.

Silver yapped "Bruton Street!" and flung himself in.

So he went to Lady Mabel. She was in and alone. Silver went headlong into the long green drawing-room and instantly found balm. Lady Mabel ordered fresh tea and gave orders that she was at home to no one else.

Silver sat down beside her. She was a very little thing, easy and pliant in mind and body, and she had grown to like him very much indeed. She liked a man who made a noise; it seemed to her weakness so masculine a thing to do. A man who made a noise swayed little Lady Mabel like a rushing wind passing over a slender reed and bending the reed to its will.

She said in her sympathetic way, "You're tired."

"With business," said Silver.

She looked at him as admiringly as she used to look at his half brother.

"You're so different from most of the men one meets," she mused softly.

Silver sat forward in a declamatory attitude at once.

"I suppose I am. I know I am. Big, rough, brutal, I must seem to you," he said modestly, and his heart swelled. "I've been called a giant. I've been told I'm made of iron. Perhaps I am. I suppose a man like me must be always doing things. Always up and doing things—the bigger the better. I can't be trivial. It isn't my fault; it just isn't in me. But—yes, I suppose it makes us very different; makes us stand alone very much."

"It makes you stand right out from the ruck," she responded.

"Yes, yes; but we're lonely fellows, my kind."

"The biggest men always are," said Lady Mabel, looking at him devotionally; and she saw in him all she longed to see; what she was always willing and waiting to see—would have been ready to see in any man who wished to let her do so—the essence of dominating courage and palpitating romance.

"That doesn't make up for the loneliness, though."

She looked down, thrilling to the core of her.

Silver went on: "And we take the strain of big things because we can't help ourselves; it's in our nature to do it. But, Mabel—Lady Mabel, I beg your pardon ——"

"No," said she, "Mabel. I like it, from my—my friends."

The cockles of Silver's heart became warm and glowing.

"I was going to say, the strain of big things is a big strain. It fairly batters at one sometimes. I've had a bad week."

"Oh! Misfortunes?"

He could not confess to her failure, misfortune or anything so ignominious. He left her frail female mind to assimilate whatever it found most suitable; and waving a hand largely, said: "Oh, don't let's call things that. It's weak, and I hate weakness. I have no place for it at all in my composition! I've had a week of strain—great responsibilities. I may lose, I suppose; but I'll win again. Why I don't keep it to myself, I don't know. It's too hard for your little head, my dear."

The words "my dear" slipped out of Silver patronizingly; but when he had spoken them he instantly realized that they might have a meaning. The meaning and all it might imply to so simple a woman, all such accepted implication might mean to him at this especial disastrous juncture, had only just entered his head like a streak of light, when Mabel stretched out her hand. He took it on the wave of the astounding, the tremendous, the gratifying idea. She faltered.

"S-S-Silver, I sometimes have thought that—that ——"

All that Mabel had thought was transparently clear even to so mean a psychologist as Silver Garnet. The miracle of the idea was so overwhelming, his gratification

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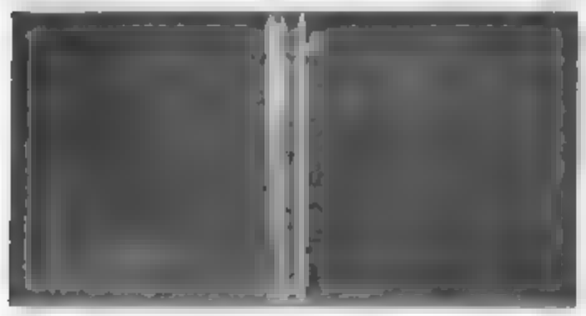

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so inordinate, his sense of the picture in which he was participating grew so dramatic—his whole life being to him the most thrilling drama off the movies—that, drawn by that little hand, he just knelt before her and said, "Mabel, will you marry me?"

Even he could barely believe it. An earl's daughter, and sister of an earl, with twelve thousand a year certain, and a probable fifty; and he—he—Silver Garnet ——

The triumph on Silver Garnet's face appeared to Mabel splendid sheer male pride of love and conquest, and she was devastated by it. She slid into his arms, and, nothing loath, he kissed her.

"Lady Mabel Garnet," he thought.

Only half an hour ago he had been with Maddox, a most crestfallen and humbled man; now he was one crescendo of triumph again; and how eagerly he reëstablished his belief in himself, which Maddox had almost shaken!

He kissed Mabel and crushed her tiny, soft, loving figure in arms that seemed to her—for lack of comparison with other arms—abundantly fine and strong.

In Silver's head ran a clear stream of thought: The moor would be all right now; the stable—yes, perhaps; the cars, certainly; the servants in sufficient quantity could be retained; and the entrée to most exclusive houses would be his. Mabel, the gift bringer, he approved of and appreciated highly.

For the first time perhaps in his life he made a serious judgment that was perfectly right. He judged that he could easily make her happy. All the little half-cold, half-pathetic thing yearned for was that some man should take triumphal possession of her and be deified. Silver had no objection to becoming a deity. He liked it and knew that it was eminently right.

His mind running on the talk with Maddox, he asked her eagerly, "Mabel—when?"

She loved his eagerness, and whispered, "Soon after Christmas, Silver?"

"Not sooner?"

"Oh, Silver! My trousseau! And I have engagements, and you'd like everything done beautifully, Silver, not rushed—not scrambled."

Then Silver said in a lordly way to himself, "By Jove! Yes! Beautifully it shall be done!"

He visioned St. Margaret's, and red carpets and the murmuring smart congregation; and nearer to him, the congratulations of his guests in Yorkshire, when at his own table the engagement should be first announced. Following that would come the announcements in the Morning Post and the Times, and the meeting with august relations of the future bride, and the paragraphs in society papers, saying:

> Between her days with the Cottesmore hunt, Lady Mabel Conway finds time to run up to town and add to the wonderful trousseau she is collecting for her marriage with Mr. Silver Garnet. She was in Bond Street yesterday, looking radiant, accompanied by her fiancé, who is really becoming the most talked-of man in London. He of course, is —— And so on.

These gratifications flashed through Silver's mind in a series of pictures; and not being in any particular lover's hurry to link himself with Mabel, he suddenly sensed how he would enjoy the preliminary ceremonial and panoply of it all. He would revel in every little bit. Still, financial affairs pressed a little—not unduly now, with brilliant prospects ahead. Only they must not be forgotten.

"Very, very early in the spring, then darling," he commanded.

When he left Mabel at last—she could hardly let him go; she was happy and flushed and thrilled to a degree which added to his satisfaction—he walked on air. But in the street, the green drawing-room faded, Mabel's clinging hands had no lingering power, all concerning Mabel was transient; she did not hold a man. He thought of Anna. It was a red thought.

He suddenly realized: "I give her up?"

He had reason to make a detour on his way home, and the car passed the Charlton Restaurant. It was as if Anna were with him. He remembered her sitting in the restaurant with him, slim and splendid. Absent or present, a man could see her. Across sea and across land her magnetism drifted. He did not know where she was, and yet it seemed that she was there. She was one of the unfading, heartbreaking, royal women.

Silver sat upright in the car, his fists clenched on his knee, his teeth clenched upon each other. His mood of triumph became vindictive. He went home and dined alone, his silence punctuated by telephone calls, before she went out, after she came in, seemingly at every available moment, from Lady Mabel.

XXIII

IN NOVEMBER Anna Land lay ill. She was in Paris, her engagement there but begun; her triumphs piled behind her, bouquet upon bouquet. But she was very ill; no longer did she feel splendid, as if she could combat the world and win on her own terms; the strength was out of her body; typhoid fever poisoned her veins; her brain was mazed; the golden throat was spoiled; her golden voice was gone.

This last calamity Anna did not know for weeks. She had conquered the fever, cleared her brain, and began to remember the year that lay behind her, and to recall that Covent Garden lay before her, when she asked for a mirror and looked into it.

She whispered, startled, "I have been very ill."

"Yes, mademoiselle," said her kindly nurse.

For a long while after she relinquished the mirror Anna lay placid, not thinking more. Wasted and white she had seen herself, with two long black plaits of hair that looked too heavy for the face between; but she felt no fears as yet. Her thoughts ran sluggishly. Then she closed her eyes and slept lightly; in the sleep a dream came to her; in the dream she saw King Garnet looking at her across a great rose gulf; in the dream she opened her mouth and sang to him. She sang:

"Night of stars and night of love,
Fall gently o'er the waters ——"

And she awoke to hear her own voice; her poor, thin, tired voice, with the springtime spirit gone from it, all strength gone, the tone rough—all wrong.

She awoke fully, and called "Nurse!"

The nurse came.

"My voice!"

"Do not excite yourself, mademoiselle," said the nurse soothingly. "The doctor will be here soon. And it is better for your voice that you rest yourself, keep tranquil."

"Keep tranquil!" Anna Land cried.

"Try! Try!" urged the nurse.

The doctor came.

"My voice!" whispered Anna Land, blanched whiter by her fear than illness had left her.

He was kind and unsatisfactory.

Marini came, sympathetic, indeed, but very vague, glad to get away. His consolation, reassurances, were stupidly done. He conveyed nothing but disaster.

Anna Land counted up the spare cash which the fever had left her, and consulted throat specialists till the money was spent.

They said, "Rest, rest; the voice may come back."

She cried, "As it was before?"

One, more honest than the rest, or more callous, answered plainly, "No; never as it was before."

Even so, it must not be used at all for a year; a whole year.

It was not Marini who told Anna that her place at Covent Garden had been filled. He saw that the news filtered through to her; then she wrote and told him that she knew.

Before she left Paris she had sold many of her frocks, the furs and the diamond earrings that Marini had made her buy.

Marini was not cruel; but when her beauty waned his love for it went too; when her voice failed, his uses for it must fail too.

He was obliged to leave her behind in Paris, recuperating, her contract done, her last resources dwindling, while he returned to London with the rest of his company. Their engagements made this imperative anyway.

"Remain in Paris, my dear," he said to Anna before he went; "rest all you can; you will find nice work. Try, try to get your lovely looks back. The looks can remain if the voice is gone, eh? You see, you had too much. The gods decided not to leave you both, my dear. Isn't it so? Courage!"

"Yes," Anna said to herself when he had gone. "Courage! That's all that is left me." She hung onto that, therefore, with despairing hands. She thought: "I have been poor; I can be poor again." And then: "Where is he? Has he failed too?" Her heart said with certainty: "Yes, inevitably he failed too. It was too big for both of us. The top of the world is far too high."

But she did not remain in Paris. She changed her last francs and Christmas saw her in London. She went straight to her old rooms, and they were unoccupied; the recent tenant had left. She took them with actual joy. Their mere walls seemed so friendly now that she stood, indeed, alone. Lucia had gone and King Garnet was lost, and Silver Garnet, that tempestuous fool, he was lost too. She had read the announcements of his engagement.

Her former landlady received her with pleasure, with disappointment and pity. She unpacked her few things, settled down once more on that homely hearth and somberly thought.

"For the first time in my working life," she thought, "I am workless in London. I have no luxury trade now. And my recommendations—if Silver will give them—are a year old."

That very night she searched the columns of every paper she could find in the near-by public library for a job.

She slept a sleep like the dead, and awoke to find the landlady looking at her, carrying a cup of tea.

As Anna sat up in the cold room to drink it the woman asked, "Have you any work, Miss Land?" And at the shake of the head, "But you'll have made money?"

"And spent it," said Anna grimly. "I have been very ill."

The woman made sincere sounds of pity; but, anxious and ashamed of her obvious anxiety, still stood beside the bed.

"Why?" said Anna gently.

"Oh, miss," murmured the hard-worked creature, "you know how highly I think of you; but I have an offer for these rooms for the end of next week."

"Take it," said Anna Land, clinging to her old way of asking nothing. "I think I can pay till then."

The landlady went out, sorrowful but relieved.

"I mustn't ask," Anna thought. "I mustn't ask. Yet I nearly did it then. I've got soft with my beautiful year, and now I have to grow hard again."

She rose, dressed and tramped the streets for work. She put herself down at agency after agency; she applied at shop after shop, and came home.

As by a malign miracle, the beauty of surroundings, the ease and grace of her new life vanished and the old order of things reëstablished itself but intensified fourfold.

"You will get some work," said the landlady, consolatory, but obviously pessimistic. "And where are all your rich new friends, dearie?"

But Anna Land was alone.

"What is one defeat?" said Anna to herself on the tenth day, when Christmas had come and gone, blankly. Her purse was almost empty, and her very roof would, in forty-eight hours or so, be hers no longer. "What is one defeat?"

She knew it was the whole defeat of her secret empire all the same. She was sick to the soul, and scorning herself for it; she wept at nights and laughed at her contemptible self in the morning; she was tired from the destructive fever and her limbs refused to go lightly. They dragged like lead.

So when a knock fell on her door—a peremptory knock with the head of a stick—on the tenth day, she opened it, expecting little, and saw Silver Garnet. A warmth leaped to her heart, brightness to her eyes, color to her face. She was not forgotten!

"Silver!"

"My dear girl!"

He came in jauntily, his eyes as bright as hers with anticipation, but keen, scrutinizing. He laid his hat and stick on the table, looked rapidly round the room. Its gay chintzes—which months ago Anna had left freely to the landlady—were soiled, the fire was unlighted in the grate.

His eyes came to Anna, looked her over swiftly. He saw her with her radiance dim, her beauty lackluster, and a certain wounded-soldier pathos showed through the gallant front she kept now as ever. He took it all in in a few seconds of time.

"Silver, how splendid of you to find me!"

"B-r-r-r! My dear"—he shuddered distastefully—"light the fire."

"Of course, it's cold," she cried, coloring still higher than she had done at his advent; from sheer physical weakness she paled and flushed easily now. She knelt

(Continued on Page 42)

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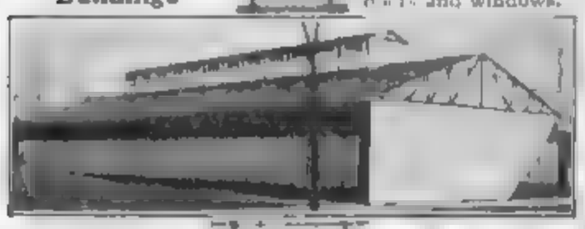
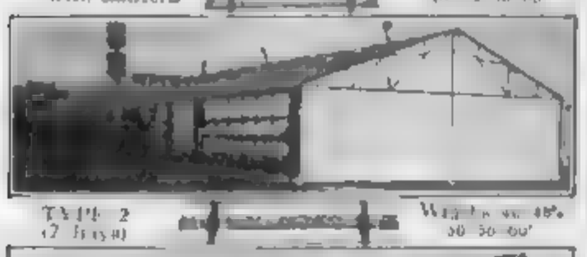


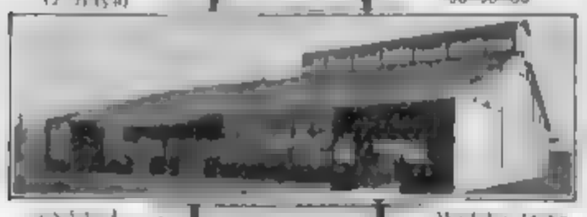
TYPE 1 (Clear Span) with Lanterns

Widths 8' 2' 16' 20' 24' 28' 32' 36' 40' 44' 48'



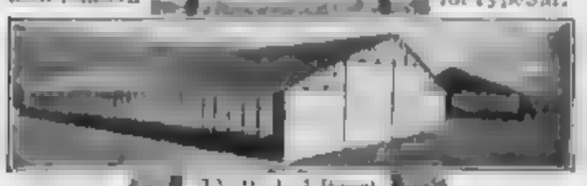
TYPE 2 (2 Bays)

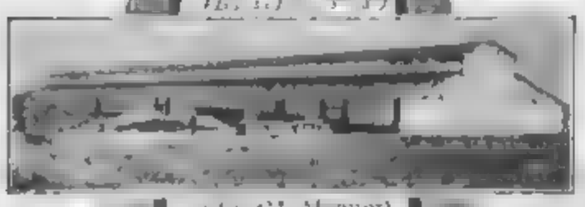
Widths 48' 50' 56' 60'

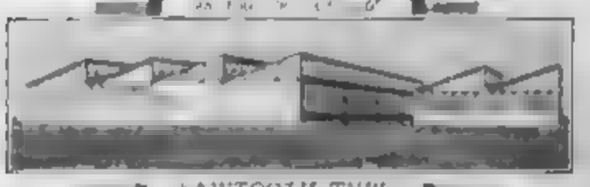


TYPE 3 (3 Bays) with Lanterns

Widths 56 to 116'. Same as for Type 3M.







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(SP4-25)

(Continued from Page 40)

down and lighted the fire, which, rather damp, responded slowly. She coaxed it.

"I do look inhospitable here," she said, on her knees.

The fire burned; she looked up and saw Silver close by, looking down eagerly and keenly upon her. He put his hands down and helped her up with a squeezing grasp on each elbow.

"Now," he smiled, "sit down. Let's hear the news."

"Yours first," said Anna, remembering his old proclivities.

"Oh, mine? You read mine in the papers these days, don't you?"

"I read that you are going to be married. All my best wishes to you."

"Good of you, I'm sure. Thanks," he responded, a little guardedly.

"When is it to be, Silver?"

"End of February."

"You must be finding life wonderful."

"I am," said Silver with a laugh.

"And—and your—family?"

"Are you asking after my stepmother or my halfbrother?"

"Both."

"Oh, both, are you, my dear? My stepmother blooms. My halfbrother ——" He regarded her a little suspiciously.

"Aren't you in touch with him, then?"

"I haven't seen or heard of him for eight months, Silver."

He appeared gratified.

"Glad to hear it, I'm sure. I don't want to hear much of him these days. But—he's about somewhere, isn't he?"

"Is he? I don't know. Tell me ——"

"A-ha! You're anxious."

"I—he was a friend of mine. I'd like to know ——"

"I have nothing to tell you," said Silver, growing dark. "I received something that reminded me of him the other day, that's all."

"What was the something? Tell me."

"A-ha! How anxious you are! Best of you women are fools where your own interests are concerned. Leave him alone! The something was just a little sum of money—nine pounds eleven shillings, to be exact."

"Oh?"

"He owed it me—that's all," said Silver. He flushed darkly, and she changed into: "And the works?"

"I've sold them."

Her mind went blank with disappointment. Then she said, "Oh, I'd hoped ——"

"Hoped what? Now tell me, my dear. I'm here to listen."

His eyes shone. He stretched his legs to the fire and looked at the meager blaze contemptuously.

"I long to tell you—to talk to someone, Silver. I've talked to no one but my landlady for two weeks. And to see a friend is wonderful."

Tears came easily to her, like pallor and blushes, just now; and impatiently, scornfully, she fought them back. But Silver had seen them. He bent towards her.

"Tell me what you'd hoped from the works."

"A job again—some sort of job. My old one's filled, I dare say."

"Of course it is! There's no lack of women for jobs like that."

"You know my voice has gone?"

"It was in the Telegraph—a little paragraph mentioning your substitute in La Bohème at Covent Garden. The paragraph said you had to take a long rest. I knew what that would mean to you. I got on to Marini—well, his secretary replied, and told me they had left you in Paris. He gave the address of your nursing home there. I found out next that you had come to London. I guessed where I'd find you." He looked again around the familiar yet somehow forlorn room. "You're a great girl for making a nest and homing to it. What a nest though!"

His contempt was on the air.

"Oh, Silver, how kind you are!" she said passionately.

"Kind?"

"To take all that trouble to find me out."

Still he bent forward, searching her face.

"I want to be kind, my dear girl. I mean to be kind."

"You guess I'm in the last ditch, I suppose, Silver?"

A quiet gratification grew in Silver's face, but she misread it. She went on: "I've searched for work; but—no luck so far. I'd find it in time; I know that. But—but I haven't time to lose, because I haven't the money. I'm broke."

"And you're still pretty sick?" he observed sympathetically, persuasively.

She nodded. Tears were in her eyes again at his kindness, and she was desperately ashamed of them.

"Not yourself at all, I can see," he continued.

"I haven't had long to—to get well in, Silver. I was really quite ill, and ——"

"Poor girl!" He rose and leaned against the table near her chair. His hand crept to her shoulder and lay there, caressing. He could look down upon the top of her head, as beautiful, as shapely as ever. "You must let me help you now. Tell me, just what money have you?"

"Six shillings," she laughed, so that she would not cry.

She could not see the gratification in Silver's face above her.

"Come," he said, "you are low down, aren't you? Proud little thing, too, aren't you? Could have rung me up any time, couldn't you? Well, never mind. I've made the concession, you see; I've come to you. You must let me take care of you."

"If you would lend ——"

"Lend!" Silver scoffed.

"You know me. You know I would repay ——"

"I used to know you—what you were. But you're different now. Confess it. Ah, I know that too! You haven't got life all in your own hands, Anna. Well, never mind; you have me behind you."

"Silver ——"

He took his chair again—the uneasy oak armchair so well remembered—while Anna sat in a straight one by the table.

"Come, Anna, what have the last months taught you? Haven't they taught you how much sweeter and nicer it is for a woman to have the good things of life? How suitable they are to her? Eh? Haven't you learned to love comfort and hate privation? Come, be honest with me, my dear, and tell me."

Anna looked long at Silver, and all the havoc in his very soul was plain to her. She saw the outward changes—the fat of his body, the hardened eye, the greed of living that proclaimed itself in every lineament; and she saw the inward change too; she saw his soul marching with its boon companion, his indulged body. And she thought of the evenings at Paolo's, she and Silver—a lean Silver, full of fires—across a table talking dreams and plans; and she remembered how Silver's mind had been full of gifts and sacrifice.

"The last few months have changed you," she said in a low voice.

"Certainly; I hope so!" Silver responded with a laugh.

She looked at him a long time, and fell into one of her old wonderments. Silver watched her. He got up again.

"Come!" he said in a sharp voice that was yet caressing. "Wake up, my dear! Consider what I'm saying. Let me look after you. You shall never want again. I promise you ——"

"Silver ——"

Her doubts were so patent to Silver that he proceeded to explain more rashly.

"I'll provide for you. I'll take you out of this ——"

"You're being married in February to Lady Mabel Conway. You can't break your engagement, even if—and I wouldn't—couldn't—as you've always known ——"

"Break my engagement? Am I a fool? No! Are you a fool, too, my dear? You are not! So don't pretend to be. You're a woman of the world by now; you're also right on your uppers; down and out, a place where it suits no pretty woman to be. Come to me; I'll provide."

She cried, "Stop! Be quiet, Silver! Do you think I'll come?"

He nodded.

"Yes, I do think you'll come. If not today, in two days, in three days. I'll starve you into coming, Anna. I told you when we last parted that my time would arrive, and it has! But I'll look after you and be good to you. I will! You'll have all you want, in reason, and I'm crazy about you, now as much as ever."

He would have taken her into his arms, but she eluded him; she stepped round the table, crying breathlessly, "You aren't asking me to marry you, now, Silver ——"

Silver was crude these days. He still believed and still had reason to believe that wealth did all.

He said, "No, Anna, not now."

And his look, blatant, unmerciful, explained the gulf he thought he saw between them.

"And I thought you wanted to help me!" she wailed, at last in tears, broken. "I thought you were wonderful to come here—you beast, Silver! You brute! Get out!"

"I could stay here as long as I liked," said Silver brutally, for his anger was always quick, and it was beginning to rouse. He measured her with his eye.

"Get out!" she cried.

"Is that what you say to me?"

"It's all I have to say to you. Get out!"

A long silence of appalling ugliness fell between them. They stared at each other, the weeping girl and the balked and angry man. The silence was not broken—save by Anna's sobbing breath—till Silver took up his hat and stick from the table. He settled the hat on his head and looked at her.

"You can ring me up, my dear, any time you like," he said. "And we'll make our bargain. It will be worth your while. And—you'll have to come to it."

Then he went out, without an answer from her

Anna drew a long breath. She flew to the closed door and locked it. But as she turned the key she knew the action to be futile. For only forty-eight hours longer could she keep out the marauder of sheer, stark want. She returned to the table and sat down. She sighed, and laid her head on her arms and abandoned herself to the rare luxury of weeping. Silver had struck her to the soul.

She had no words, no thoughts, into which to crystallize what had happened. Silver's offer—base, brutal, undecorated—staggered and appalled her. Her wave of anger passing, she felt numb. With her arms limply on the table and her head limply on them, she tried confusedly to marshal all the facts and her chances. What she kept seeing was that little, little sum of six shillings between her and destitution; that paltry sum with which, when lost, she would lose her dignity, her pride, her peace, her privacy, her precarious independence. All these assets now hung on the six shillings. It was Silver's visit which showed her that. He had made her see exactly how a lone, weak, beautiful, workless, friendless woman stood. He had done her that service in his monstrous way.

She saw it bitterly while time crept on, as a service. He showed her Anna Land beaten; Anna Land flying not before just one defeat, but before all defeat; Anna Land on her knees to the world.

She saw. She began slowly, reluctantly, painfully to sort out, array, readjust her dearest hopes, her highest principles. She wondered which one she could let go. This one? That one? What compromise should be offered? What treasures ceded? What surrender made to the world? One by one she took and examined her dear hopes, the stars by which she had made her glad and lonely way, and it seemed as if her spirit must live by this manna from her heaven or not at all. She took back each star into her heart and soul, jealously to cherish it. She cried out aloud in the dark room: "I cannot let one go!"

Feet ascended the stair again; heavy, flat, tired feet. Her door was tried; again a knock fell upon it. She awoke from her abstractions of despair and opened to her landlady; and the perfumes of a garden wafted into the room. The drab woman's arms and upheld apron were full of flowers—early lilacs, roses, carnations, lilies.

"There's some friend," she said with a roguish look that sat quaintly on her poor face, "as hasn't forgotten you."

She put the flowers into Anna's slow arms, turned and clattered downstairs again. Anna Land stood on her threshold speechless. She thought of Silver. He had gone straight from her to his florist; in the lavish way of his vanity, seeking to impress her, had he sent this load of beauty for her to think over, sleep with, dream about, awake for in the morning? Silver had done this?

So she stood uncertain for a while, hating the flowers, and then carried them within. There was no note; that was not like Silver. He would surely proclaim a gift. His card would have been there, tied on with silver ribbon.

Perhaps Lucia—no, Lucia had no money left for such things; she was giving all she had to the poor.

Perhaps Marini?

Anna thought with a grateful heart: "It's good of him. It's like him. He sends these for the New Year. But oh, if he only knew that I want food!"

(Continued on Page 45)

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Public confidence in Packard is a thing so significant that it can scarcely be stressed too often.

The Single-Six gives striking evidence of this almost universal feeling that nothing but the best can ever issue from Packard.

We believe that the Single-Six *is* so considered—that it is fully conceded to be the best expression of Six engineering the country has ever seen.

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We are led to these conclusions by the unabated sales-eagerness existing everywhere.

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You have them in your home —*put them on your car*

YOU USE Edison MAZDA Lamps for your home; they give better light at less cost.

So specify Edison MAZDA Lamps for your car, too. They give maximum light with minimum battery drain—*and are always dependable.* And for safety's sake, carry a kit of spare lamps as you carry a spare tire.

EDISON LAMP WORKS OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

You have them in your home—*put them on your car.*

EDISON
MAZDA LAMPS

A GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT

(Continued from Page 42)

It made her laugh again her unconquerable laugh, seeing herself here with ten pounds' worth of hothouse flowers, at least, in her arms, and not a square meal in the place anywhere.

She disposed her flowers about the room, in the old accustomed places. The room took a beauty once more. When she had done she sat and looked at them, hands clasped on her lap, remembering. She remembered King Garnet's flowers—just such profusion; and Silver's little bunch of violets lying on the table. Then, a little later, there were Silver's flowers in just such profusion; and King Garnet came one spring day with a little bunch of violets in his hand. She remembered all the gifts acutely.

Nine o'clock chimed from a neighboring church clock, while still Anna Land sat there by the light of a dying fire, looking at the heavenly flowers in the room's dark shadows.

Very tiredly her landlady came up again to put a letter into her hand.

"Last post," she said. She leaned upon the table exhaustedly, wiping her brow with an apron corner. "I've finished my ironing. Hope you've got good news there. It's typewritten; might be business, eh?"

She leaned there, watching with true concern the letter in Anna's hand.

"It might be anything," said Anna a little light-headedly.

"Open it," the landlady encouraged her. "I've known what it is to feel like you do—afraid to open a letter for fear things will be worse'n they are already. But take yer pluck in yer 'ands and read it, my dear."

Anna obeyed, laughing again with no ghost of a reason for laughter. And she read that Miss Anna Land's name had been given by the Regulations Employment Agency to the Garfield Gold Mines, Ltd., for the position of head woman clerk, and would the applicant call to see the managing director at 11:30 the next morning?

"Well?" urged the landlady.

"I'll land it!" said Anna half to herself. "I'll land it! I—I'm saved! I—I—I must get it and that's all there is to it!"

She clutched the letter to her breast.

"Work?" cried the landlady.

Anna nodded.

"Perhaps," she said. She sighed and relapsed laxly in her chair.

"Supper's what you want," said the landlady. "Got anything in? No? Well, I'll bring you up a bit of ours. Then 'ave a good sleep. Land the job! Of course you'll land it—you, with your manners and recommendations! Cocoa, my dear, and bread and cheese I can manage, and you shall 'ave it right away."

Again she went down the stairs, heavy, flatfooted.

Again Anna laid her head on her arms and wept from sheer inability to stop the tears.

XXIV

SO ONCE again, as she could remember doing at various anxious turning points of her life before the present catastrophe, Anna Land groomed herself and toned herself up and toned herself down with careful calculation about what a particular employer might be looking for, and set out for the Garfield company in Holborn. She went by omnibus all the way, wishing to appear fresh and vigorous, guarding against giving any unwelcome impression of fatigue or fragility, and she had given herself a decent breakfast. More frightened than she had ever been, wiser than she had ever been, more desperately willing to please than she had ever been, she walked into the room of the managing director.

She heard all the little sounds with sharpened ears; she heard the office boy close the door behind her softly as he did it; she saw all with sharpened eyes, and she had seen the inkpot and pens and letters and calendar and the exact pattern in the wheel back of the revolving chair from which the managing director presented a broad back, before he swung round very slowly and faced her.

His hands were on either arm of the chair, brown hands, stretched and hard, with the long welts of healed scars upon the backs. His face was brown and thin and hard and strong; his shoulders broad, his mouth set, his eyes like two lamps looking out at her.

She started back, the blood ran into her cheeks and lips and drained away. She saw swimming before her all the roses and lilies and lilacs of last night—his tribute as of old!

She staggered and called "King!" and fainted.

She woke; she was lying flat on the floor, her hat removed, King Garnet kneeling beside her, kissing her hands, whispering her name. His kisses awoke her as surely as did the kisses of the prince awake the sleeping princess. She came out of a trance and found herself in a happy land, but did not know where.

She saw his anxious, loving face bent over her. She opened her lips to speak, and with the lightest, tenderest of kisses he closed them.

"I—I wanted to surprise you, Anna," he said like a little boy.

Then Anna laughed. He lifted her up in his arms, and there she lay.

"Where shall I put you?"

"Where you like," said Anna.

So he carried her to the huge leather chair beside his desk and laid her there.

He said, "My most honored visitor," and kneeling down, put his forehead against her shoulder. "Darling, you're better? I surprised you too much."

She nodded.

"I've been ill; I'm stupid ——"

"Put your arm round my neck, Anna." He said, with his head against her shoulder, her arm close about him. "I've been thinking, imagining this for months."

"Months?"

"Ever since I struck gold. You don't know where I've been. I've been to the Yukon, and luck was with me, as it is with some men sometimes. I saw men die of greed and failure, and they murdered each other for greed, and robbed and fought and schemed and sweated and worked themselves to skeletons; and I—the second week I was there I struck it."

"I can't—quite—understand ——"

He took her face between his two hands. He looked into her eyes triumphantly.

"I've done what you told me to. I've won!"

"You've won?"

"I worked like hell when I thought I knew what I'd found. I didn't hope; it might have been a false lode. It just wasn't. I struck veins such as no man has struck there for twenty years, they say. I worked like hell! All for you, my darling darling. Every step I went, every inch I dug, every time I heaved that blasted pickax in I saw you, Anna! Fellows came out from the City; I could have sold my claim for a hundred thousand dollars before it was properly tested at all. I didn't. Company promoters and engineers came out by the dozen. You should have seen 'em! But I was counting everything for you, Anna; and—I was cool as death. I waited. I got the real men. It—it's working fine! The company's floated; I take over the London office. . . . Now isn't that enough of the darned business till presently? It's all here; all right; working like a machine; solid. The public's coming in. . . . Tell me of you. You're all that matters."

"You've won, King?"

"For you."

"I've failed."

"No, no, Anna! My dearest—I know. I know what's happened. Lie still; don't worry; don't think. I'm here." And he put his arms tight about her.

When he said that she knew that she had lost her child and found her man. Her heart leaped and triumphed.

Holding his head to her, she whispered, "You know about Marini, and my illness? Everything?"

"Everything that matters. I've been sitting here for a month, waiting for you, trying to trace you, get hold of you. As soon as I'd found you I told the agency. Now I have you. And, Anna, I'm big enough for you, eh?"

"You! . But, King, I've failed!"

"You've won! You've put me right where I am now. You've made me! You've done all! Now I'm yours! What'll you do with me?"

"King?"

"I know what you'll do with me," he said.

"King?"

"You'll marry me."

In each other's arms, they thrilled.

"Oh, King, at last, at last — "

"You can't let me down now. You promised some day—if I could climb to you ——"

"Now you're beyond."

"Oh! All that stuff, Anna! Say it's stuff! I'm yours and you're mine. We're together, walking together like we always have been. Only you used to have to pull me along. Now that's over. Now I'm on my feet, and it's my turn, you little sick thing as pale as a primrose, it's my turn to put my arms round you and lift you onto yours. Oh, Anna, my darling, isn't it like that?"

Anna Land lay in the arms of the man she had made stronger than herself, and she whispered, "Is it?"

"Do you love me?"

"I love you."

"Isn't the world fine, Anna?"

"It's fine if you'll stay like this. If you don't let me go."

He laughed.

"You don't need to tell me that. Let you go? Never! Never! Never! Till the end of the world, my dear, and beyond then! I'll hold you in eternity."

Her hands about his neck, she looked into his face. Her eyes were blurred with tears, her mouth tremulous with laughter. She looked at his strong face, his scarred brow, his straight eyes; she felt the sinews of his arms, and at last knew the sinews of his soul as strong. She felt his man's hands. He was grown; he was big; he was fine—all she had ever desired him to be. And she knew suddenly and secretly that here lay the achievement that had been her dearest heart's hope; here reared her pinnacle of power; here before her lay the future spread for her choosing as she stood with him upon the top of their hill.

She ceased to listen for the dead applause of forgotten multitudes and lay in his arms and laughed.

"In the whole world," she said, "there's not a prouder woman than I."

(THE END)

Perfect Beard Softener

I get the tough ones

By what you might call a process of natural selection, every man with an extra tough beard sooner or later becomes an addict of Mennen's.

Some men have naturally docile beards. If allowed to grow, such beards are of fine, silky texture. These men are to be envied, for they have no shaving problems. Any soap, cream, or salve will soften their beards. Shaving with them is little more than a gesture.

But it is an altogether different matter for the fellow whose face around five o'clock begins to look like a miniature field of Kansas corn stubble. That kind of a beard is a stern reality. Its owner goes through a regular course of trying every razor and shaving preparation.

He becomes a shaving skeptic.

But at last he buys a tube of Mennen's—not hopefully, but because he *must* try something else. I doubt if we've ever missed out on one of these tough cases.

Mennen's will positively soften the meanest beard that ever soured an otherwise cheerful nature. I'll back up that statement in a few minutes—in the last paragraph, to be exact. Furthermore, these mean beards, when Mennenized, come off smoothly, gently and as closely as you like. The skin isn't drawn or irritated. There is no after-smart.

For Mennen's, in addition to being a great beard softener, is a skin conditioner. It contains Boro-glycerine. After one Mennen shave, Boro-glycerine is the name of a friend. It is a healing emolient which softens and relaxes skin tissues, is mildly antiseptic and keeps your skin soft, pliable, and healthy. A tough beard almost invariably means tender and easily irritated skin.

The creamy, non-drying Mennen lather can be built with any water—cold or hard—without rubbing with fingers.

Buy a tube of Mennen's. Use it for a week. If not convinced, send tube to me and I will refund purchase price.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

The Nickel Lunch

When you are hungry at bed-time

how good those golden-brown, salted nuts can taste! How deliciously they satisfy the appetite! And how nutritious and easily digestible.

Make the Nickel Lunch the bed-time lunch or the 'tween-meal lunch or the desk lunch or the "emergency ration." Any time you eat them, they are good—and good for you too! Anywhere in the 5c glassine bag.

Made by the Planters Nut & Chocolate Co., Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Suffolk, Va., Chicago, New York, Boston, San Francisco.

Send 75c for a pound of the delicious Planters Pennant Salted Peanuts in the blue tin box—sealed to keep the nuts crisp and fresh.

Planters
PENNANT SALTED
PEANUTS

British Natural Scenery and its Preservation

By FRANCIS W. HIRST

Recent vandalism has taught me, too cruelly, and too late, the moral value of such scenes as those in which I was brought up; and given it me, for my duty to the future, to teach the Love of the fair Universe around us, as the beginning of Piety, and the end of Learning.
—RUSKIN: Fors Clavigera, Letter 92.

WHEREVER in the world mechanical progress is advancing arm in arm with the hideous but irresistible, and, I suppose, on the whole, desirable thing called modern civilization, there you may be sure scenes of natural beauty and historical associations are in danger of being spoiled, desecrated or destroyed. In every step of man's slow, half-reluctant ascent from barbarism warriors have desolated the face of Nature and wrought havoc on the achievements of art; though chivalry sometimes responded to a poet's plea, "The great Emathian conqueror bid spare the house of Pindarus," and "Sad Electra's poet had the power to save the Athenian walls from ruin bare."

More ruin is wrought by modern militarism, thanks to chemical invention and mechanical development. But since the Great Rebellion, as its royalist historian called it, England has mercifully been spared the ravages of war.

Almost every one of our counties has its antiquities. The ivy-mantled towers of a ruined castle, or a venerable church, or the broken arches of an abbey are often the fairest features of a rural landscape. When a thing is both beautiful and ancient there is a double reason for preserving it. But we have learned by experience to beware of renovation. Every lover of art would shudder at the thought of Tintern or Melrose being "restored." Our generation has acquired a new taste both for the venerable in art and for the beautiful in Nature. But how came it? Are we duly grateful to Sir Walter Scott, Byron, Shelley, Keats and the Lake Poets, who taught our ancestors to value and cherish every spot that Nature, art, legendary romance and historic fame have made lovely or memorable? To them and to other poets, historians, novelists and antiquarians we owe much of the public spirit and munificence that in the last century have preserved not only precious monuments like Stonehenge or the Roman Wall, not only the splendid remains of medieval buildings—heretofore used as quarries by neighboring towns and villages—but patches of ancient forest with their immemorial oaks, parks and commons, glades and waterfalls, from private rapacity or commercial vandalism.

Far From the Madding Crowd

Before the steam age Europe had no great cities except London and Paris. In the seventeenth century Pepys noted with amazement a spot in Bristol so shut in by houses that neither woods nor green fields could be seen. At that time Bristol was the second town of England. A half hour's walk would take a citizen even of London into the country. In those days the towns had their smells and plagues, but rural life had its drawbacks. The roads were very bad, and some of them were infested by highwaymen. Where life and property were secure the rule of the squire and parson was complete; and one who prized liberty might well prefer to live within the boundaries of a chartered borough.

No wonder then that with changed conditions popular taste has changed. The concentrated population of urban areas needs not only parks and squares and playing grounds but also the fresh air of rural districts. Your modern townsman in the holiday season seeks solitude "far from the madding crowd." That is one reason why the passion for wild grandeur, planted by poets and artists, has grown so fast. A barren mountain side or a lonely moor was not appreciated by many before the industrial revolution. But for the growth of factories and of a factory population, Scott and Wordsworth, Constable and Turner could not have made or ministered so successfully to a new taste. By these masters of poetry and painting our eyes have been trained and our imaginations have been cultivated. Yet all the varied charms of English scenery were portrayed in perfect verse three centuries ago by Milton:

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the Landscape round it measures,
Russet Lawns, and Fallows Gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barren breast
The laboring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with Daisies pied,
Shallow Brooks and Rivers wide.
Towers, and Battlements it sees,
Bosomed high in tufted Trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighboring eyes.

Thus in L'Allegro we have presented to us all the characteristic charms of an English landscape. Yet broadly speaking it is true that a widespread love of Nature and a delight in legendary or historic scenes are essentially modern pleasures; nor need we fear to claim that the Anglo-Saxon race here and in America, which discovered steam and electricity and exploited those discoveries with ruthless disregard for Nature, has also been the first to take measures for conserving and safeguarding the priceless treasures which greed can destroy in a year but which no fortune and no earthly power can replace.

Ancestral Estates Passing

I do not know when the public conscience of America began to be aroused against the unconscionable operations of the lumberman. If England has been so little spoiled by the ax and the crosscut saw, we owe it, I suppose, to the landed gentry, whose estates are only now being sold for development under the grinding pressure of war taxation. So great a transference of property has not been witnessed since the Norman Conquest. The incomes of our landed proprietors have mostly been halved by supertaxes and death duties since 1914. The Duke of Devonshire, the Marquess of Lansdowne and many others have sold or let their town houses in order to maintain if possible their countryseats. The Duke of Portland is cutting down his expenditure; but he has publicly expressed a doubt whether, even so, he will be able to maintain Welbeck. It was rumored last spring that the Marquess of Salisbury would have to close Hatfield. The Duke of Northumberland has just decided to abandon Alnwick Castle, the famed fortress of the Percys. Stowe, the home of the Grenvilles, and many more historic mansions have passed under the hammer or are for sale. There are not enough war profiteers to buy all "the stately homes of England"; and few of the new-rich possessors, I fear, will maintain them in the old style or with the old courtesy.

Fortunately we are no longer without provision for emergencies. To acquire places of great natural beauty or of rich historic interest a national trust has been instituted. Founded in 1895, mainly by the efforts of Miss Octavia Hill, Sir Robert Hunter and Canon Rawnsley, it is entitled The National Trust for Places of Historic Interest and Natural Beauty. A charter of incorporation was conferred upon it by the National Trust Act of 1907, which provided: "The National Trust shall be established for the purposes of promoting the permanent preservation, for the benefit of the nation, of lands and tenements—including buildings—of beauty or historic interest, and as regards lands for the preservation—so far as practicable—of their natural aspect, features, and animal and plant life."

In virtue of this admirable statute the society is empowered to hold in trust for the nation and to manage all suitable properties which it may acquire by gift or purchase. Its ordinary members are annual subscribers of ten shillings and upwards. The council by which it is governed consists of some fifty members, half of whom are elected by the contributors and half nominated by other societies and associations, such as the trustees of the British Museum and National Gallery, the

(Continued on Page 48)

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You will be proud of the Coach and the way it is received everywhere. There are 40,000 in service.

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California's earliest oranges.
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Where today is good and tomorrow is better

EACH YEAR in California is better than the one before. Each year brings greater average wealth—greater returns from agriculture and industry. Each year life goes forward in comfort and enjoyment for thousands of new families—neighbors to those who came earlier and prospered. Very likely you should be among them. If you want to live in California, there is room for you.

Rose-covered homes in city and country, a prosperity that manifests itself in more than 800,000 passenger automobiles, a country life that is truly suburban in its close connection with metropolitan activities and recreations are as real a part of California life as the yearly crop return of four hundred million dollars—the largest per capita crop return in America.

What Everybody Owns

Mountains and sea—redwood groves and national parks, rivers and trout streams—these are for everyone. Six or seven hours—perhaps less—from the warmest weather of the tremendously fertile Great Valley of California are the cool waters of San Francisco Bay, golden ocean beaches, or cool mountain resorts with a breeze off the snows. And all the year—whenever there's a half day to spare—Californians are out to play as hard as they work.

A Commonwealth of Cities

If the Great Valley with its millions of fertile acres tributary to San Francisco Bay is one vast farm, it is almost equally one vast city—in reality, scores of cities large and small, tied together by miles of trunk lines and laterals of the State Highway system. Over these, the farmer moves his crops at low cost. His wife drives in to the good stores and smart shops that are found nearly everywhere, or to a meeting in some flower-trellised women's club house and in the cool evening the whole family may motor to a dance or motion picture in town. Country and city, in California, are inseparably joined.

The New Pioneers

Experience and expert knowledge available to all have replaced in California the pioneering stage of agriculture and business success. And California's pioneering spirit goes ahead in the development of life's advantages—superb rural schools, often with theatres and gymnasiums; inexpensive hydro-electric power indoors and out, telephones, autos and radio sets. Quick access to big cities, and many months of fine weather in which to enjoy out-of-door life in wonderful, natural recreation grounds are other California advantages not estimated in dollars.

Greater Returns—and Why

Work—yes! And, in California's Great Valley, Nature adds a year-round growing season, abundant water supply, and weather conditions you can rely upon. Today there are a million acres of irrigated lands alone, close to towns and cities, ready for families who know how to get along and have a moderate nest egg. Take advantage of the low round trip Summer Excursion fares on all roads starting May 15, and visit California this summer.

Californians Inc., a non-profit organization of citizens and institutions interested in the sound development of the State will be glad to tell you more about these opportunities. Fill in and mail the coupon on this page and we will send you without cost the 48 page illustrated booklet "California, Where Life is Better." Write today. Address:

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Royal Botanic Society, the leading universities, the Selborne Society, the Society of Antiquarians, and the like. One member is named by the Trustees of Public Reservations, Massachusetts. The late Lord Bryce was a vice president and active member of the trust. Another member of the council is Lord Eversley, better known as George Shaw-Lefevre, who founded the Commons Preservation Society and has probably done more than any other man alive to preserve public rights of way and common lands from encroachment.

Nearly a hundred properties in England and Wales are now held and administered by the trust, often in coöperation with local authorities. Local corresponding members in all parts of Great Britain perform valuable services; and the secretary is in touch with a dozen or more correspondents in New England, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The funds of the society, consisting of annual subscriptions, special subscriptions, rents and legacies, are used for maintaining buildings and lands, and also for acquiring new properties. Just now a special effort is being made to purchase Cissbury Ring near Worthing, one of the largest camps of early neolithic man, so celebrated for its flints that the archæologists have dubbed it the Sheffield of the neolithic-flint industry.

The prospect from the hill is very fine; for you see on a clear day, Chanctonbury Ring, long stretches of the South Downs, Beachy Head and the Isle of Wight.

A correspondent of mine notices how many Americans are interested in the National Trust, but says it does not surprise him, "for I often think they see more of our country than we do." An American traveler who has a few weeks to spend in England will be better able to live up to this compliment if he procures the annual report of the trust from the secretary, The National Trust for Places of Historic Interest and Natural Beauty, 25 Victoria Street, London, S. W. It will serve him as a guide-book to many quiet out-of-the-way scenes of wondrous beauty and Old World charm.

In looking back on what I have seen in the States my imagination and retrospective vision play most vividly round scenes of natural grandeur or historic memory—the Grand Cañon, Niagara, the view of San Francisco Bay, the giant redwoods of California, the high Sierras, the Arabian coloring of the Great Salt Lake, the homes of Washington and Jefferson, the State House, in Boston, Independence Square, Philadelphia, and the old Spanish Mission at Santa Barbara.

National Trust Properties

If our own scenery is less grand it presents within a small compass a rich variety of picturesque interest and hallowed associations, whose spell is cast on every lover of Nature and every student of our joint history. When I read the glowing lines of Macaulay's Armada I remember that the descendants of the Virginians and of the Pilgrim Fathers experience the same pride in the prowess of our Elizabethan mariners and feel the same thrill as they read of the beacon fires which lit up this little realm and roused our common ancestors to defend their island against the power and might of Spain:

Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height;
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light;
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

Skiddaw, the most imposing of English mountains, is still private property; but its neighbor Scafell is now England's property; and local munificence, coöperating with the National Trust, has also acquired many fine landscapes round Derwentwater and Ullswater.

Wordsworth, after a climb, once described the view from Sca Fell Pikes of Eskdale, Donnerdale and the Duddon Sands. "The majesty of the mountains below and close to us," he wrote, "is not to be conceived. We now beheld the whole mass of Great Gavel from its base—the Den of Wastdale at our feet, a gulph immeasurable—Grasmere and the other mountains of Crummock—Ennerdale and its mountains, and the sea beyond."

It is true, of course, that by tape measurement the English lakes and mountains are but little pools and hillocks beside those of Switzerland and Italy or the mighty ranges of India and America. But the Himalayas are not in sight, and the illusion is complete. Standing on a commanding point in our English Lake District you feel the mystery of Nature and the shadowy bounds of earth and sky more profoundly than amid the ceruleans and purples of Italy or the lighter blues and pinks of Switzerland's snowclad summits. A pedestrian who knows the Himalayan giants and the Andes wrote to me the other day of a walk he once took from Ennerdale by Great Gavel to Wastdale: "No scenery ever impressed me more by its savage grandeur." Ruskin, no mean judge of a landscape, thought the scene from Friar's Crag near Keswick, "one of the three or four most beautiful in Europe." In Modern Painters he says:

> The first thing which I remember, as an event in life, was being taken by my nurse to the brow of Friar's Crag on Derwentwater; the intense joy, mingled with awe, that I had in looking through the mossy roots, over the crag, into the dark lake, has associated itself more or less with all twining roots of trees ever since.

A happy thought chose this spot for the Ruskin monument, and the crag is now the property of the National Trust, safe forever.

Derwentwater

Another trust property, the Druid's Circle at Keswick, was a favorite walk of Southey when he lived at Greta Hall. It was visited by the poet Gray in 1769, who "saw just a Druid circle of large stones, one hundred and eight feet in diameter, the biggest not eight feet high, but most of them still erect; they are fifty in number. The valley of Naddle appeared in sight, and the fells of St. John, particularly the summits of Catchedecain—called by Camden Casticand—and Helvellyn, said to be as high as Skiddaw, and to rise from a much higher base."

Derwentwater, whose literary associations are multitudinous, has been well looked after by the trust. Shelley, shortly after his expulsion from Oxford, described the scenery by the lake: "These gigantic mountains piled on each other, these waterfalls, these million-shaped clouds tinted by varying colours of innumerable rainbows hanging between yourself and a lake as smooth and dark as a plain of polished jet —— Oh, these are sights attunable to the contemplation."

The idea of associating natural beauty, the most divine thing on earth, with memorials to departed friends is bearing rich fruit. How many hideous monuments have been erected in the past, and are still being erected, in memory of the dead! If a tenth of the money spent every year in England and America on the uglification of cemeteries and churchyards could be diverted to preserving Nature from desecration our children and our children's children would have cause to bless us.

I have mentioned the acquisitions of the trust on the shores of Ullswater, which include Gowbarrow Fell and Stybarrow Crag. In 1807 De Quincey rode along these shores with Wordsworth by moonlight. De Quincey says: "All I remember is that through those most romantic woods and rocks of Stybarrow—through those silent glens of Glencoin and Glenridding—through that most romantic of Parks [Gowbarrow, then belonging to the Duke of Norfolk] we saw alternately for four miles the most grotesque and most awful spectacles.

> Abbey windows
> With Moorish temples of the Hindoos,

all fantastic, all as unreal and shadowy as the moonlight which created them."

Gowbarrow Park is famed in literature for the walk that Wordsworth and Dorothy took when they came upon "a crowd, a host of golden daffodils." Dorothy says: "I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones about and above them; some rested their heads upon those stones as on a pillow, for weariness; and the rest tossed and reeled and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with

(Continued on Page 50)

PIERCE

To some the call of the open highway and the open car comes each year with the first red-breasted robin and the first balmy breeze.

And none feel it more strongly than those who know the thrill of swift, smooth motion behind the Dual-Valve engine in the Pierce-Arrow Runabout.

Even the casual eye cannot fail to get its message of quick dashes about town—of foursomes to the golf links with two in the cozy rumble seat and bags in the commodious luggage compartment—of skimming swiftly and securely for miles and miles over the green-bordered roadways.

One senses the fact that here is transportation from which masterful building has eliminated the slightest element of doubt or uncertainty. Perfect reliability is a known quantity.

One notes, too, that the stateliness of carriage, by which all Pierce-Arrow Motor Cars are characterized, is maintained in the Runabout, yet artfully tempered to allow a certain jauntiness of line—a smartness of top and a charming color contrast between exterior finish and leather, which are permissible in a car of this type.

Pierce-Arrow dealers are now exhibiting, in addition to all-season enclosed cars, the very latest creations in Pierce-Arrow Open Cars. Any dealer will be happy to arrange a demonstration upon request.

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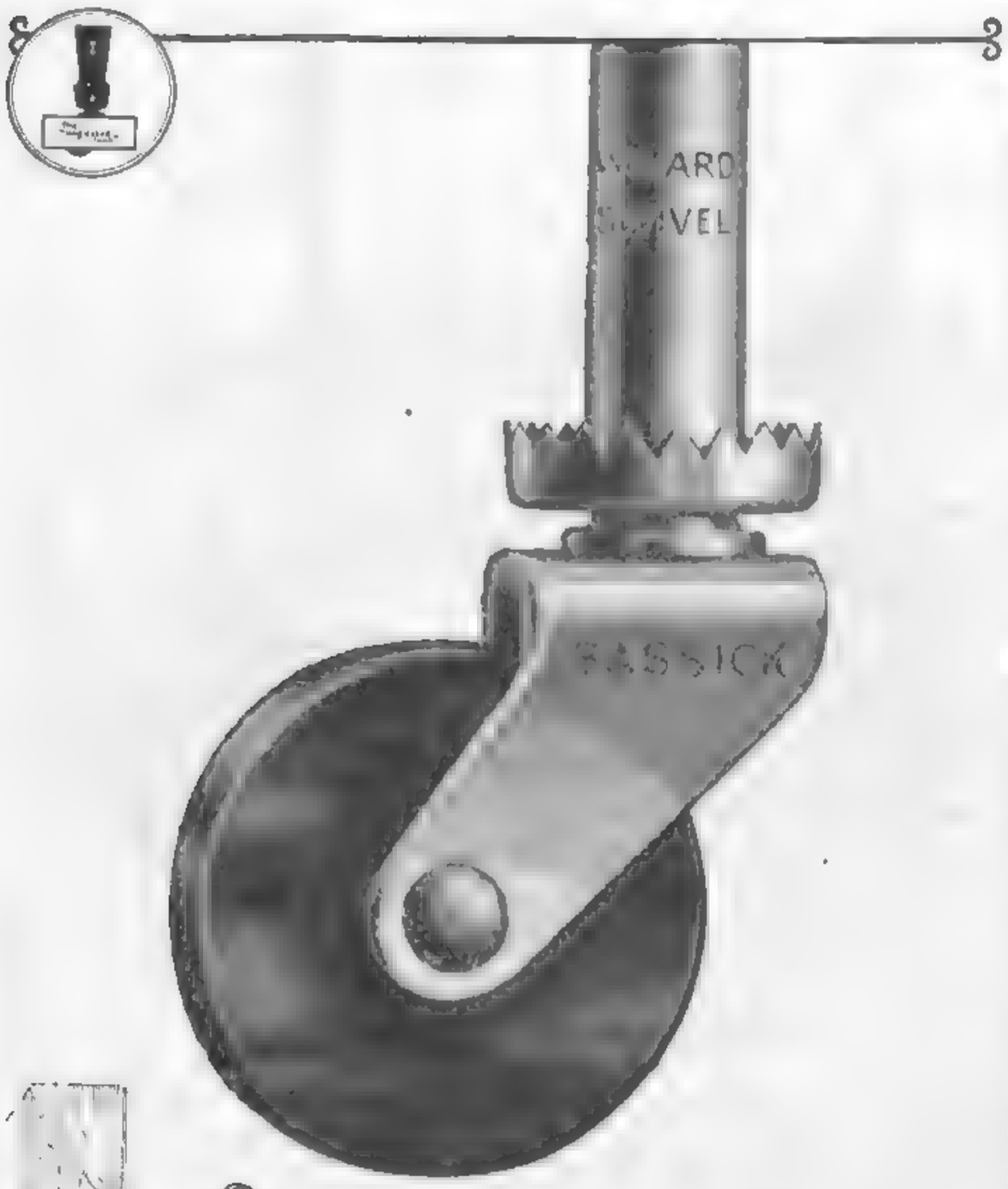

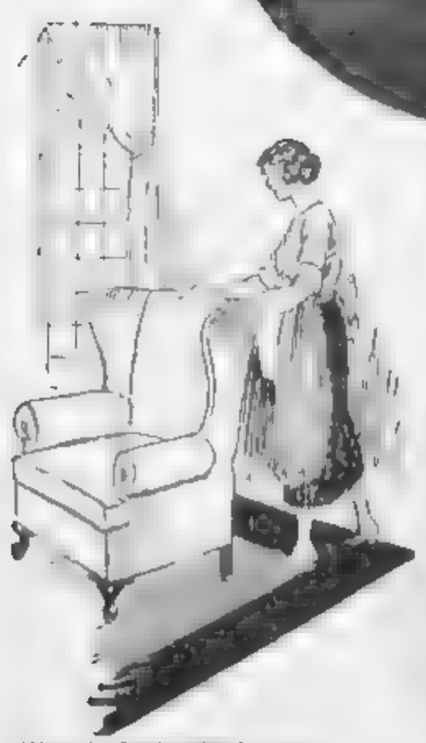

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Bassick Casters come in the blue and yellow package, four to the set. Your dealer will know what types of casters to give you. Be sure and look for the Bassick name on the box.

And every piece of furniture you buy should be equipped with Bassick casters.

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THE BASSICK COMPANY
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For thirty years the leading makers of high-grade casters for the home, office, hospital, warehouse and factory.

(Continued from Page 48)

the wind that blew upon them from the lake; they looked so gay, ever glancing, ever changing." Wordsworth transmuted her charming prose into heavenly poetry and made Gowbarrow holy ground:

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company;
I gazed—and gazed but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils

That wealth has been preserved for us by the society whose services to the nation I am celebrating.

Hazlitt's Visit With Coleridge

To turn from Westmoreland to Somerset, and from Wordsworth to his friend and rival genius, Coleridge. The Coleridge Cottage at Nether Stowey, in Somerset, was presented to the National Trust in 1909 by the Coleridge Cottage Preservation Committee. This cottage, valued at the modest rental of seven pounds a year, was lent to Coleridge by his friend Thomas Poole. Nether Stowey is recognized as classic ground by all lovers of English poetry, for it was here that Coleridge composed The Ancient Mariner and Christabel. Here, too, after an opium dream, he wrote down the wonderful fragment of Kubla Khan. On awaking from the dream he began to write, and had put down the fifty-four lines we possess when, alas, he was interrupted by a visitor and the remainder vanished from his mind. Coleridge was visited at Nether Stowey by Hazlitt and Lamb, and above all by Wordsworth, who came with his sister Dorothy to Alfoxden in the neighborhood. The two agreed to combine forces in a volume, in which Wordsworth should make poetry out of the commonplace, while Coleridge should make real the supernatural by dramatic presentment of the emotions aroused. Hence proceeded the Lyrical Ballads, epoch-making in English literature, and the first step in the Romantic Revival. Coleridge's principal contribution was, of course, The Ancient Mariner. It was planned during a walk across the Quantocks in November, 1797. We may almost celebrate the Quantocks as the Parnassus on which modern English poetry was born.

Before visiting Nether Stowey—"my own lovely cottage," as Coleridge once called it—one should read that superb essay of Hazlitt entitled My First Acquaintance with Poets. Hazlitt was living in 1798 at Wem, in Shropshire, where his father was a dissenting minister. In that year Coleridge, who was in temporary charge of a Unitarian congregation at Shrewsbury, came over to visit them. He took a walk with young Hazlitt, was attracted by his philosophic temperament, and overjoyed the lad by an invitation, giving as his address "Mr. Coleridge, Nether-Stowey, Somersetshire," where "he should be glad to see men in a few weeks' time."

Soon afterwards Hazlitt set out on foot through Worcester, Gloucester and Upton to Bridgwater:

I arrived and was well received. The country about Nether-Stowey is beautiful, green and hilly, and near the sea shore. . . . In the afternoon Coleridge took me over to All-Foxden, a romantic old family mansion of the St. Aubins, where Wordsworth lived. It was then in the possession of a friend of the poet's, who gave him the free use of it. . . . Wordsworth himself was from home, but his sister kept house and set before us a frugal repast; and we had free access to her brother's poems, the Lyrical Ballads, which were still in manuscript.

A day or two afterwards Wordsworth arrived from Bristol at Coleridge's cottage. Hazlitt was struck by his gaunt Don Quixote-like appearance and rolling gait. Looking out of the low latticed window, Wordsworth said, "How beautifully the sun sets on that yellow bank." The essayist remarks:

I thought within myself: "With what eyes these poets see Nature," and ever after, when I saw the sunset stream upon the objects facing it, conceived I had made a discovery, or thanked Mr. Wordsworth for having made one for me! We went over to All-Foxden again the day following, and Wordsworth read us the story of Peter Bell in the open air. . . . Whatever might be thought of the poem "his face was as a book where men might read strange matters," and he announced the fate of his hero in prophetic tones.

After three weeks at Nether Stowey, Hazlitt took a long jaunt with Coleridge along the shores of the Bristol Channel to Linton. At one of their stopping places they found a little worn-out copy of Thomson's Seasons, whereupon Coleridge exclaimed, "That is true fame!"

He said Thomson was a great poet rather than a good one; his style was as meretricious as his thoughts were natural. He spoke of Cowper as the best modern poet. He said the Lyrical Ballads were an experiment about to be tried by him and Wordsworth to see how the public taste would endure poetry written in a more natural and simple style than had hitherto been attempted; totally discarding the artifices of poetical diction, and making use only of such words as had probably been common in the most ordinary language since the days of Henry the Second.

The return to Nature and the return to natural language, the language of the common people, were contemporaneous. Fifty years later Thoreau, in his New England retreat, might have inscribed over his self-built cabin Wordsworth's lines:

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

The modern impulse, driving us back from street and market place and the busy hum of men to green fields and lonely mountains, is indeed an expression of moral feeling as well as of physical needs. As usual, the change of thought and feeling is marked by a change of word. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries "scenery" meant stage scenery. Then writers began to speak of "natural scenery." Now we use the word alone to represent "the aggregate of the picturesque features in a landscape," to borrow a prosaic definition from Murray's Dictionary. Thus the very word "scenery" conveys by its history the transformation of public sentiment in the short epoch which divides the age of Pope and Johnson from the age of Wordsworth and the naturalists. Contrast Pope's villa at Twickenham with Coleridge's cottage at Nether Stowey, or the pastorals Pope composed under Binfield beeches with Wordsworth's lyrics. Doctor Johnson, again, infinitely preferred Fleet Street to the country and reveled in the long Latin words which the Lake School abominated and banned.

The Devil's Punch Bowl

Not that the transition was altogether so sharp as these contrasts might imply. Gray's Elegy—the churchyard of Gray's Elegy is at Stoke Poges. A few months ago, to preserve the amenities of the place, the adjoining land, with the poet's monument, was bought and vested in the National Trust—Goldsmith's Deserted Village, Thompson, Burns, Cowper and Crabbe form a bridge from Pope to Wordsworth. Cowper, the recluse of Olney, said with a conviction that reminds us of Thomas Jefferson, "God made the country, and man made the town."

In looking over the properties of our National Trust one is struck by the variety of scenery and the catholicity of interest and taste. You could not find in the south of England two spots more unlike than the Devil's Punch Bowl on Hindhead and Wicken Fen, or two specimens of architecture more dissimilar in character and associations than King Arthur's Castle at Tintagel in Cornwall and Quebec House, Westerham in Kent, where Wolfe spent his boyhood. All four have been acquired for the nation in the last few years.

Hindhead, above Haslemere, is a fine hill covered with heath, containing within it a deep hollow like a small crater, called the Devil's Punch Bowl. A tragic crime of bygone days haunts the place. Readers of Nicholas Nickleby may remember how—Chapter xxii:

They walked upon the rim of the Devil's Punch Bowl; and Smike listened with greedy interest as Nicholas read the inscription upon the stone which, reared upon that wild spot, tells of a murder committed there by night. The grass on which they stood had once been dyed with gore; and the blood of the murdered man had run down drop by drop, into the hollow which gives the place its name. "The Devil's Bowl," thought Nicholas, as he looked into the void, 'never held fitter liquor than that!"

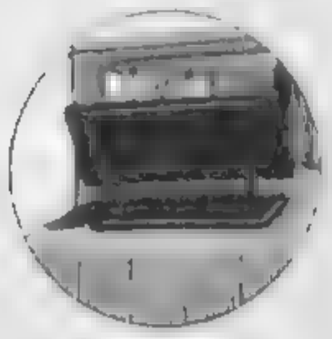
(Continued on Page 52)

Our Ideal Paige Brougham

Smart Style—Much Comfort—Fine Behavior

Right-hand forward chair tilts ahead, and entire chair moves to left on concealed track, to give easy entrance and exit of passengers

Automatic windshield wiper, rear view mirror, and sun visor



Spacious rear compartment carries bags, suitcases and golfing outfits commodiously.

FIVE passengers find utter comfort in this superbly beautiful Paige. In spite of its close-coupled smartness, the interior is amply large. Step inside! Here are two finely upholstered, individual chairs forward—inviting, restful.

For greater entrance-way to the rear seat, the back of the near chair tilts ahead, while the entire chair moves to the left on a concealed track. In the wide rear seat three ride at complete ease—companionably close to those in front.

This steel-paneled body of anti-squeak construction is Paige's finest accomplishment in enclosed cars. Costly fabric decorates the interior and upholsters deeply cushioned seats. Silvered fittings, etched dome and quarter-lights, taffeta shades and a vanity case are features all women will appreciate.

All instruments, including gasoline gauge, are beneath a glass panel in a walnut dash. The steering-wheel is walnut with finger-type controls, and the steering-column adjustable to the driver's convenience. A heater supplies winter warmth.

Above all, this Paige's fine behavior and ease of handling invite confidence. Its docility is delightful. The frailest woman can drive this Paige Brougham practically without a lesson—and with a sense of security rarely equaled. Automatic windshield wiper, and rear-view mirror, give assured view of the road ahead and behind.

Milady's daintiest gowns are happily protected. Storm, dust, wind, are forever banished. Yet door and side windows may be completely lowered for as much openness as any touring car could give.

In this Ideal Paige Brougham you may go to theater, country club, shopping, or touring, and with no need to carry bundles or golf clubs or luggage inside. The locked compartment in the rear will carry golf bags with clubs 45 inches long, and half a dozen big suitcases.

Smart style—much comfort—fine behavior—these are yours in unequaled measure in our Ideal Paige Brougham. And no one can name a penny's worth of equipment which needs to be added. Every Paige is a complete car!

7-passenger Phaeton $2450
4-passenger Phaeton $2450
3-passenger Roadster $2695
5-passenger Brougham $2850

PAIGE

5-passenger Touring Sedan $3235
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Beautiful patterns and colorings. Sanitary, moth-proof, and durable. They lie flat without fastening. Folder showing 22 patterns in colors sent upon request.

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BLABON ART Linoleums

(Continued from Page 50)

In 1786 an unknown sailor was murdered by three tramps who were afterwards hung in chains on the spot. This gruesome tragedy from the first fascinated the public mind, possibly owing to the contrast between foul deed and fair landscape. The view from Hindhead has been described by a local writer: "Northward can be seen the Charterhouse School above Godalming, the ridge of the Hog's Back, the low-lying Aldershot Hills, the Fleet Pond in Hampshire and the more distant hills which extend into Berkshire; to the northeast are the high grounds of Wimbledon Common; to the east is Leith Hill and tower, with the Hambledon Hills in the middle distance; to the south lies the wide wooded plain of the Sussex Weald; and to the southwest are the downs of Hampshire, terminating in the high grounds above Portsmouth."

When Tennyson's home at Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, became infested by trippers he built himself Aldworth, on Blackdown, a hill joining Hindhead. There for the remainder of his life the poet found restful solitude.

One at least of Robin Hood's haunts—in Sherwood Forest or elsewhere—ought surely to be numbered among the National Trust's possessions. I lived in my boyhood very near a sylvan scene of his exploits and would like to feel sure that it will be preserved from the spread of factory civilization. But Wicken Fen, Cambridgeshire, takes us back to Hereward the Wake, another popular hero of the struggle against the Norman rule. Hereward held the swamp fastnesses of the Isle of Ely against William the Conqueror in 1070 and 1071, A. D. Most of our East Anglian fens have been drained, but Wicken Fen remained secluded and untouched till the end of last century. Then it was threatened. A few acres were bought and given to the trust in 1899. Since then, in 1912 and later, several hundred more acres have been added by bequest and purchase. Last year a watcher's cottage was completed and a watcher installed, and permission given to the Botany School of Cambridge University to build a hut for the purpose of studying the flora. As almost the last remnant of the primeval fen land of East Anglia, Wicken Fen is deemed very precious by botanists and entomologists, for it abounds in rare plants and insects.

Making Nature the Fashion

So far I have omitted Scotland, the home of metaphysicians, romanticists and money-makers: of David Hume, Walter Scott and Andrew Carnegie! Though no Scottish societies are affiliated with the trust, the universities of Glasgow, Edinburgh and St. Andrews nominate members of the council; and in the last two years the council has twice interfered with success to prevent the disfigurement of Highland scenery by electric-power undertakings. Here let me pause to lay a wreath on the tomb of Sir Walter Scott, from whose poems and novels our great-grandfathers imbibed the passion for wild and romantic scenery. In this respect The Lady of the Lake—1810—exercised a transcendent influence. Who does not recall its prelude, the stag hunt in the Trossachs, culminating in a picture of the loveliest of Scottish lakes?

Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him roll'd;
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.

Henceforward it became the fashion to admire lakes and mountains; and when Rokeby appeared, with its glowing landscapes of North Yorkshire, Tom Moore suggested sarcastically that Scott was coming south to do every countryseat between Edinburgh and London. Soon afterwards Scott's vogue gave way to Byron's more rhetorical muse. At that time Shelley, whose centenary we have just celebrated, was totally neglected; but Shelley's worship of Nature—of skies, clouds, mountains and rivers—has had a far-reaching influence. Byron felt it more than any other of Shelley's contemporaries. They first met at Geneva, in 1816, and under Shelley's inspiration Byron wrote the third canto of Childe Harold, his first really great achievement in poetry. Henceforward Byron became a rhapsodist of Nature, though Pope remained his favorite poet, and he never failed to tilt against the Lake School. In Childe Harold, IV—1818—such lines as "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods," or "I love not man the less but Nature more," are familiar quotations. The hour of revolution had struck, and all its children were moved this way or that by Rousseau's doctrine of the return to Nature and man's emancipation from self-imposed restraints. It led in the United States to liberty and independence; in France to a quest for equality, followed by red rule and military despotism; in England to war and poverty and repression; thence to a slow-won liberty of thought and trade, including industrial and social emancipation, the worship of wealth, the rule of the chimneys, the pollution of streams, and in the end a determination to preserve the beauties of Nature from needless vandalism.

Ruskin to the Rescue

The first practical step, as we have seen, was taken by Lord Eversley and his friends in 1866. Among the chief inspiring forces of that time must be counted John Ruskin, who explored the subject in Modern Painters, under a curious title, The Pathetic Fallacy—that is, the modern practice of attributing feeling to natural objects. His language about encroachment was often violent. Thus he complained that Manchester, in search of water, was "as a corporate body, plotting at last to steal and sell for a profit the waters of Thirlmere and clouds of Helvellyn. And therefore I have no serious doubt that the Rhadamanthine verdict on that society, being distinctly retributive, would be, not that the Lake of Thirlmere should be brought to the top of the town of Manchester but that the town of Manchester, or at least the corporation thereof, should be put at the bottom of the Lake of Thirlmere." This Ruskinian violence, however, had, like Mr. Bernard Shaw's paradoxes, the effect of calling attention to what was being done. The Commons Preservation Society took action against the corporation of Manchester and induced them to give the public the right to roam over the mountains and fells surrounding Thirlmere, which is now the great reservoir of Manchester. Ruskin's work is well commemorated by Ruskin Park in South London, near his old home at Denmark Hill. In his will he provided that the public should have access to his lake home—Brantwood, on Coniston Lake.

Though my discourse has naturally revolved round the work of the National Trust, no sketch of the organized effort to preserve British scenery would be at all complete without some account of the Commons and Footpaths Preservation Society, which has guided and inspired for the last sixty years the battle for common lands, open spaces, recreation grounds and rights of way in these islands. In 1866, when the society was founded, many of the old commons and forests had been inclosed under private-inclosure acts, the rights of the commoners and of the public having been thus extinguished, usually by and for the benefit of the lord of the manor. Small inclosures and encroachments were still occurring continually. In 1865 a committee of the House of Commons reported that no open space in London could be spared, and declared that rights of common still existed as against arbitrary inclosures by lords of the manor. Thereupon the lords of the manors of the London commons took steps to prove that they were practically the owners of the commons, and that all other rights had lapsed, by fencing in hundreds of acres, felling trees and otherwise exercising the privileges of private ownership. Epping Forest, Berkhampstead Common, Hampstead Heath and other popular resorts were endangered.

In the summer of 1866 Mr. George Shaw-Lefevre—now Lord Eversley—then a young man and an active member of the House of Commons, determined to found a society to back the recommendations of the parliamentary committee on which he had served, and to organize resistance to the threatened inclosure of London commons. In his book, Commons, Forests and Footpaths, now the classic work of reference, Lord Eversley, as he is now called, says—page 27:

> I invited a number of those interested in the question, mostly my personal friends, to meet for this purpose. At the meeting held on July 19, 1866, it was decided to form a society for the above objects, to be called the Commons Preservation Society.

(Continued on Page 54)

Winter's over!

—but you can start to save next Winter's coal right now

A FEW lumps of coal in the Spring sunlight—all that is left of the tons that were rushed across the country last winter to keep your house warm. One of the most acute coal shortages the country has ever known is over. You would probably like to forget it.

But that would be a mistake.

Now, while your furnace is shut down, is just the time to have your whole heating system inspected carefully. Is your heater properly insulated? Are the pipes properly covered? If they are bare or not properly covered you wasted a good deal of coal last winter.

Have your pipes covered with Improved Asbestocel. Do it now! This will mean a big saving of coal which has in the past been lost through radiation from bare pipes and heaters. This pipe covering is called "Improved" Asbestocel for a good reason. Corrugations run crosswise around this insulation as well as lengthwise, forming innumerable small cells. This construction prevents air from circulating freely within the covering. And circulating air is the cause of the wastefulness of other coverings.

Get your plumber or heating man into your cellar at once. You may think that your heating system is as heat-tight as you can make it. At any rate he can tell you, and he may be able to save you money. Get in touch with him to-day and you will have less to fear from any future coal shortage.

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The same people who repair your furnace and piping system will install Improved Asbestocel for you. Look for the red band on the inside end of each length.

Please have my heating plant inspected. I want to know how Improved Asbestocel can help it to do a better job. Also send me the booklet, "Rare Pipes Waste Fuel"

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Improved Asbestocel

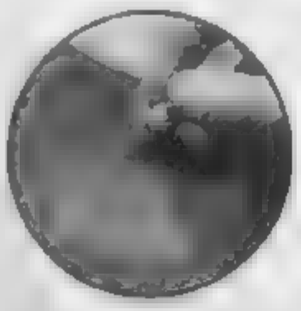
Artistic window effects begin with the shades!

—and Brenlin window shades assure lasting beauty at little cost

The decorative possibilities of a room center largely about the windows. In the way they are handled lies much of the success of your interior scheme.

And decorators say that artistic window effects begin with the shades! For window shades are the background for your draperies.

Worn, faded shades, full of cracks and pinholes, are one of the little jarring notes that mar the beauty of a room.



Scratch a piece of ordinary window-shade material lightly. Tiny particles of chalk or clay "filling" fall out. BRENLIN has no filling—it outwears several ordinary shades

With shades of Brenlin, beautiful and long wearing, a perfect window background is effected. For Brenlin is an exceptional shade fabric, with body enough to hang straight and firm without looking stiff or hard.

And the Brenlin colors are lovely—soft and rich, harmonizing with any decorative scheme. Expertly applied by hand, they are sun and water proof. Brenlin Duplex, showing a different color for each side, is also widely used with artistic effect.

The wearing quality of Brenlin is several times that of ordinary shade material. For Brenlin is specially woven so fine and close that it needs none of the clay or chalk filling that so soon falls out, leaving the shade limp, cracked and full of tiny holes.

With Brenlin shades your windows are handsomely equipped for any decorative scheme—and at so little cost! For after all Brenlin costs very little—and how much it adds in beauty and offers in wear! The name Brenlin is perforated or embossed on the edge. If you don't know where to get it, write us; we'll see that you are supplied.

"How to shade and decorate your windows correctly"—Free

We will send you a copy of this instructive booklet on how to improve the beauty of your home with correct shading and decoration of your windows. Samples of Brenlin in several colors will come with it.

For windows of less prominence, Camargo or Empire shades give you best value in shades made the ordinary way.

THE CHAS. W. BRENEMAN COMPANY, CINCINNATI, OHIO

"The oldest window shade house in America"

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HAND MADE **Brenlin**

the long-wearing WINDOW SHADE *material*

(Continued from Page 52)

Among its earliest members were Sir T. F. Buxton, E. N. Buxton, who did great service in enlarging Epping Forest, Tom Hughes, author of Tom Brown's School Days, Professor Huxley, James Bryce, Henry Fawcett, Thomas Farrer, Leslie Stephen, John Lubbock and John Stuart Mill, who had been converted to commons preservation by his philosophic radical friend, George Grote, the historian.

The public spirit of a comparatively small group of individuals, and the infectious zeal of a few authors, journalists and members of parliament achieved marvelous results at a comparatively small expense. In this cause men and women labor for love. The regular income of the society from subscriptions has been only from five hundred to seven hundred pounds a year. Special funds have been raised from time to time for lawsuits, and expert advice has been given gratis to local champions of public rights against private landlords and corporations.

One of the society's first exploits was on Hampstead Heath. This great playground, now crowded with Londoners on every holiday, was in danger of being built over by a lord of the manor. After prolonged controversy it was saved by payment of forty-five thousand pounds, the money being found by the Metropolitan Board of Works a few years after the foundation of the society. In the 80's and 90's the heath was enlarged by the payment of further and much larger sums.

Berkhampstead Common was rescued by more sensational means in 1866 from inclosure by Lord Brownlow, whose agent had coolly inclosed four hundred and thirty-four acres. After careful consultation the leaders of the society decided to resort to the old practice of abating the nuisance by forcible removal of all the fences. A squad of workers, armed with spades and crowbars, was sent from London one night in March, 1866. They detrained at Tring. A moonlight march of three miles brought them to the common, and by daylight Lord Brownlow's fences, two miles in all, were leveled to the ground. They were never replaced. Public sentiment was too strong. Finally a decision in the law courts affirmed the rights of the Berkhampstead Commoners to herbage and pannage, and to the cutting of turf and gorse against the pretensions of the lord of the manor. As a result, Berkhampstead Common remains open and uninclosed, a splendid stretch of down and woodland bordering on London's suburbs.

What a Royal Forest Is

Wimbledon is now famous for its All-England Tennis Club and international tournaments. Wimbledon Common, on which Julius Cæsar is believed to have encamped, was saved in 1871 by a successful litigation, undertaken by commoners with the society's support, against the lord of the manor. Much has been done since by private citizens, led by Mr. Richardson Evans—founder of the Scapa Society, which aims at preventing advertisers from disfiguring scenes of natural beauty—to extend and improve the amenities of this fine expanse, now stretching several miles from Putney Heath to Richmond Park.

In Anglo-Saxon and Norman times many forests belonged to the king, and the remains of these are in some cases crownlands, administered by a government department. They are not necessarily forests in the sense of being covered with trees. A royal forest was defined by an old writer as "a territory of woody grounds and fruitful pastures, privileged for wild beasts and fowls of forest, chase and warren, to rest and abide there in the safe protection of the King for his delight and pleasure." William the Conqueror, who lived much at Winchester, loved to hunt in the New Forest. The Rufus Stone still marks the spot where his son lost his life. It was disafforested in 1851. The deer were removed and the crown began to inclose and let land to improve its revenues, disregarding the rights of commoners. After 1866 the principles of the Commons Preservation Society began to be applied in the interests of the public, and the New Forest is coming more and more to be recognized as a national park. A similar policy has been adopted in regard to the smaller Forest of Dean in Gloucestershire.

A much more strenuous war had to be waged in the case of Epping Forest. Many inclosures had been made by private landowners before the middle of last century, when, as we have seen, public spirit began to work vigorously against private encroachments. After years of inquiry, controversy and litigation the efforts of Mr. Shaw-Lefevre and his friends were amply rewarded. In 1878 an act was passed for the settlement of all claims. An arbitrator was appointed under the act, and by his award over four hundred persons were compelled to disgorge and return to the public three thousand acres of the forest that had been wrongfully inclosed.

The Battle for Epping Forest

"Never," writes Lord Eversley with legitimate pride, "was there preserved by a single suit an area so large in extent and so remarkable for woodland charm and scenic beauty." This popular victory, "the battle for Epping Forest," was celebrated in 1882, when at High Beech, before a great multitude of people, Queen Victoria in person threw the forest open to the public.

Lord Eversley's fascinating story of the Commons and Footpaths Preservation Society shows that in England we owe many of our most valued pleasures—I mean especially that of roaming freely over beautiful stretches of country—very largely to the common law and to customs or prescriptions that have been enforced against inclosers and encroachers by the courts. The maxim "Once a highway always a highway" has been instrumental in saving many roads, bridle paths and footpaths in the last half century. The public has become jealous of its rights, and the ways of the encroacher become harder every year. In out-of-the-way parts of the country, village greens, roadside wastes and small commons have been saved from private occupation. Pedestrian clubs and associations of all kinds have asserted rights of way by the simple process of defying and perhaps removing illegal notices that trespassers will be prosecuted. I can well remember as a boy seeing the still more illegal warnings which threatened trespassers with man traps and spring guns.

The acquisition of parks and recreation grounds has become a public necessity, often a very costly one, for large towns. The demand is creating the supply. But the preservation of Nature—of its forests, its lakes, its waterfalls, and of all those amenities which are so easy to destroy and so difficult to restore—is still a task worthy of our time and generation; a task requiring both poetic inspiration and practical guidance.

WHY GERMANY DROWNED HER CREDIT

(Continued from Page 7)

then hands the marks back. The government does not get the dollars. The hotel proprietor pays the tax over to the government in the government's own paper money.

What else does inflation conceal?

It conceals the fact that Germany does not pay reparations out of her own resources. Here appears the most colossal swindle since the invention of money. When a German banker says "We have had to print money to pay reparations," he is quite sane. It makes perfect sense if you turn it upside down. He cannot say "We have had to print money in order to make other people pay our reparations." That is the exact truth. All the cash ostensibly paid by Germany on account of reparations has in fact been paid by the people of the United States, Holland, England, Scandinavia, South America, Japan, and whoever else bought the marks exported by Germany. The American people alone have been caught to the amount of nearly $1,000,000,000.

At this point the German mind is impenetrable. It assumes that Germany has been compelled to swindle the world with marks just as she was compelled to make war on the world. She is always blameless. If the world complains, let the world reflect upon its own iniquity first. It is the

(Continued on Page 56)

In Strange Countries

The American abroad is sensitive about the impression he makes, and he takes particular pains to wear the right things. The VAN HEUSEN solves the collar problem smartly and comfortably for him.

At the Races

The races, being both informal and fashionable, make sharp demands on a man's taste in clothes; which is why particular men make it a point on such occasions to wear the VAN HEUSEN.

In the Office

The business man of today is as efficient in his appearance as in his achievement, which explains why, both for smartness and comfort, he selects the VAN HEUSEN collar.

On Board Ship

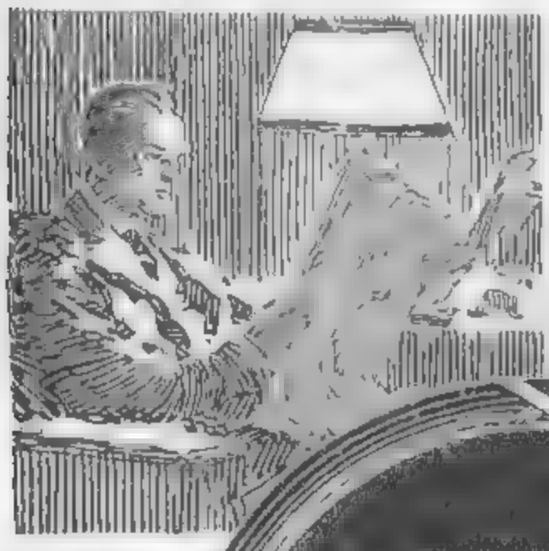
Men at ease on shipboard are all the more at ease in the consciousness that the VAN HEUSEN gives them not only sheer comfort but the properly nonchalant air of smartness.

At the Country Club

Golf is not only a matter of club and ball, but of attire. Good golfers, as well as "duds," realize this, and they wear the crisp and comfortable VAN HEUSEN.

On the Open Road

The open road . . . . a fine car . . . . a VAN HEUSEN collar . . . . the wise motorist chooses his collar as he does his car—with an eye for both comfort and smartness.



At Home

In the evening at home, relaxation need not affect one's appearance, so far as the collar is concerned, if that collar is a VAN HEUSEN.

At the Theatre

Correctness in dinner clothes used to mean starchy discomfort, but now, with the advent of the VAN HEUSEN, men need no longer sacrifice comfort to smartness.

VAN ESTY
—one of the twelve current VAN HEUSEN styles—smoothly comfortable, as always, and particularly smart at this time of the year.

EN ROUTE WITH the VAN HEUSEN

Travel the length and breadth of this country, and everywhere you will see men looking smarter and more at ease because of the VAN HEUSEN. ¶Whether they are working or playing, lounging or on dress parade, men in these United States have discovered the comfort and the crispness inherent in this fine collar. ¶They have discovered the perfect *curve* which giant looms have woven into the VAN HEUSEN. ¶They have discovered the virtues of its permanent *fold*. ¶They have discovered that here is a collar seamless, bandless and sturdy; starchless, unlined, and correct. ¶They have discovered, in short, that the VAN HEUSEN is the world's smartest collar.

VAN HEUSEN

the World's Smartest COLLAR

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Exploded Wheat

With every food cell blasted

Puffed to bubbles, 8 times normal size

Puffed Wheat is whole wheat shaped as it grew, but puffed to airy globules, flimsy, flavory, thin.

Over 125 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel. Thus the food cells are all blasted, so digestion is made easy and complete.

This is Prof. Anderson's process. The object is to make whole grains wholly digestible—to fit all the 16 vital elements to feed.

Like toasted nut meats, puffed

Another object is to make whole grains enticing. Children need them. In this form they eat an abundance—morning, noon and night.

Puffed Grains are food confections. Children use them like nut meats—in candy making, as garnish on ice cream.

They crisp them and douse with melted butter for after-school delights.

In the morning they form the finest cereal dainties breakfast ever brings.

For supper or at bedtime, there is nothing so delightful as Puffed Wheat or Rice in milk.

If you want your children to eat more whole grains, here is the ideal form. These whole grains are tidbits, and they yield their entire nutriment.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice

(Continued from Page 54)

world's own fault—not Germany's. Dr. F. Schroeder, Secretary of State in the German Ministry of Finance, in a formal article on the German budget, speaks of "the obligation to unload paper marks upon the market in order to exchange them for foreign currencies" with which to pay reparations.

The obligation to do so! The assumption is that as Germany was obliged to pay what she could not pay, she was obliged to sell counterfeit marks. Yet while exporting these marks, which represented only the cost of color printing, she was bending her labor not to make goods for export but to upbuild Germany—to build all these new dynamic agencies for the creation of wealth which the amazed eyes of the French beheld rising in the Ruhr Valley. It was cheaper to export paper marks and make other people pay than to pay herself.

All this relates to cash payments. There have been payments also in kind, so-called, meaning deliveries of coal and coke and goods to the French direct. These payments at least, the Germans insist, were made out of their own resources. They say this after they have been compelled to admit that other people have paid the cash. But even as to payments in kind the case is debatable.

Besides paper marks, large amounts of German bonds have been exported; and bonds have gone the way of marks. Their value has become extinct. Moreover, for a while, or until it was seen that foreign investments in Germany were liable to be expropriated, there was a very large direct influx of outside capital. You could buy a high-class apartment house in Berlin for a few thousand American dollars; and it was irresistible until you began to get rents in paper marks of vanishing value and found you were forbidden by law to raise rents correspondingly. Then you wished you had left your money in dear American real estate. Likewise, for a few thousand American dollars you could buy up the shares of a German stock company; but you might have nearly all the shares and still not be able to touch the property, because the minority German shareholders by a legal system of plural voting could control it. They could do as they pleased with the profits. They could divert them from dividends to new construction. Amateur foreign capital in time grew weary of chasing this rainbow and desisted; but not until a very large aggregate of good English pounds, American dollars, Dutch guilders and other money had disappeared without trace in the sea of marks. How much of it will safely emerge remains to be seen.

Taking Refuge in Bankruptcy

The point here to be established is that by the sale abroad of worthless marks and of bonds that turned out to be payable, interest and principal, in worthless marks, and in other ways, Germany has been able to command money and credit in gold countries not only sufficient to pay all that has so far been paid in cash on account of reparations but to buy besides enormous quantities of goods from other countries, in excess of her exports—goods such as coal and ships from Great Britain, cotton, copper, breadstuffs, fats and meat from the United States, and ores from Sweden and Spain. The amount of goods bought from other countries more than the amount she has sold to other countries is probably much greater than the whole of her payments in kind to France. So it is arguable and apparently true that except for what may be called spot deliveries of animals, equipment, and so on, after the Armistice, according to the treaty, Germany out of her own resources has paid nothing on reparations. What has been paid has come out of other countries.

And having concealed the fact that Germany was not paying reparations, inflation concealed also the fact that she was increasingly able to pay. This it did by creating about her an illusion of ruin. The world was unable to distinguish between financial and physical ruin. It did not realize that one could be without the other. It accepted the German picture. This was a picture of 60,000,000 people moved by despair and extortion to the brink of Bolshevism. If the world continued to insist upon impossible reparations the worse folly would happen. The German people would go over the brink. The consequences of that be upon the world's head. Then chaos in Europe.

As to Bolshevism in Germany there is much to be said. If a conclusion is necessary, one is bound to say it is easier to imagine Germans paying reparations willingly than to imagine them embracing Russian Bolshevism. That in any case was not the disaster that threatened them. They threatened the world with the ruin of their own finance—that is to say, with German bankruptcy.

But if you are out to defraud your creditors, if you mean to conserve your assets and pay as little as possible, then bankruptcy is not a disaster. It is a refuge. The ruin of Germany's finance must be regarded in that light.

All this time her physical assets, her tool power, has been increasing. There is an illusion that a great deal of wealth has been destroyed, especially that of the middle class. But what has happened to this wealth is another thing. It has been confiscated. Its forms have changed; the titles to it have passed. Yet it is all there in some form, and generally the new forms are more dynamic than the old; as, for example, in the case of a bond issue that was paid off with paper marks. All the private idle fortunes represented by those bonds are gone; they have been annihilated, confiscated, by inflation. But in place of them are new physical assets.

If a country has meant to confiscate all its old and idle wealth in this ruthless manner for a national purpose, and never to restore it—and if it has meant to make other people pay its debts so long as they were stupid enough to buy its worthless money, and never to make that money good—then inflation pays, as fraudulent bankruptcy pays, always provided the bankrupt can get a settlement with his creditors in the end and begin a new career.

The Kaisers of Industry

That is what Germany meant to do. When she had got reparations scaled down to a sum she could comfortably carry she meant to stop inflation, introduce a new form of gold currency, mourn the old middle class and outtrade the world.

Here one is talking to a Machiavellian person who lives in a new palace, has secret power with the government, and is said to be the only man in Germany who will converse sanely about German finance.

"At the end of 1922 Germany was in pretty good shape."

"Yes," he says.

"She had found herself."

"Yes," he says.

"She had confiscated the great wealth of her middle class and converted it into a new industrial power. By inflation, that is, by selling paper marks all over the world, she had actually got that moratorium, or period of grace, that her creditors had refused to grant—three years of it. She had made good use of it. She was just ready to rise when the French came into the Ruhr."

"Yes," he says slowly.

"And that is what France saw. That is why she seized the Ruhr Valley, perhaps."

He sees the point and begins to shake his head. One must not be deceived by appearances. Germany's condition had improved. She was not prosperous—no. That was not what the French saw. The French were bound to seize the Ruhr. The motive was militaristic.

What more inflation has concealed primarily concerns the German people. They are walking in the dimness. They hardly realize the extent to which the power of the German state has been seized by a group of her industrial dynasts. Not since the time of the German emperors who used up their people in fighting their way to Rome and back for the Holy Roman crown has there been a rule in Germany so remorseless. Then it was military conquest for power and glory; now it is economic conquest for those same baubles. The Hohenzollerns are gone. The Stinnesses, the Thyssens, the Haniels, the Wolfs and the Krupps command instead. They fight among themselves like petty tyrants. Yet they agree essentially on what shall and shall not be, on what people shall and shall not do, on what people shall and shall not have. They can agree because they have a common program. It is the only program. It is definite. In pursuing it they have sacrificed whatever stood in their way. They have sacrificed the great old middle class, the city landlord, the Junker, the monarchist. Those nobles who had their wealth in agricultural land escaped. It was

(Continued on Page 58)

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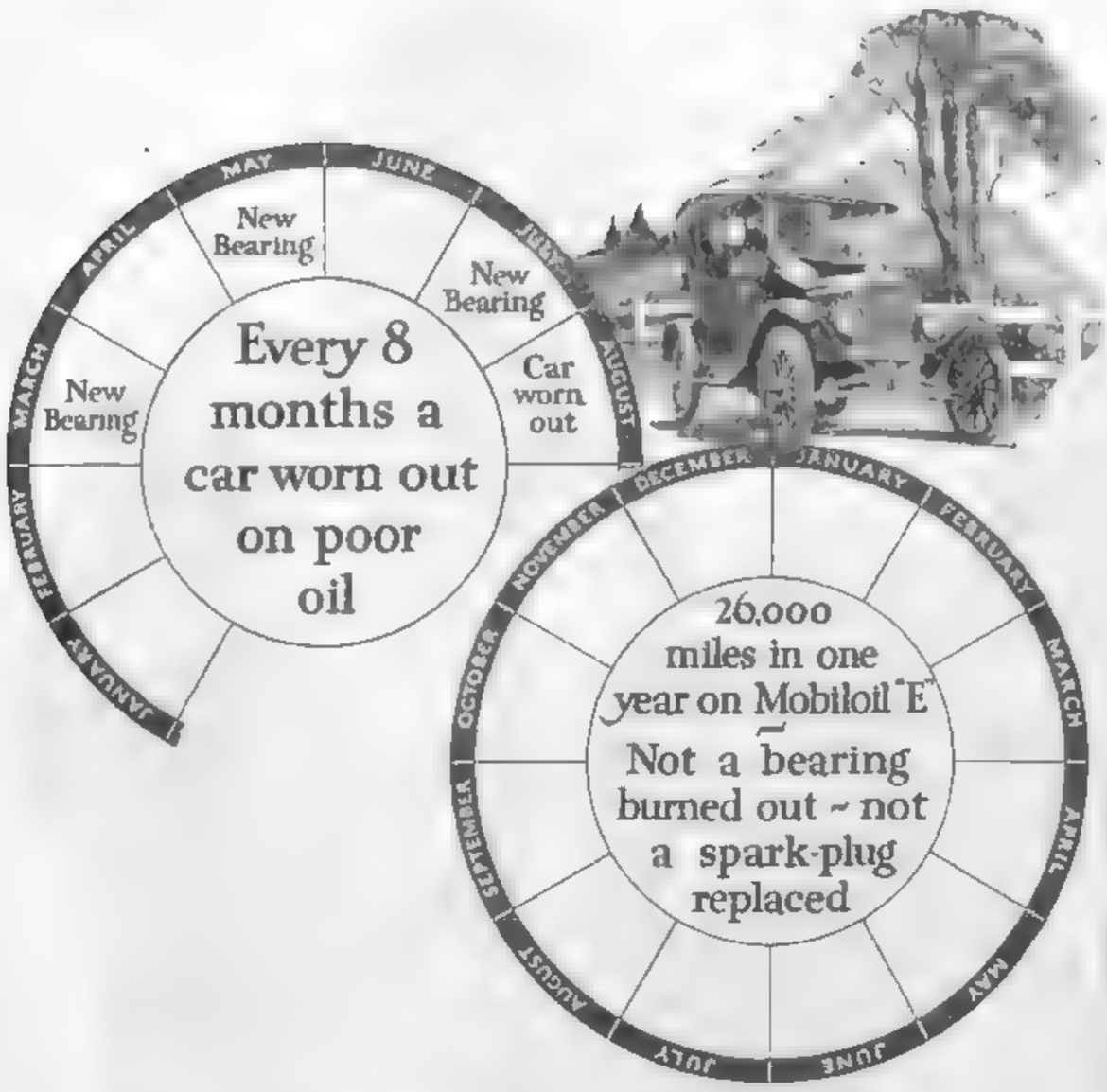

A Ford Story from Texas

What bad roads and low speed taught this hustling salesman

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VACUUM OIL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 56)

their luck. They have retired to their estates. You will find them there, with the old feudal relation of interdependence between lord and peasant naturally restored in an extraordinary manner, unhappy and disgruntled, yet living well, prospering in fact, because agriculture to the industrial dynast was as the complicated Ruhr machine is to the French. It may be cajoled and threatened; it cannot be coerced.

The industrialists and the socialists, combining in the Reichstag, lay requisitions upon a proportion of the grain produced on large estates, and they are always disappointed. They cannot make the grain appear. Even in wartime the farmer has had to be coaxed. It would take the whole army to make him do what he is disinclined to do. So the nobles on the land are all right. But those who had learned a way of living off the land, in high and ornamented partnership with business—they have fared according to circumstances. Only those who could act for themselves have survived. Those who trusted business to take care of them have fallen. Thus one will see monocles in all sorts of places—in the best hotels and wine restaurants where the pleasures of eating and drinking are very dear, and then in places where common people consort together. Many of them have gone to work. They have taken jobs. Others live precariously on the fragments of grandeur. Each noble for himself in this régime. The new industrial kings, like kings always, deriving their power from the people, had no compunctions about feeding nobility to demos.

What the industrial dynasts were deeply concerned about was labor. They could no more bring off their program without docile labor than the old emperors could reach the crown at Rome without the aid of willing soldiers. And here one encounters the ultimate German paradox. A country in which socialistic labor holds the form of supreme political power is tyrannically ruled by an industrial oligarchy. The form is empty.

The German explanation of this situation are mainly two. The socialist says: "You want to know why labor with all its power has not attempted to control business. It is true, as you say, that it has confined itself to questions of hours and wages. Business in its own concerns is free. Labor has not tried to regulate it by law. You ask why this is so. The answer is that labor was too intelligent to act in ignorance. It does not understand business. It may learn in time how to control it wisely. We shall see. For the present it knows enough to let business alone."

A Political Axiom Upset

The industrialist says: "The explanation is that we have been able to keep labor fully employed at living wages. That is what it wants first of all. When we are unable to hold it in that way—then, who knows?"

Both explanations touch the truth without making it clear. If in fact from a knowledge of its own ignorance, and for no other reason, labor has declined the temptation to control business, it would be perhaps the most notable instance of popular self-restraint in modern times. But there is always the fact that the German people are German. One recalls an interview with Herr Rathenau, the man, since murdered, who in 1916 was bending German industry to war and dreaming dreams of a free world at the same time. The subject matter became subtle. Wherein was it that the German people differed from others? What was the meaning of that experience known to every American and Englishman, of suddenly in the midst of a conversation losing contact with the German mind as if for a moment a foreign language had been introduced?

"I know what you mean. Look!" he said, pointing from the window to the crowded street. "Nine in ten of the people you see down there are grandchildren of men and women who knew not how to answer a blow but with a prayer. They have still that drop of serf blood in their souls. That is what you cannot understand."

There was a revolution in Germany. They speak of it. They show you the bullet marks. A new order of things for better or worse, the fact that you must call the waiter Herr Ober to make him look at you, a general respect for labor, a sense of freedom—all this is since the revolution. It was not much of a revolution. It could have been staged in the Yale Bowl. There is some doubt as to whether it was a revolution at all. Certainly, if it was it has upset the political axiom that the violence of a revolution will be in proportion to the degree of conservatism in the people—the more conservative they are the more violent their revolutions because it requires more frenzy to overcome traditional restraints.

Never did a great conservative people have an easier revolution. Probably the historian will treat it as a riot of despair. Hohenzollern was bankrupt. The Kaiser had fled. His people were left to themselves. They were bewildered. Socialistic labor was the largest cohesive force. It went through the motions of setting itself up in power. It wrote its own constitution, decreed an eight-hour day and the principle of a universal living wage, created a national economic council and built it a temple, instituted by law the factory council in which the worker sits with employer to represent with power the interests of labor—and elected a saddle maker president of the new Reichland.

Youth had its way. It demanded that the minimum wage should be a flat wage for all alike. That was unfair to age, skill and experience; but youth was radical and age surrendered. Thus the young, unskilled, unmarried worker got a scandalous advantage. That was labor's business. Then all together they put down the communist with a hard hand and changed the color of one stripe of the flag from white to yellow.

These were momentous matters, indeed. How deeply they have touched the essential German mind it is not yet safe to say.

German Peculiarities

At first were some ruthless acts, as when the young Bolos of labor seized plants they could not operate and locked up their employers to teach them courtesy and awe, behaving as youth does when intoxicated. These acts were all punished. At first also the efforts of labor to assert its rights of ego were awkward. The boss had to doff his hat and say "*Guten tag*" politely, as if he meant it; and then when he had done it the workers were embarrassed and knew not how to act. Now both sides remove headgear, bow and say pretty please; and the relationship is much better that way. And now, beyond attending to the hours and conditions of labor and the adjustment of wages, labor lets business alone. It leaves it to those who understand it, just as it leaves government to those who are supposed to understand government. Among the workers, among the people generally, there is a very imperfect sense of participation in government. Laws, as always before, descend. The function of people is to obey them.

The average German intelligence is technical and social, not political. This may be illustrated. If you ask an American about his politics he speaks for or against something forcibly. Instantly he senses a cause or a principle to be involved. But if you ask a German about his politics he says, "You might say that I am just right of the Center." His first reaction is not to identify himself with a cause, but to see his place in a geometric political pattern representing the way in which the several parties take their seats in the Reichstag, to the right or left of Center.

A legend—the German People—has been boldly carved in stone above the Reichstag portal; but the monarchist emblem is still at the top of the flagstaff, above the new republic's colors. The same emblem survives on the upholstery in the diplomats' gallery, and no republican can help passing the statue of the exiled Kaiser in the corridor.

On the occasion of the Rathenau funeral a harrowing question arose. The body would have to pass this statue. Was it seeming that the cold, stony glare of the last Hohenzollern should fall upon the corpse of this martyred republican? There was no thought of removing the statue. But it was proposed to veil it for the emergency. A woman member of the Reichstag left the solemn debate and called up Frau Rathenau, the mother, who said: "That dear old man! We knew him well. He was very gracious to us. By no means! Nonsense!" That settled it. The body passed the statue.

Through the Brandenburg Gate in the heart of Berlin are five passes—two for

(Continued on Page 61)

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(Continued from Page 58)

right traffic, two for left, and one in the middle that was for the Kaiser's carriage, going either way. It is now a curiosity to note how day after day under heavy traffic there is not a wheel track through the middle pass. It is never used. Why not? It is not *verboten* to use it. You cannot tell what they are thinking.

Well, in all this that was happening to no answerable end the industrial dynasts seized power in Germany. They seized and bound it to themselves. They knew the business of industry; they knew those who knew the business of government; and they had what no one else had—that was a program. Their problems of relationship with labor were not very serious. Labor at heart was docile. It would get sober and come around. Their difficulty was with a fundamental thing.

Labor said: "Why should we work to produce a surplus? The French will get it. Why shouldn't we live and play, as the English do?"

So it went in for play in the guise of sports, not because of a sudden work had ceased to be the German's true and most satisfying pastime but because it knew that anything produced above what the people needed for themselves would be handed away on account of reparations. Secretly all people felt the same way.

Rathenau said: "We must pay. Reparations lie in those two hours that have been cut from the working day. Put them back."

Labor was deaf. It did not care in the least. It would work for itself only, and take what it could. It would live first. Stinnes begged for the ten-hour day. Not otherwise could Germany pay. Labor was still deaf.

The difference between the eight and the ten hour working day was 20,000,000 hours a day. Add to what might have been produced in those 20,000,000 hours a day the labor of 700,000 men formerly in barracks under the military régime and the possibility of enormous reparation payments is apparent. But labor was unwilling. Moreover, it was in a way to become demoralized by collective slacking. The motive was sympathetically understood. Yet the consequences might be disastrous to Germany.

Now rises the idea that Germany shall work for herself. The bankers will attend to reparations. The government will print paper marks for reparations money and the bankers will sell them to foreigners. German labor shall be consecrated to Germany. It was the magic formula. Labor began to respond. The curve of its efficiency began to rise. Production increased.

Paying reparations with paper marks meant inflation to the *n*th point. Everyone with any economic understanding could see that. No matter. So much the better. People all the more would work for themselves selfishly. It meant the destruction of the middle class and of all the old fortunes. No matter. Again, so much the better.

The industrialists would divide this wealth among themselves, sharing only as much of it with labor as would be necessary to win labor's adherence.

Creating an Illusion of Ruin

What follows is without precedent in the economic history of the world. It is the spectacle of a great nation's industrial machine working at full blast, increasing its means to further production, roaring, booming—without any profit. There is nowhere any profit. In three years the number of share companies increases 50 per cent, because everybody who can is borrowing capital to engage in business, and bankruptcies are nil—yet there is no profit. There is no profit in coal, yet they open new mines; no profit in iron, yet they build new blast furnaces; no profit in manufacturing, yet they increase their machines; no profit in ships, yet they build ships faster than anybody else; no profit in banking, yet new bank buildings appear everywhere.

It is true that dividends are increased, and it is true that share prices rise; but the value of paper marks in which dividends are paid and shares are quoted falls always faster and faster; and it can be proved by arithmetic that at the end of 1922 the capital value of all the great industrial and banking companies whose shares are dealt in on the Bourse, calculating it in gold equivalent, was only about one-tenth of what it was before the war. Why? Because there is no profit. Let the Reparations Commission come and look. Industry is active; it is the activity of despair. Industry in fact is ruined.

But here again is only the illusion of ruin. There are profits. There are enormous profits. But they are made away with. Why should anybody be so stupid as to be caught with a profit on his books? The government in spite of itself is obliged to tax profits for reparations. Therefore the patriotic and desirable way with profits is to spend them. They are returned to industry, plowed under, sunk therein without statistical trace. They are spent for new buildings, new machines, new means to the production of new wealth; and all these new things are charged to expenses, like coal and labor. Hence no profits.

First, the industrial dynasts got control of the government. That was easy to do. They had a program. The government had not. They knew economics and finance; the government did not. So in a situation essentially economic they took possession of the government's mind. A saddle maker was president. Chancellors were changed until the dynasts got one of their own, Herr Cuno, of the Hamburg-American Line.

Next they put a Chinese wall around Germany. Nobody could import or export goods without a license, and the industrialists, of course, were the proper people to say to whom and for what a license should issue. They admitted food for the people and raw materials for themselves, and excluded nearly everything else. Result: No foreign manufactures in German shops. The country is bare of foreign merchandise. Everything you want is there in the shops. The appearance of many things is foreign. You can buy familiar brands of cameras, safety razors, pencils, dentifrice—all of German manufacture. Ford tried to get in and it was hopeless. A Ford car delivered would cost more than a very fine German car. Thus they reserved for themselves the whole internal demand for manufactures, and this demand as it turned out was enormous, owing first to the postwar deficits that had to be made good and then to the wild flight from the mark and to those buying panics that were a manifestation of the hoarding impulse transferred from money to things.

The Reconstructed Merchant Fleet

Exports they rigidly controlled under two theories: First, that exports as far as possible should represent the maximum of skilled labor applied to the minimum of raw material; and second, that the primary function of exports was not to pay reparations but to create private bank credits in foreign countries.

Then these dynasts rolled their things together and embarked upon the program that has produced the enigma of a Germany that is technically bankrupt and at the same time greater than ever before in dynamic industrial power.

In the vast dimness of unlimited inflation they created those amazing vertical integrations that begin with the coal and ore, control every process up to the finished product, own the ships in which that product is exported, and at last even the selling organization that disposes of the product in a foreign country. You see this clearly from a point of view at Hamburg. This is the premier German port. There are the ships—the Stinnes ships, loading the things that were made in Stinnes mills from Stinnes coal and Stinnes ore, consigned by Stinnes export managers on orders received by the Stinnes selling force abroad. Or you see the Hamburg-American ships in which other dynasts, integrated as Stinnes is, have proprietary shares. They produce their own raw materials, their own finished goods from those materials, export them from their own docks in their own ships, towed out of the harbor by their own tugs. They build their own ships. The dynasts make steel plates in the Ruhr and send them to Hamburg to be bolted together in the form of fabricated ships.

The key to the whole German motive lies in ships. Before the war the German mercantile marine was the second in the world. It was about 5,000,000 gross tons. After the Armistice it was nothing—only about 400,000 tons of old tubs. At the end of 1922 it was 2,250,000 tons, with 500,000 more under construction. This is to say, her whole prewar mercantile marine stood three-fifths restored, and there was a German ship again on every trade route where German ships had been before. Most of this postwar tonnage she built in her own yards with her own labor, but at the same

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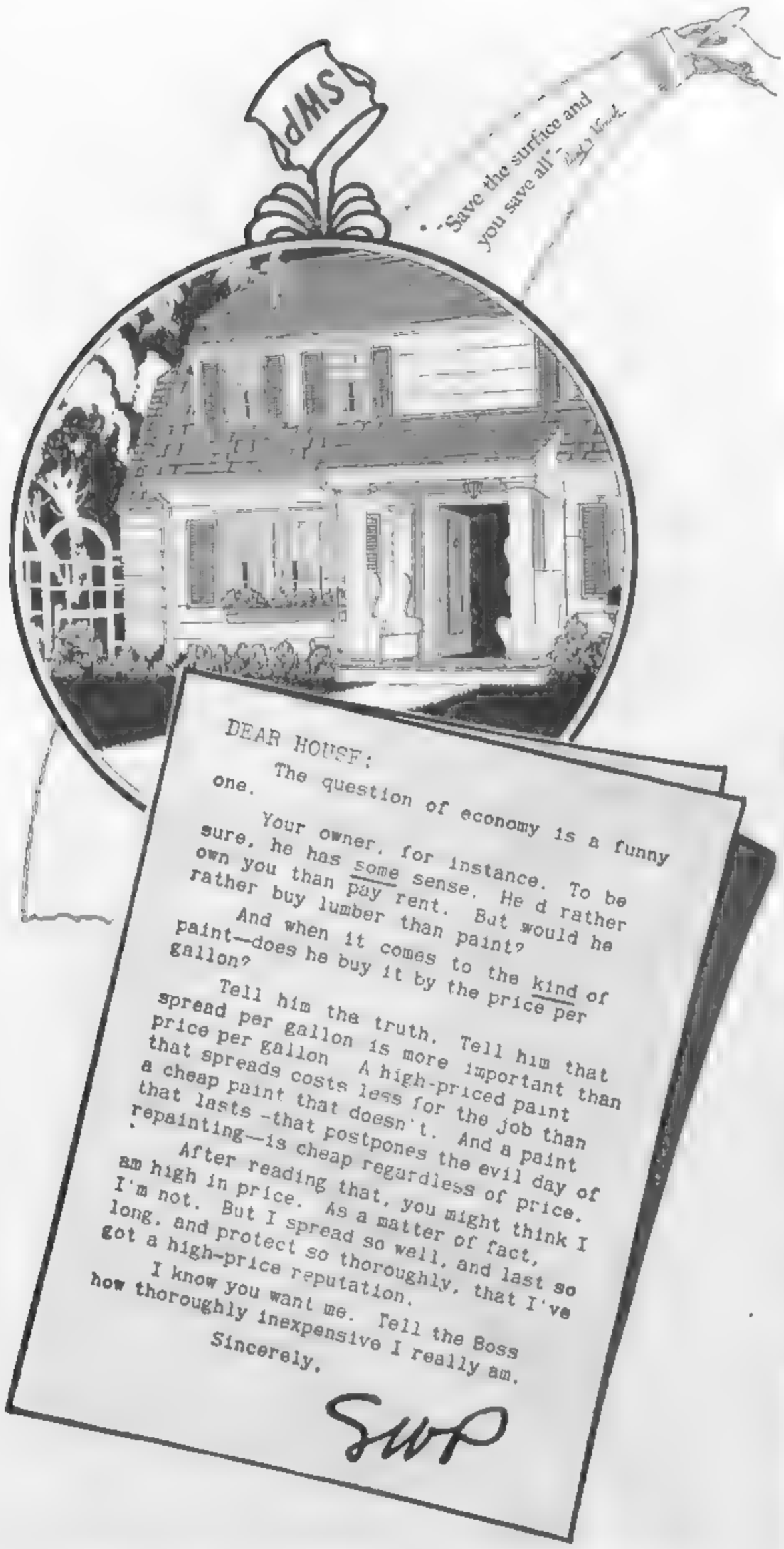
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time, though unable to pay reparations, she bought 150 ships back from the Allies for cash.

This performance is prodigious merely in its physical aspect. It has another aspect. While Germany is building nearly 2,000,000 tons of ships in three years—more than one nation at peace ever built in a like period before—while she is doing this, millions of tons of ships lie idle in all the ports of the world for want of cargoes, because as a result of the artificial stimulation of shipbuilding during the war there is nearly twice as much tonnage as is needed to carry the world's postwar trade.

A ship, as such, is the most unsalable, unprofitable thing you can imagine. Thus there was no economic necessity for Germany to build ships at all. There was only the political necessity. It was done as a matter of policy. The German Government made large grants of credit to the dynasts for shipbuilding. The money was placed in the hands of a committee to be spent as the dynasts liked.

Back of the ships, all the way back to the Ruhr, the dynasts at the same time were building new docks, new harbors, new terminals, new railroad yards, new canals, new locks, new mills, new machinery, new mines, new villages for their workers and new administration offices for themselves. They were building these things partly with grants of credit from the government to reimburse them for plants lost or sold in ceded territories, and very largely out of their profits. The government meanwhile was restoring the railroads with new rails, new rock ballast and new freight equipment. For purposes of building, the dynasts went into brick making. Thyssen, in places where bricks had not been made before, made nearly 40,000,000 in 1922, in two of his Ruhr plants. They all did it.

Building became a kind of mania. Manufacturers outside of the big dynastic integrations raised new walls and added new equipment, and for the same two reasons—first to conceal their profits and then to hoard them in the form of physical assets. Profits hoarded in the form of money would be destroyed by inflation.

The municipalities built for a social reason. They wished to keep labor employed. They built new town halls and new public utilities. In Cologne, under the eyes of the Interallied Commission, a great exposition hall is building. It covers forty or fifty acres. Cologne, out of public funds, is developing also a greater harbor scheme.

The Building Mania Explained

There has been extraordinary development of electric light and power projects. G. Lubsen, a member of the famous Westphalian Coal Syndicate, arguing for a lesser allocation of German coal to France, said last September: "Germany's coal requirements are not the same as in 1913; but have risen considerably. . . . For instance, Germany had to erect at Oppau, Merseburg, and elsewhere, new works for the manufacture of artificial saltpeter to supply artificial fertilizers for agricultural purposes to take the place of saltpeter previously imported from Chile. The large quantity of coke required by these nitrate works alone represents a considerable increase in the German coal requirements as compared with 1913. The shortage of petroleum compelled Germany to extend her electrical undertakings and considerably to increase the current network; countless small towns and villages formerly obliged to depend on petroleum for lighting purposes are today connected with electrical works. That again has increased coal consumption." Moreover, he added, the reproduction in Germany of the private iron and steel plants sold or lost in ceded territory, notably in Alsace-Lorraine, had very greatly increased the German need for coal.

Private building followed that of the dynasts, the municipalities and the state. Old landlords in the cities had been exploited to ruin by socialistic rent laws. And this, as you will see, was an indirect subsidy by the state to the industrialists, because wages were lower in proportion, as rent was a nominal item in the worker's budget. But new building was exempt from these laws. Though the exploited landlords could hardly afford to keep old houses in repair, new building was cheap and free and represented one of the most popular forms of hoarding among the new rich. Everybody who could began to build. The profiteers and traders built fine houses. Next to the profiteers of the cities, farmers could best of all among private persons afford to build. They were getting rid of their mortgages in paper marks and selling their produce in dollar prices. From the train window one sees the result—new houses everywhere, sometimes clusters of them, now and then a whole new village glistening in the sun.

You have to see what is new in Germany to be sure of it. You have to see it in three dimensions. You have to count between Essen and Dusseldorf in the course of half an hour's motor ride more than 100 carts moving sand, bricks, lumber, steel shapes and other building materials. Statistics will not reveal it. The statistics of production, building, trade, exports and imports, are utterly hopeless. They are kept in marks. The value of the mark is now 1000 to the dollar, now 10,000, now 20,000, 30,000 or 50,000 to the dollar, and nobody knows how many marks there are or will be. Add to this grotesque confusion of money equivalents the universal motive of concealment, and you can imagine what German statistics are worth. They continue to keep them solemnly, just as they continue to count pfennigs, though a pfennig has the value of a grain of dust. Statistical evidence is blind. Only physical evidence is valid. That is why you have to see the new building.

The German's Mad Spot

And all that is how the industrial dynasts in their ruthless way achieved two things. First, they did very greatly increase Germany's power of production. They stripped and armed her for economic conquest. Secondly, by exports scientifically managed with this end in view, they accumulated enormous private bank balances in foreign countries, beyond the reach of reparations. The proceeds of their exports so far as possible they left abroad, in the countries where the goods were sold, using paper marks to go on with in Germany.

The extent of these private German bank credits in other countries is only to be guessed at. No figure is sound. They are said to be fabulous. One small German shipping firm was discovered to have £200,000 to its credit in England. A group of industrialists needing English coal disclosed a cash balance of £280,000 in London banks. There is no great bank in the world outside France that is not carrying large balances to the credit of German persons and firms. In any case, you have the opinion of the Germans themselves that the aggregate of this liquid wealth in foreign countries is enough to have enabled the German dynasts to finance a reparations settlement of 50,000,000,000 gold marks in one hour!

This was provided they had been willing to bring their fortunes back and pledge them. They probably were at any time willing to do so if reparations could be fixed at a low sum. Everything turned upon that. All the great industrial preparation in the dimness of inflation was against a time when Germany, with reparations scaled down to 50,000,000,000 gold marks or less, with the national debt wiped out, with the idle-rich class abolished, and with a mechanical power greater than ever before—when Germany in that condition could come forth from behind her paper mask and set out boldly to win the peace.

That time they thought had come. They were ready. They defaulted under the treaty, meaning thereby to force its revision according to their propaganda, which was echoing all over the world, deceiving everybody a little and Germans most of all. But instead of getting a revision of the treaty they got the French in the Ruhr Valley. The dynasts' program had collided with an unexpected political fact.

In their own sphere of production and exchange they were sure and titanic. In the sphere of politics they were as men who look far and see not.

It is the fatality of Germans to wreck their plans on imponderable political facts. They cannot understand them. It is easily explained. A German assumes that existence is a logical business. It isn't. There is always a place at which it isn't. When an Anglo-Saxon, a Latin or an Asiatic comes to that place he goes around. When a German comes to that place he goes straight ahead. There is his mad spot.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr Garrett. The third will appear in an early issue.

"What Part Does Income Play In Selecting an Automobile?

[An extract from one of the most important chapters of the book offered in this advertisement]

"Mr. Theo. H. Price, editor of 'Commerce and Finance' and a recognized authority on finance and economics, has written:

"'The truth is that a sufficiently ardent desire to possess anything inspires us to work hard enough to get it, and now that the automobile has become an essential to so many they are not going to do without it.'

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"But that ardent desire must be tempered with judgment. Especially is this so in the selection of an automobile, where it is so essential that the investment must be fashioned to the family budget if the full pleasure of car ownership is to be enjoyed."

The book we are offering here, "The Business of Buying a Car," is written to help prospective car owners who would like to temper their car desires with more expert judgment.

It is devoted to facts only and authoritative opinions which bear upon the automobile as an important investment for the average man, cost and upkeep facts, opinions and conclusions from the best recognized authorities and students of the subject.

It has been called a remarkable book in its value and helpfulness to the man about to buy a car.

It is not only comprehensive and definite but impartial; for we who have compiled it are not car manufacturers nor are we interested in any one make of automobile.

"The Business of Buying a Car," though too valuable a book for indiscriminate distribution, is intended for you if you actually are considering the purchase of a car. A copy will be sent you on request. In asking for it, please be sure to include your complete name and address.

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in "Review of Reviews"
MR. CLYDE JENNINGS
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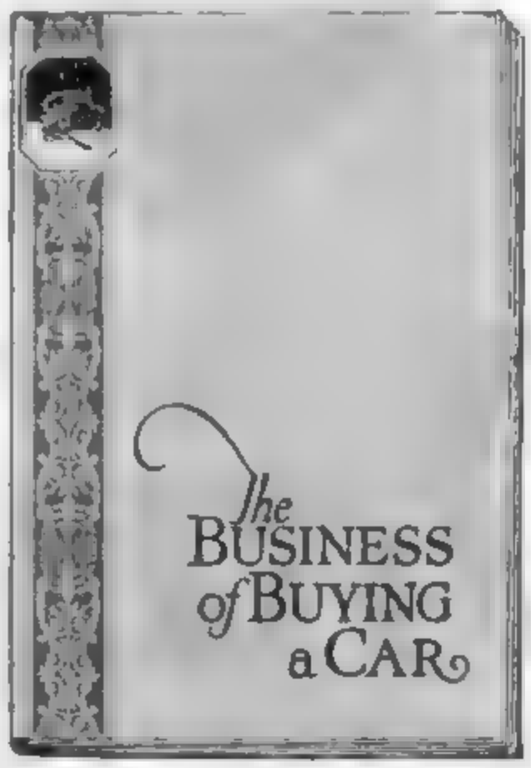
[A copy of this book will be sent to any responsible person upon request]



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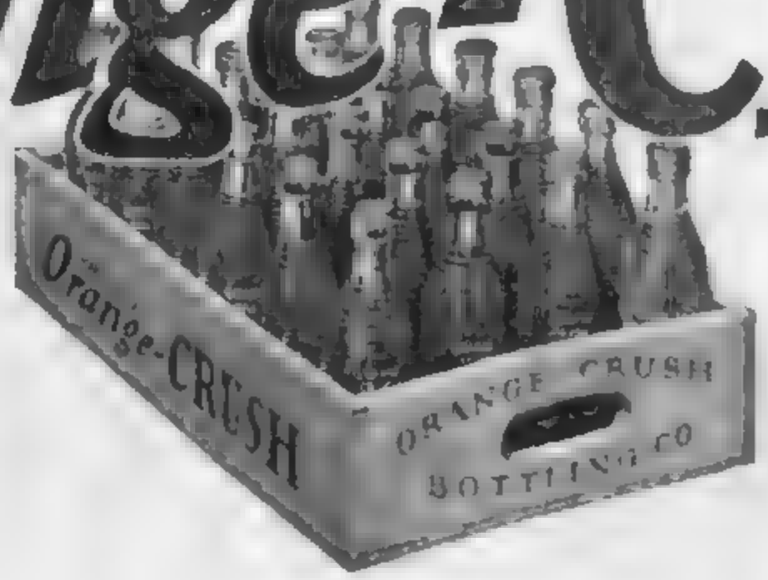

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(2)

THE CAT'S-PAW

(Continued from Page 13)

can grab that whole hundred acres off Durie as easy as not?"

"No harm findin' out, Sim. He might."

"Not him! Not Pardo! He's a sight too slick to' quit now he's won his case. Smartest trick I ever heard tell of."

"Used to tell me he was right foolish, Sim."

"An' you claimed he was smart. Now you talk like he was plumb simple, sheriff!"

"Looks thataway, don't it, Sim? Maybe the both of us is right. Takes a right smart man to be smart all the time, an' I've seed fools 't was smart some ways."

He busied himself at his desk and Cole swung his leg impatiently. Cal Durie came in, his face contracted again to the look it had worn when he met Fess Bothwell.

"Just like I told you, Mackenzie. He aims to hog it. Lets on he give Lin Kennett every cent he claims. I come back for my gun."

"I'm right sorry, Cal," Mackenzie fumbled with the keyring. "Ain't aimin' to use this on him, Cal?"

"Pardo?" Durie laughed harshly. "You reckon I'd need a gun for him?" He pocketed the weapon. "I'm savin' it for when somebody goes to run me off'n my land, Mackenzie."

He went out. From the window Cole watched him untie his horse from the pipe rail and ride away through the dust. A vaguely unpleasant thought suggested that dispossessing him of that young orchard might be more than a formality for a sheriff's deputy. He was meditating on the prospect when Mackenzie spoke.

"If you ain't got nothing else to do right now, Sim, you might step over an' tell Pardo I'd admire to see him a minute."

Cole moved to the door.

"And if you c'n find Fess Bothwell you might tell him to stay in town a spell—ask him to take dinner with me up to the hotel."

Cole paused. "Fess Bothwell! You aimin' to swear him in for a dep'ty? Reckon he'd be right glad to he'p run Cal Durie off his land."

Mackenzie looked up gravely. "You figger he would, Sim?"

"Why wouldn't he? Didn't Cal mighty near kill him this mornin', jes' for spite? Ain't they always hated each other like a cat an' dog? I bet you Fess'd pay money for a chance to git square with Durie!" He chuckled. "He c'n have my share free. I ain't hankerin' to go up yonder after Cal—not the way he looked when he went out."

Mackenzie nodded slowly. "Sounds like Fess might take the job off'n our hands, f'r a fact, Sim. Kind of hate to resk gettin' you all shot up—make a right handy dep'ty the way you are. An' I'm gettin' so old it looks like it'd be wastin' powder to take an' kill me. Ever hear the story about the monkey 't took the cat's-paw to get the chestnuts out'n the fire, Sim?"

Cole laughed. "Reckon ev'body's heard that one, sheriff. I'll go ketch the cat right now."

He went out vaguely troubled in spite of his relief. It wasn't like Mackenzie to shy at a risky job; maybe the old man was beginning, at last, to lose his nerve. He shook his head as understanding came to him. It wasn't fear. Mackenzie liked Durie; they both had come down from the hills; it was natural that the sheriff should dislike the task of selling Durie's lands, should look about for somebody to spare him that duty. Cole chuckled. Fess Bothwell would be a willing cat's-paw, sure enough.

III

PARDO, fatter and softer than ever, seemed to overflow the chair while the sheriff talked. Sim Cole, from his place at the window, resented Mackenzie's manner. After all, it was a pretty low-down trick; he conceived a new dislike toward the pulpy man who smiled fatly under Mackenzie's compliments, a mounting irritation toward the sheriff himself for treating him as if he had done something to be proud of.

"Reckon they ain't another man in the county that's smart enough to figger it out like you did, Mr. Pardo. Ev'body supposed 't Lin Kennett wasn't worth a cent. Never struck us 't he had a right to that land his daddy left. Reckon Lin never knowed it himself."

Pardo spread his hands. "Me neither, Mackenzie. I loaned him money because I thought he was good pay. I am lucky it comes out now that he owns that farm."

The man's grin belied the words. Mackenzie nodded.

"Of course you got to say that, Mr. Pardo. But it was right smart all the same. Even if Lin had knowed he had a claim on that land he'd have sold it to Cal Durie for next to nothin'—it was right clever to loan the money, 'stead of tryin' to buy it. Reckon you got it cheaper thataway. Lin lets on you got them notes off him kind of cheap."

Again Pardo disclaimed the praise.

"Kennett—what does he know? He don't keep no books to show what he borrows, Mackenzie. Me, I got my books and the notes besides."

"Mighty smart," Mackenzie went on as if he had not heard. "Nobody else figgers, right now, 't they's any value in that land. Reckon you must've seen peaches growin' somewheres else. Cost you three–four hundred dollars, maybe, to get a piece of orchard 't's bound to be worth a good many thousands in a couple of years."

"Who says it?" Pardo wagged his head. "All I know is I sell Kennett's prop'ty to satisfy my judgment. If it gives me what I advance I am lucky, Mackenzie."

"Not lucky—smart." Mackenzie nodded. "It ain't lucky when a man looks ahead like that. And that's why I aimed to talk to you—because I figger you're smart—too smart to think you c'n put Cal Durie off'n that land without somebody gettin' hurt—bad."

Pardo would have spoken, but Mackenzie stopped him with a mild gesture and went on:

"You got the law on your side, Mr. Pardo, but they's somethin' on Cal's side too. He paid for the land; he's done put in some mighty hard work gettin' it clean an' planted. It don't look fair, the way Cal sees it, 't you should take it off'n him to settle Lin Kennett's debts."

"He should settle it with Kennett then." Pardo shrugged. "Me, I got nothing to do with Durie. If he gets a bum title that is his funeral."

"It's apt to be more'n one funeral, Mr. Pardo. All Cal knows is he paid for the land an' improved it. If he gets put off, somebody's bound to get hurt."

"You are afraid you get shot, maybe, when you seize the land, Mackenzie?" Pardo grinned. "Don't you get paid for it? A sheriff could shoot, too, I guess."

"Cal ain't goin' to waste no powder on me, Mr. Pardo. He's got sense. He knows it ain't me 't's takin' his land. He'll come gunnin' for you."

Cole could see Pardo's fat shoulders draw together.

"A fine sheriff! A man would kill me because I collect a debt, and he tells me ——"

"I'm tellin' you what'll happen, Mr. Pardo. Hewitt County's right law-abidin' these times. If Cal Durie kills you I reckon the county'll hang him for it. But I figgered 't maybe you'd rather he didn't get hung—not on that account anyhow."

"I would get him put under bond in the courts."

"Reckon a bond ain't goin' to stop Cal Durie. If you're as smart as I figger you are, Mr. Pardo, you'll see it won't, an' take what you can get 'stead of what the law allows you. You've resked around four hundred, say. Cal'll pay you."

"I would be shot first!" Pardo straightened. "Two thousand seven hundred and sixty I lend Lin Kennett."

"Shucks! I was hopin' you'd look at it sensible." Mackenzie shook his head gently. "I'm right sorry you don't, Mr. Pardo."

"Maybe I get shot, but I get what is coming anyhow. I tell Durie himself when he is in my office."

The sheriff pushed back his chair and crossed his legs deliberately. "I don't know where you was raised, Mr. Pardo, but maybe you know the story they used to tell back yonder in the hills, about the monkey that used the cat to get the chestnuts out'n the fire." Pardo made an impatient gesture. "Always figgered that was a right smart monkey, Mr. Pardo."

Something in the level old voice seemed to carry a suggestion to the man in the chair. Sim Cole stiffened to attention and leaned forward.

"So long as you're bound to get them chestnuts, Mr. Pardo, ain't it a good notion

Do you ever wait for the postman?

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to look around and see if they's a cat handy—a cat 't ain't afraid o' gettin' its paws burnt—maybe a cat 't would be glad of the chance?"

Pardo grinned. "Bothwell! He would."

"Reckon you seen that fight, this mornin'." The sheriff grinned slowly. "Figgered you was a smart man, Mr. Pardo."

Pardo pulled himself erect and held out his hand. Mackenzie, looking out of the window, did not see the fat upturned palm.

"Reckon Fess Bothwell's around town yet," he said. "Had dinner up to the hotel. You might find him up there, Pardo. An' the way he was lookin', it wouldn't surprise me a mite if he'd admire to listen to you for a spell."

"Sheriff, I take off my hat. Maybe it works so we don't neither of us get shot!"

Pardo waddled out, chuckling. Cole lowered his chair with a thud.

"Sheriff, I don't like this here."

Mackenzie's face relaxed into a net of fine mirthful lines. "Kind of hoped you wouldn't, Sim. It ain't pretty, that cat's-paw notion." He paused. "Mind the first time I heard it, Sim. Started me hankerin' to get me a monkey an' leave him try it on our old cat. Always wondered some whether it come out like it said in the book."

He went out without waiting for the rest of Cole's protest. The deputy, standing beside the window, saw Pardo and Fess Bothwell cross the road from the hotel porch and vanish in the doorway that led up to the money lender's office.

IV

SIM COLE'S own uneasiness helped him to understand the little stir among the men who sat against the wall as the sound of approaching steps came from the stairway.

Watching the door alertly he was still aware that Pardo rose from his chair and moved behind Mackenzie's desk, that Lin Kennett fiddled with the brim of his hat and grinned foolishly, that Fess Bothwell lowered the forefect of his chair to the floor and moistened his lips, as if he foretasted something pleasant. Only old Dan Mackenzie seemed unconscious of tension; he looked up from his desk work with the mildly amiable smile that was his inevitable welcome.

Cal Durie stood in the doorway, his face sullenly questioning. Cole fancied that the lines about his mouth deepened as he saw Fess Bothwell, but neither man spoke. It was Mackenzie who broke the silence:

"Come right in, Cal. Reckoned we-all could fix up this here case if we got together."

Durie came slowly into the room without speaking, his glance flicking from Bothwell to Pardo and again to Bothwell. Mackenzie nodded toward a chair, but Durie paid no heed, standing before the desk, his attention on these two.

"Cal, Mr. Pardo tells me he's clean out'n the whole business. Says he taken an' sold that there judgment outright. Wanted you should know it so you wouldn't make no mistake."

"That's right, Durie. I ain't got no interest in it at all." Pardo spread his hands eagerly. "I sold the whole thing, like the sheriff says."

"Who to?" Durie's brows drew together. "Reckoned you'd hire somebody to do your stealin' for you, Pardo—you can't fool me thataway. I give you fair notice the other day."

"It's honestly like I told you, Durie." Pardo's face went yellow and he backed against the wall, his hands spread, his head tilted far to one side. "Look—here is the paper. The judgment is assigned."

"That's right, Cal. Here's the assignment, all in good order, an' Pardo's takin' us all to witness that he's satisfied."

He handed a document to Durie, who glanced at it, stiffened and lowered it slowly.

"You bought it, Fess? It's yourn now?"

Bothwell nodded. "You hear him tellin' you, I reckon. An' you got the paper right in your hand."

There was a moment of tight silence while they eyed each other. Instinctively Sim Cole leaned out of the line. But Durie took the blow quietly. He seemed not to realize that he was at the mercy of a man who hated him, a man who couldn't be frightened. He laid the paper on the sheriff's desk.

"Well, Fess?"

He spoke gently. Something in the voice reminded Cole of the way Mackenzie talked sometimes. He remembered that the sheriff, like these two, had come down from the hills. Bothwell stood up deliberately.

"Lemme see that there paper, sheriff."

He took it carelessly, glanced at it and turned to Lin Kennett.

"Lin, this looks like you owed me a powerful heap o' money. You reckon you can pay it?"

Kennett grinned. "Ain't got only a dollar, Fess."

"Gimme it." He took the crumpled bill solemnly and pocketed it. "Reckon that's the most anybody'd git off'n you, Lin. Sheriff, where at do I receipt this here paper?"

Mackenzie produced a printed form, already filled out.

"You sign this, Fess. That makes it legal—satisfaction o' judgment."

"But—but," Pardo exploded suddenly, "a dollar, instead of——"

Bothwell surveyed him with narrowed eyes. "Ain't you jest been tellin' these here gentlemen 't it was my claim, Pardo? Reckon if I want to take a dollar for it I kin. Ain't that right, sheriff?"

"Looks right to me, Fess. Mr. Pardo here claims it's yourn. If it is you c'n settle for what you're a-mind to."

He turned to Pardo, and some quality of his placid steady gaze seemed to give the money lender pause on the edge of a fresh outcry.

Bothwell signed the form, his tongue toiling in sympathy with his fingers.

"Reckon I done a good job collectin', Lin. Don't owe me a cent, now—nor nobody else."

Kennett grinned. "Never figgered to get out o' debt so quick, Fess."

Mackenzie beckoned to him. "Lin, what you aimin' to do about that there land 't Cal bought off your stepmother while you was down in Georgia? Seems like she didn't have no right to sell it, an' Cal ain't got a title without you deed it over to him yourself."

"Don't you do it, Kennett!" Pardo found his tongue again. "It's worth money, and you can get it, legal."

Kennett's foolish grin seemed to stiffen. He surveyed Pardo curiously.

"Cal paid for it, and my stepmother got the money. You reckon I aim to make a thief out'n her, Pardo?" He paused as if for an answer, and went on as Pardo's hands moved helplessly. "Figgered it was a joke gettin' that money you kep' offerin' me, Pardo. Got maybe three hundred, all told. You'll get it. Reckon I ain't apt to sleep easy, owin' you money." He turned to Mackenzie. "Fix up a deed, sheriff. I'll sign."

"Got it fixed." Mackenzie produced the printed form briskly. "Figgered we might need it, Lin. You sign here. I c'n take your acknowledgment."

He filled out the final blanks after Kennett signed. Bothwell took the deed from him and held it toward Cal Durie.

"There's your land, Durie."

Durie took the deed mechanically, his eyes still on Bothwell's. He said nothing, but his head jerked backwards, in the direction of the door. Bothwell nodded, and they went out together. Pardo, as if released from a spell, flung up his hands and followed, talking to himself in an alien tongue. Lin Kennett tilted back his hat and swaggered after him, grinning. Cole drew a long breath.

"Sheriff, you reckon Pardo's beat? Reckon he can't collect off'n nobody?"

Mackenzie scratched his chin. "Sounded to me like he was lyin' a mite, when he claimed he sold that judgment to Fess. Reckon he got Fess to sign a paper first. Prob'ly some kind of agreement 't Fess'd pay him most of whatever he could collect. Maybe not. Pardo got the notion 't Fess is a plumb fool for honesty, time that note got blowed away. Might 've trusted him."

Cole chuckled. "Lucky for Durie 't Fess Bothwell got over hatin' him, anyhow. Them two won't go fightin' again for a spell, that's sure."

Mackenzie regarded him evenly. "Think so, Sim? Sounds to me like they was some kind of a fight out yonder right now. Go see who it is."

Cole reached the window in time to see Fess Bothwell knock Cal Durie neatly over the pipe railing. On the walk, his head tilted to one side, his face blank with bewildered grief, Pardo surveyed the combat. At Cole's side Mackenzie chuckled softly.

"Always had a notion 't the monkey in that there story had a heap to learn about cats. Reckon it never come out like it said in the book—not if it was a hill cat, Sim."

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THE FALL

(Continued from Page 25)

"This is a pair of new Theiss field glasses." Jules flushed. What the devil business was it of the Jew when or where his brother died? Why didn't he hurry up and give him the money? Monsieur Mossel seemed to be meditating.

He muttered to himself, "Curious—a new pair of Theiss field glasses without a case." Looking at Jules once more, he said in a melancholy voice, "How much do you want for them?"

"Four hundred francs, monsieur."

The old Jew turned to his assistant with an expression clearly conveying the fact that he had long since given up being surprised at the insolent and extortionate demands made to him in his profession. He turned the glasses over and over and examined them more thoroughly.

At last he said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you twenty-seven francs for them."

It was Jules' turn to express clearly that he had given up being surprised at the preposterous offers one was to expect from these money lenders.

He answered without hesitation, "One hundred."

"Twenty-eight."

What was the use? He felt a wild desire to be rid of the whole transaction. The atmosphere of this poky, furtive office frightened him.

He mumbled, "Oh, well ——"

"Leave the glasses here and come in later, at half past five, and you shall have the money. You must sign a written declaration."

Why? He didn't like this aspect of it at all. But something told him to clear out of that place at the earliest possible moment. A few minutes later he was thankful for this subconscious warning. He had just crossed the street when he saw an elderly, distinguished-looking man turn the corner and saunter casually into Monsieur Mossel's shop. It was the last person in Bordeaux he was desirous of meeting—Inspector Tolozan, chief of the *gendarmerie* of Bordeaux.

He never went back for his twenty-eight francs. On the other hand, he could not bring himself to tell the true story to Uncle Sem and La Tonnerre. He said he had sold the glasses for ninety francs and he shared the spoil with them loyally. Uncle Sem declared that he was only able to raise two hundred and forty francs on the watch and the cigarette case. This also was divided.

Jules slept in an attic in the same house in the Place Duquesne where his two companions resided. He continued to lead a life of indolence and luxury.

At the end of a few weeks, however, he began to realize that there was something queer happening to him. His health was not all that could be desired. The fact was that the sudden spasm of luxurious living after the two years of semistarvation was seriously affecting his digestion. He suffered from attacks of vertigo. Lying in his attic at night, he would have an abrupt vision of the courtyard below. Some power seemed to compel him to get out of bed and go to the window and look down. He would stand there clutching the window frame, his face bathed in cold sweat. The terror was unendurable. After two or three of these experiences he gave up the attic. He managed to secure a dingy room in the basement of the house next door.

So far as the prosecution of his criminal practices was concerned, he was entirely inactive. He had lost his nerve. He made up elaborate stories to Uncle Sem and La Tonnerre of exploits about purse snatching and confidence tricks. He even handed them the money as a share of the spoils; anything to buy peace. His small fortune would not last long at this rate.

Once he dreamed he was on top of a lighthouse out at sea. A high wind was blowing and he was clutching his few remaining notes and trying to hang onto the smooth stone surface. A sudden fiercer gust came and carried the notes away. He looked over the edge and saw the notes fluttering on the surface of an angry sea a hundred feet below him. Again he tried to scream

It was Uncle Sem's discovery, the fat Dutch shipmaster who went nightly to a little café in the Rue Nuyens and got drunk. He appeared to have money. It was believed that he had on his person the cash to pay off a ship's company that was expected from Rio.

"Here is a neat little game we might play together," said Uncle Sem.

Jules shivered, but he knew there was no escape. They couldn't understand, these two; they couldn't understand this fear of—falling. On a certain night he found himself entering the Café des Etoiles.

Uncle Sem was whispering, "This is the table."

They sat down and ordered two anisettes. Uncle Sem was very garrulous. After a little while the fat Dutchman entered. He glowered at them, but took his usual corner seat and ordered schnapps. Uncle Sem bowed to him very politely and continued to talk to Jules. After a few more glasses of schnapps it was not difficult to engage the Dutchman in conversation, in spite of his villainous French. They discussed all kinds of subjects, and Uncle Sem was most entertaining and hospitable, ordering innumerable rounds of drinks. It was getting late when La Tonnerre entered the café. He was very smartly dressed.

He looked round the room, then approaching Uncle Sem he said diffidently, "May I occupy this seat, monsieur?"

"But certainly," replied Uncle Sem.

In a few minutes La Tonnerre was drawn into the conversation, and somehow or other it got round to the Dutch East Indies. La Tonnerre said that he had often touched at Sumatra when a seafaring man. Curiously enough, Uncle Sem, according to his own account, had once been manager of a tea plantation at Tebingtinggi. Helped by a nudge, Jules said he knew all the islands intimately. This might have been all very well except for the fact that Uncle Sem referred to Tebingtinggi as being on the northeast coast of Sumatra.

"Tebingtinggi!" exclaimed the Dutchman. "Why, it is in the interior, one hundred and thirty miles west of Palembang!"

It is invariably about insignificant trifles that men lose their tempers. The argument became heated.

"Considering I lived there for two years!" cried the Dutchman, banging his fist down on the table.

Uncle Sem was equally emphatic, and so was La Tonnerre, who insisted that Tebingtinggi was in the north. The argument became more and more acrimonious. At last Uncle Sem said: "I tell you what, gentlemen. I'm willing to bet. I suggest we put up a hundred francs each. We all put the notes right down here on the table. Then we each in turn draw a plan of the island, indicating the position of Tebingtinggi. That being done, we borrow an atlas from the *patron*—I know he has one—and we compare. The one who has drawn the most accurate plan gets the lot."

"Done!" roared the Dutchman. "On one condition!"

"What's that?"

"That we make it two hundred francs."

"I agree," said Uncle Sem.

"Agreed," said La Tonnerre.

"Yes, I agree also," said Jules faintly.

The Dutchman produced a fat pocketbook. He took out two hundred francs and put the notes down on the table. The others followed suit. They drew lots for the order of performance. La Tonnerre drew the first plan. He picked up a menu card and carefully drew a plan of the island on the back, indicating the position of the disputed town. The Dutchman, who had drawn second place, snorted with contempt and was in a fever to get to work. Directly La Tonnerre had finished, he snatched up the pencil and pored over the back of another menu card. Very laboriously, with the tip of his fat tongue pouting between his lips, he made a careful and exact plan of the island.

When he was halfway through, La Tonnerre rose and said, "I'll get the atlas in the meantime."

He got up and walked out.

The Dutchman had nearly finished his drawing when Uncle Sem exclaimed, "My God!"

"What's the matter?" growled the Dutchman.

"The notes! The notes! That fellow has taken the notes!"

The Dutchman's eyes bulged. He glared round the table, gasped, put his hands in his breast pocket.

"God in heaven!" he wailed. "My pocketbook! My pocketbook! Which way did he go?"

"He's taken my pocketbook too!" said Uncle Sem. "Curse him! The thief! The dirty thief! I believe he went out this way."

And he jumped up and dashed to the door. The Dutchman dashed after him. Jules was left alone. The thing had happened so quickly that the other occupants of the café had not time to take it all in. Besides, in that part of the world they are accustomed to quarreling and gambling among seafaring men. It is advisable sometimes not to be too curious.

A waiter came up to Jules and said, "What's the matter?"

"That stranger who came in went off with my pal's notes," he replied.

The waiter shrugged his shoulders. Jules got up to follow the others. Just as he rose his eye was attracted by a face on the other side of the room. It seemed vaguely familiar. It was the face of a young man talking to a girl. What was disturbing was that the young man was staring at him and quite patently talking to the girl about him. As he reached the door he remembered in a flash that it was the young clerk to the Jew who had bought the field glasses. Once through the door, Jules ran as fast as he could until he had put several abrupt turnings between himself and that sinister café. He was terribly frightened. His heart was beating against his ribs. The appearance of the young clerk from the pawnbroker's shop seemed to be a portentous climax to the sordid adventure. He must keep clear of that side of the river for some time. He went a long way round and, avoiding the Pont du Bordeaux, crossed the river by the railway bridge. His teeth were chattering when he rejoined the two others in that crazy room in the Place Duquesne. He found Uncle Sem feeding a fat melting canary with lumps of sugar and calling it endearing names.

La Tonnerre was stretched luxuriously on an old couch, eating sardines out of a tin. The evening had been a great success. The Dutchman's wallet had contained seven thousand three hundred francs.

"Nevertheless," said La Tonnerre, "Uncle Sem thinks a little change of scenery might do us all good. Scatter, uncle, eh? Wait till the Dutch pig has had to return to his greasy country. I'm for the south, I know a pair of dark eyes at St.-Jean de Luz that always welcome me, especially when I can slap my pockets and throw a franc or two around at random."

"I have an urgent affair to attend to in Paris, my children," said Uncle Sem. "Some dear relations I must visit. They miss me dreadfully."

One eye appeared to be on the door, whilst the other was searching the opposite curtain pole.

"Tweet-tweet! There's a little darling! Tweet-tweet!"

Jules sat morosely apart. Where should he go? What should he do?

"Wherever I go I know that the fall is not far off," he thought. The fall! He was high up now, and there was that courtyard down below. Oh! He stood up and pretended to yawn carelessly.

"I shall stay in Bordeaux," he said, and stumbled towards the door.

"Imbecile!" hissed Uncle Sem, and then he appeared to chuckle with malevolent glee. "Tweet-tweet! There's a dear little bird for you!"

It was coming nearer. Ice-cold hands were clutching at his ribs, drawing him up, preparing to hurl him down ——

Three days had elapsed since Uncle Sem and La Tonnerre vanished from Bordeaux. His pockets were well lined with notes and silver. He drifted from restaurant to restaurant, from café to café, consuming quantities of rich food and wines, which gave him no satisfaction. The richer the repast the more violent the reaction. That morning he had seen the young clerk again with the same girl. They were going out of a café where he was seated. He thought the girl looked at him, but he could not be certain. He felt too apathetic to leave. He sat there drinking absinthe and watching the door. He was waiting.

But no one came, and after a while he went out. All the afternoon he wandered

(Continued on Page 71)

The Vagabond Days Have Come

SOME happy mystic April day when the first soft green of a northern spring is lit by the golden sun—forget the town—its turbulence and fame—and bid the world good-bye.

Idle the twilight hours away in a Jordan, light-footed, silent, flying free—companions, chums, camp followers of spring.

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Rochester, New York

(Continued from Page 68)

about the docks. The familiar scenes had lost their attraction. He felt impatient for the crisis. This could not go on indefinitely. It was now early evening. He was seated at another café in the Rue Maille. The hour when one dines. But no, he had no desire for food. Even the sight of a glass of absinthe nauseated him. The thing was too near.

The café was dimly lighted and almost deserted. He was still watching the door. A few seafaring men passed in and out. Soon it would be quite dark. Why didn't they light up the café? Lights ——

Two sturdily built men entered together. One had a paper in his hand.

They glanced round, whispered and came up to him.

The one with the paper said, "Monsieur Max Renault, alias Anton Sachs, alias Jules Destourney ——"

Jules did not answer. He lay in a heap, staring at the well-filled glass.

"We hold here a warrant for your arrest."

Well, what was it? The Dutchman? Or ——

"You are arrested on an extradition warrant from the Spanish Government, charged with the murder of an Englishman, John Watson, five kilos from Fuenterrabia, on the afternoon of the seventeenth of August. Have you anything to say? Anything you say will ——"

The scream came at last. There were none of the choked gaspings of a dream. The fuddled mists cleared away. He experienced a moment crowded with the pellucid vision of the onrush of a huge steel knife! It had come—the ghastly end. Then the room swung into darkness, filled with shouts and screams—his own.

Followed a period of impenetrable blackness, discomfort and terror. Frightened to focus —— But it came at last. Where was this? Where was it? He was lying in a bed. A dim light at the other end of the room revealed other beds—five of them. A figure in blue was walking by, clanking a bunch of keys. The air seemed to be filled with a surging roar—snoring. The other five beds seemed to be occupied by men determined to snore their way to hell. His heart was still behaving queerly, but bit by bit the true position was dawning on him. A jailer! This must be the prison infirmary.

They had him at last. How did they discover it all? Vultures! The Englishman, John Watson, an inert piece of matter! The field glasses

"Why did you throw the case away? Imbecile!"

Where was Uncle Sem? Why wasn't he here? He deserved everything and always escaped. Liar, thief, seducer, murderer, property receiver! . . . "Tweet-tweet!"

What a satisfaction to wring that fat canary's neck! Crush it underfoot! Where was La Tonnerre?

But they had him! That was the fact to be faced—they had him at last, Jules Destourney! The Englishman, John Watson? Ah, if he were the only one! The long, relentless arm of the police; the cold, relentless logic of the courts; the calm, inevitable chain of evidence prepared by Inspector Tolozan, who had been watching him for years—what chance had he to stand against it? It couldn't be faced. Something must be done. Some exit must be found. He lay there with eyes half closed. A figure in a white overall passed through; other figures, vaguely occupied.

It must be the middle of the night. The man in blue clanked by once more. He went to the end of the room and talked with someone behind a screen. The door had been left ajar. Yes, there was one thing he could do—escape!

He slipped out of bed, and was surprised at the ease and silence with which he glided through that door—like a ghost. In a flash he was along that corridor and turned down two others. The place was all in darkness. Here and there were piled up trestles and planks and short ladders. Pails of size and lime wash were lined along the wall. This must be one of the superintendent's quarters being redecorated. Without any hesitancy he opened a door and entered a room. It was bare, except for more planks and trestles and lime wash. The room was lighted by the light of the moon.

He crept to the window. His heart beat violently. The window was not barred. Across a narrow alleyway was a low stone building all in darkness. It must have been the governor's house. This room was level with the roof. On one side of the building was an iron spiral staircase—a fire-emergency staircase. This led to the governor's private grounds. As far as he could see, on the farther side was a wall not too high to scale.

But now! This alleyway between the room and the roof opposite! It could be little more than three meters to the stone parapet. He quickly calculated the length of the painters' planks. One was at least three meters and a half or four.

Someone would be coming! He listened at the door. There was no lock. It had to be done boldly. He gripped the plank and thrust it through the open window. It barely reached! He could not see how far on it was, but not more than the length of his first finger, he could swear.

It had to be done. No time to lose. Again he was surprised at his own agility and nerve. He slipped quickly from the window sill onto the plank. Crawl slowly across on hands and knees—that was the idea. He almost chuckled to himself as he swung carefully forward.

"They won't get me! They shan't get me!"

He had gone a meter and a half, and then he looked down onto the stone floor of the alley beneath.

In that brief instant he realized that he had reached the culminating terror of his life. It was predestination. This was no dream. He was going to fall! He lay there completely paralyzed with the certain knowledge of what was to happen. He was actively visualizing the whole experience. He was halfway across, and he could go neither backwards nor forwards. The ground beneath held him pinioned. The stone floor seemed to be sucking him towards it. He shook with an ague of terror, and at the same instant the plank seemed to be imperceptibly moving, as though he were rocking one end off its support.

If anyone came they could not save him. Nothing could save him. He was going to fall!

He wanted to scream again as in his dreams, but curiously enough the sounds were throttled in his breast in just the same way. And then the plank distinctly swayed. He fell forward on his face and clutched it. It turned up on one side. He flung his arms around it and fell free, hanging by its narrow edge. And still he could not scream.

During the horrific instant that followed, when he realized that his strength was feebler than the suction of the ground beneath, he was still perplexed with the problem of why it was he could not scream.

The plank slipped from its support on the wall opposite at the same moment that he lost his grip. His body seemed to drop and leave his heart where it had been, and his hands clutching the air. Some part of him was racing madly through space, and the ground was rushing up to strike the heart which he had left above him. His consciousness seemed to split up into a variety of vital activities. There was something rushing through his ears, like the roaring of a steam engine going through a tunnel. He was falling!

There was a sudden swirling vision of his mother stepping off the gangway of a boat and saying "Come on, my little one. Are you tired then?" There was a hiss of water, the vision of a girl he had known once at Bayonne, named Lisette. She was weeping into an apron and crying out "No, no, not that! Not that!" Other visions crowded simultaneously—his brother eating gingerbread; Uncle Sem, and the canary which seemed to have reached vast dimensions, filled up a whole room. There was a fat man in a tweed suit lying on his face amongst some bushes, and coughing horribly. There was a half vision, half realization of something bursting, blowing up to the sky in a horrible explosion of unbelievable violence. A crystallized instant in which all the anger, all the feral passions, crashed in an agony of blood.

"You think then, Doctor Lancret," said Inspector Tolozan, as the two men entered the solemn mortuary, "that there will be no need for a post-mortem examination of the body?"

"None at all, Monsieur Tolozan," replied the doctor. "The cause of death is perfectly normal. The deceased passed away quietly in his sleep as the result of cardiac failure, probably due to the shock of his arrest and the nature of the charge against him. Such cases are not at all uncommon, as you know; not at all."

"You yourself were on duty, Monsieur le Docteur?"

"Yes, Monsieur Tolozan. When the er—deceased was brought in at 8:20 P.M. he was in a state of coma. We tested the heart and found it to be in a very bad condition; very bad condition indeed. He slept soundly until 3:20 A.M., when the attendant called me to say that Number 107 was showing signs of collapse. I arrived, but we could do nothing. He sank rapidly and passed away at three minutes past four. U'm—yes, that was how it was. . . . Are you going to Madame Lombard's reception tonight?"

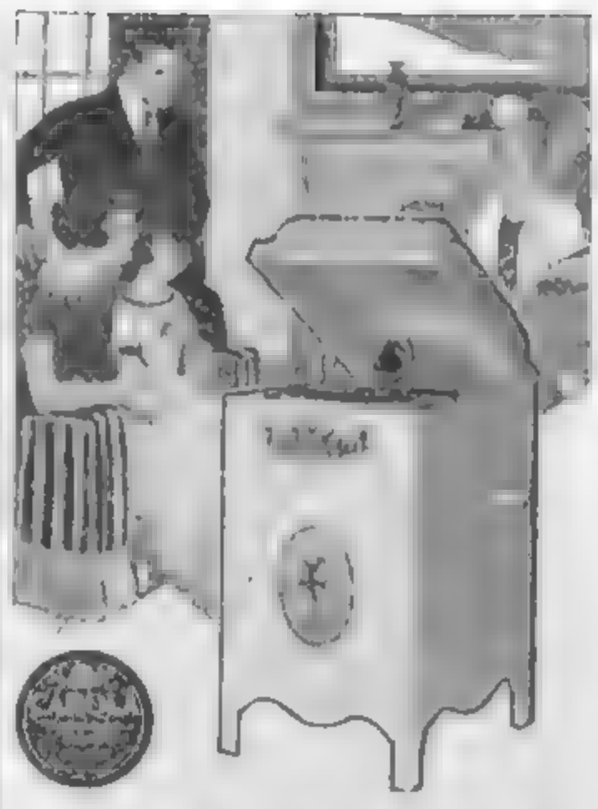
"No," answered Inspector Tolozan. "No. I am not going."

"You will excuse me, Monsieur Tolozan? I have much to do before ——"

"But certainly, Monsieur le Docteur, and thank you."

The doctor bustled out, and Inspector Tolozan turned once more to the body covered with a white sheet. He raised the cloth and regarded the features of the criminal, now immutably set in calm repose. And there crept into his eyes an expression of pity and wonder. This analyst of human frailties, this solver of human problems stood meekly in the presence of a mystery beyond his powers to solve.

With a reverent gesture he replaced the cloth and went out quietly.



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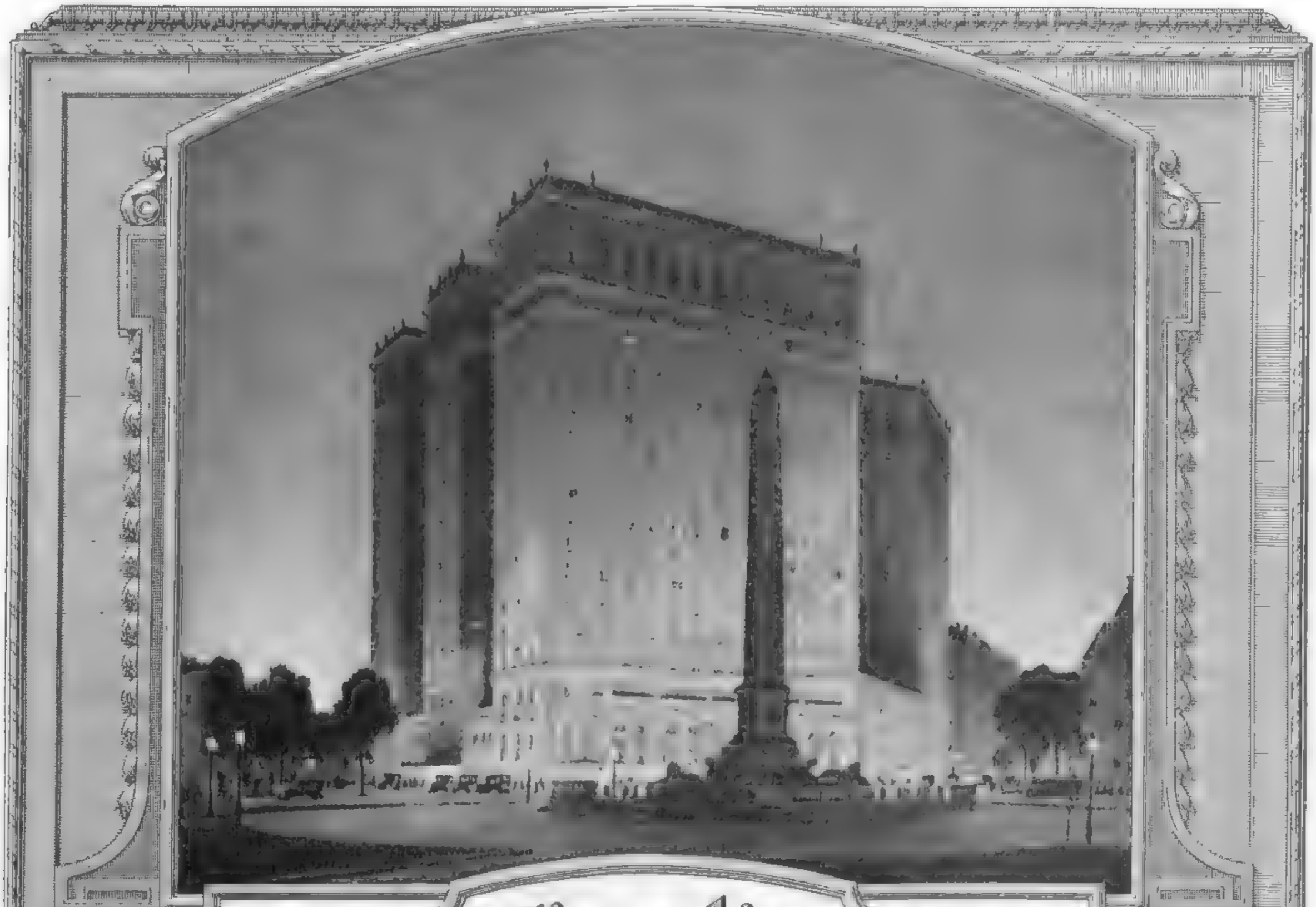

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THE LAW AND THE PROFITS

(Continued from Page 17)

Brother Slappey, the convinceder I becomes that some foul an' arch enemy is wukkin' against me; that some leper in human form ——"

Florian's right fist crashed into his left palm.

"Semore Mashby!" he ejaculated violently.

Lawyer Chew nodded.

"You has correc'ly enunciated the cognomen of that viper, Florian. Him is the feller."

"You're dog-gone tootin' he is, Lawyer Chew! Ever sence you won them th'ee cases against him he's been aimin' to git you. An' he's an awful powerful Son & Daughter of I Will Arise."

"He holds a mortgage against their new lodge rooms," said the attorney lugubriously.

"Ain't it the truth? When the Lawd made that cullud man He was shuah in a mean humor."

Chew waxed violent. He unleashed several intensely dramatic gestures.

"An' Mistuh Semore Mashby is gwine be in a mean humor when I finishes up with him. What I done to him in them th'ee cases ain't gwine be a succumstance to what Ise gwine do him fo' fum now hereafter. That po' li'l' skinny, undersized, nickel-nursin', slab-sided, intrust-cha'gin', secon'han' dish of no-good tripe! Ise gwine jar him so hahd it's gwine disturb his ancestors."

"You ain't aimin' to beat him up?"

"Nossuh, I ain't gwine beat him up. Ise gwine git him where it'll hurt wuss'n that carcass of hisn. Ise gwine bust him in the wallet—that's where that ol' skinflint suffers most."

"Ain't it so?"

"It most posolutely is." The man of legal affairs sighed. "But le's us talk of somethin' else. What is you doin' these days?"

"Nothin'. An' I'm doin' it pretty steady," retorted Florian easily. "'Course I'm losin' a li'l' ev'y day or so down to the Pool & Ginuwine lott'ry. An' campaignin'."

"What's that you elucidates?"

"Ise campaignin'."

"Fo' who?"

"Tain't a who, it's a which. Ain't you heard 'bout the new campaign?"

Lawyer Chew shook his head.

"I knew The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise was preparin' to campaign fo' funds to raise that mortgage which Semore Mashby holds, but ——"

"Also that the campaign stahted yestiddy," volunteered Florian. "An' at the same time The Gleaming Torchbearers of Divinity let loose a campaign of their own to he'p build a new clubhouse."

"No!"

"Yeh!"

"Then," postulated Lawyer Chew, "all two of 'em is gwine fail. This ain't no time fo' raisin' money nohow, but it jes' nachelly is wuss than no time fo' two lodges to be collectin'."

"Tha's what they thought—which is how come them to git together."

"You say words, Florian Slappey, but they don't impaht no info'mation. Who gotten together?"

"The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise an' The Gleaming Torchbearers of Divinity. They come together 'cause they realized that wasn't they to do so, neither woul'n't git nowhere."

"Where is they gwine git, now that they has come together?"

"Jes' this far: They has drawed up a 'greement—you would have drawed it yo' ownse'f if you had remained counsel fo' The Sons & Daughters—a 'greement which prescribes that bofe lodges is gwine campaign fo' funds. All what they collec's is to be turned in by the fifteenth of the month, an' then it's all to be counted up. Whichever lodge's teams has turned in the most money gits 60 per cent of the total, an the other lodge gits 40 per cent. 'Course that don't sound like much, but does it happen that one lodge turns in even one dollar more'n the other one, it gits the 60 per cent just the same, an' the lodge which comes out second sort of gives a big present to its rival."

The attorney nodded comprehendingly.

"I see. 'Tain't sech a bad scheme. Who schum it?"

"Dr. Elijah Atcherson. That ol' feller do suttinly use his head fo' somethin' mo' than a race track fo' a comb."

"He does. An' this campaign ought to go over immense. Was The Gleaming Torchbearers to turn in one thousan' an' one dollars an' The Sons & Daughters one thousan' even, it would make The Sons & Daughters lose a heap of money. Shuh! I reckon them teams is sholy gwine wuk hahd to come out in front."

"You said it, brother. Wuk is the one thing they ain't gwine do nothin' else but. 'Cause one of the mainest features is that neither ain't gwine know what bofe has got until the final countin' up."

Chew shook his head regretfully.

"An' I is out of it all. 'Course, I is still a Son & Daughter, but also I is a Gleaming Torchbearer. I don't hahdly know which I is gwine wuk fo'."

Florian grinned.

"I does. You is gwine wuk fo' The Gleaming Torchbearers. Right now The Sons & Daughters ain't exac'ly the fondest lodge you is of."

On one point at least the two gentlemen were correct: Doctor Atcherson's scheme had fanned to fever heat a rather lukewarm campaign spirit. Each organization had found its spirits waning on receipt of the news that another lodge had simultaneously launched a campaign for funds. As a matter of fact, although each had anticipated having the field to itself, there had been considerable reluctance about starting a drive at this particular time. But just when things seemed destined for failure, this new plan had been set afoot, and now the spirit of competition ran high and militant committees combed the city with highly gratifying results.

Nor was it entirely the desire to win that kept the collectors everlastingly at it; there was the horror of losing by a slight margin. The two lodges were sworn rivals, and though they had slightly interlocking memberships, there was yet no love lost between them. And to each the thought of presenting a sizable percentage of its collections to the other was intolerable.

Meanwhile Lawyer Chew's interest in the warfare was decidedly lukewarm. The effect of his recent deposition as counsel for the more influential organization could already be felt in his business. His loss of prestige was enormous—so great, in fact, that he seriously considered proffering his services to The Sons & Daughters free of charge. But that, he figured, would be a decided tactical blunder. He did, however, stifle his pride sufficiently to make a personal call upon Isaac Gethers, Grand Magnificent High Potentate of the order which had until recently boasted Chew as its legal adviser.

Of him the attorney requested definite information.

"We ain't got much money," explained Isaac, "an' what we has got ain't ourn."

"How come it ain't?"

"We owes some mortgage money to Semore Mashby."

Chew made a gesture of disgust.

"That po' mis'able li'l' turkey buzzard! I don't hahdly reckon he had nothin' to do with gittin' me fired fum bein' yo' legal representative an' most eruditest adviser, did he?"

"Well, yes," confessed Isaac. "He sort of kinder did."

"I seen his hand all right. They ain't nothin' that feller woul'n't stoop to fo' a dollar. Honest, I b'lieve was he to send flowers to his best friend's fun'ral an' somebody was to offer him more'n he paid for 'em, he'd swipe 'em off the casket an' make a resale."

"Oh, I don't hahdly think Semore is as bad as you has painted him."

"You're right he ain't, Brother Gethers. He's wuss! If he ever happens to die I is sholy gwine to be a most enthusiastic mourner."

"Well, anyway, that ain't neither hither or yon. They ain't nothin' we can do about what we has done. Semore convinced the members that you was a luxury, an' with them thinkin' thataway an' votin' that you wan't to be our lawyer no mo', I reckon they ain't nothin' fo' us to do 'cept reside by their decision."

Chew made a mournful exit. Nor did he derive any particular solace from the visit of a team that was campaigning for The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise. With a great show of indifference he donated twenty-five dollars to their rapidly swelling fund, reflecting bitterly as he did so that

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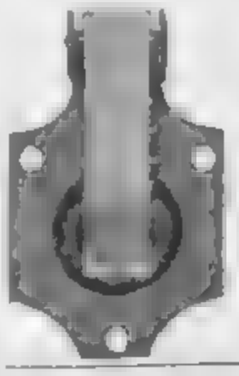

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his money would eventually find its way into the capacious pockets of Semore Mashby.

"Him that has gits," he mused unhappily. "An' him that hasn't gits—gits it in the neck."

In the ten days that followed, Lawyer Chew saw little of his friend Florian. It was not until the night before the termination of the drive that they again came in contact with each other. That was at the fortnightly session of the Full House Poker Club. Florian was in fine fettle. Being strictly of the idle—if not of the rich—he had blossomed forth as captain of the team that bade fair to win the trophy offered by The Sons & Daughters for the combination that did the most toward victory.

Too, Florian was exceedingly lucky that night. He filled in-between straights with remarkable persistence and seemed to possess uncanny knowledge of the cards in the hands of his rivals. It was altogether a delicious evening from Mr. Slappey's viewpoint; and in line with the recent turn of events in Lawyer Chew's existence, that gentleman was the chief contributor. Somehow the cards that he held, though good, were not good enough. They were enticing; so enticing that he bet them with freedom and confidence, only to discover to his sorrow that someone had him topped. As the evening wore on, Lawyer Chew became superstitious and refused to play his cards for what they were worth, thus destroying his only chance to recoup.

The session ended on the stroke of one. Florian Slappey, well supplied with money, decided to walk home with the unhappy counselor. They strolled down Avenue F together, Chew bulking large in the moonlight, Florian, twirling a new cane, skipping blithesomely beside him. Mr. Slappey made no effort at conversation. The world was treating him very well, indeed, and he had no particular mind to listen to anyone's troubles. But silence was intolerable to Chew.

"How is the drive comin', Florian?"

Mr. Slappey enthused.

"Elegant! Splendiferous! Coul'n't be better."

"Hmph! Who's gwine win?"

"Us is."

"Who is us?"

"The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise."

"Who says you is gwine win?"

"I does."

"How do you know?"

"I know—tha's how. An' when a feller knows somethin' it don't make no diff'ence how he knows. It's just enough fo' him to know, ain't it?"

"Yeh, if he knows positive."

"Well, I does." Silence. Finally Florian broke forth confidentially: "If I tell you how much we has got a'ready, Lawyer Chew, will you keep it secret?"

"Positively."

Florian lowered his voice.

"Countin' what we is suttin to collect t'morrow, we has got exac'ly one thousan' fo' hund'ed an' eight dollars an' fifty cents. Semore donated the fifty cents."

Chew uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Not really?"

"Yep, we sholy has; cash money—or just as good as. Don't you reckon tha's mo'n enough?"

"Suttenly soun's that way to me. I never thought bofe lodges t'gether would raise that much."

"N'r neither I didn't. An', boy, my team has raised more'n any other team in the lodge, an' us gits a prize. Tha's where li'l' Florian Slappey comes in at. I gits the team prize fo' captainin' the team which collects the most fo' us."

"You kind of has the gittin' habit, ain't you?"

"Yep. An' the on'y time I'll ever stop gittin' is when I has got."

They separated at Florian's boarding house. Chew's forehead was puckered. He was exceedingly sad at heart. For the first time in years he had been strictly out of a vital lodge matter and the situation rankled. If only he could be reinstated as counsel for The Sons & Daughters and his position as the legal beacon of Darktown reëstablished —— He tossed fitfully for an hour or so after snuggling between the sheets of his twin bed. He dreamed an unpleasant dream wherein he wore the costume of a Greek dancer, while a thing partly resembling a satyr and partly resembling Semore Mashby chased him over hill and dale with a glittering snickersnee. Chew waked in a cold sweat of terror.

"Golly! Seems like I even has got to sleep with that feller!"

He rose early, breakfasted meagerly, and then for a half hour occupied himself with numerous low-voiced telephone calls. But despite that delay he reached his office ahead of time. His stenographer smiled a good morning.

"Folks has been phonin' you ever sence I come in, Lawyer Chew. They is a committee comin' to wait on you."

"Let 'em wait."

"They is bringin' Semore Mashby."

Chew's eyes popped open.

"Says which?"

"They is bringin' Semore Mashby with 'em."

"What is bringin' Semore with who?"

"This heah committee fum The Gleaming Torchbearers of Divinity."

Lawyer Evans Chew sat down suddenly and completely.

"Gal, you utters strange words. What is Semore Mashby doin' with a Gleaming Torchbearers committee? He ain't even a member of that lodge."

"I didn't ask no questions."

"An' Semore is rootin' fo' The Sons & Daughters to win on account he donated fo' bits to their fund."

"Anyway," said the girl with finality, "they is due heah most any minute—or even sooner than that."

Lawyer Chew vanished behind the ground-glass door that bore a gilt sign warning all and sundry that what happened within was private. He was thinking and thinking hard.

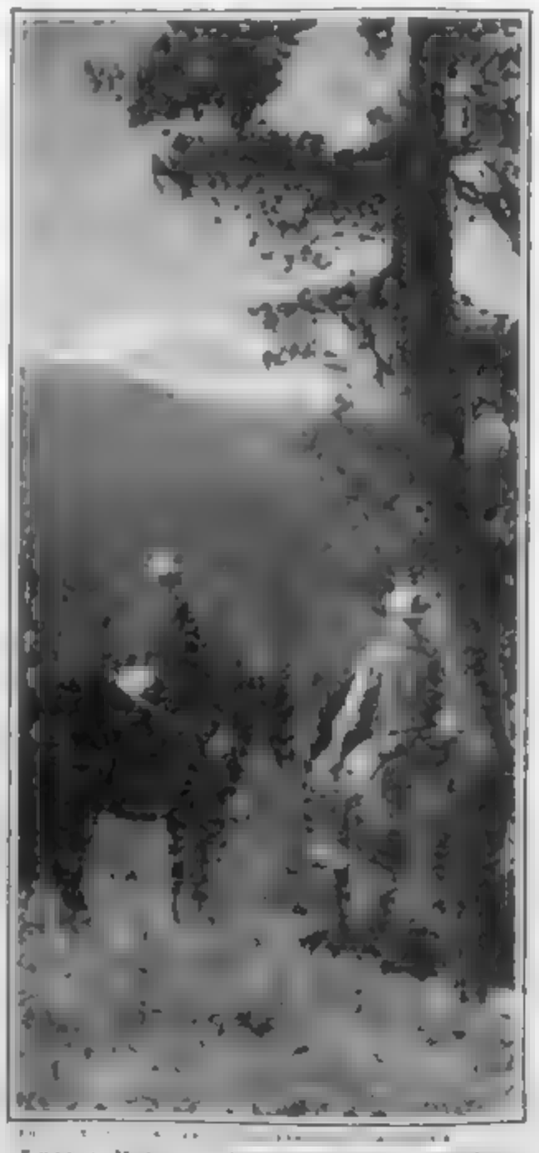
"If that six-inch piece of tripe is aimin' to put somethin' else over on me," growled the big man, "they is gwine be mayhem committed inside this office, an' Semore Mashby is gwine be the pusson which gits mayhemed."

He seated himself at the near-mahogany desk and shuffled half-heartedly through the morning's mail. But when a great volume of sound from the outer office informed him that the committee had arrived, he hastily procured several ponderous tomes, spread them out before him, donned his horn-rimmed goggles and assumed a studiousness that he felt not. He did not even raise his eyes when his stenographer opened the door.

"The committee is heah, Lawyer Chew."

"Give 'em seats an' let 'em wait. Ise busy."

He could hear a murmur of impatience and a triumphant gleam appeared in his eyes. He kept them waiting just long enough, then sounded his buzzer. Almost instantly the door opened and the committee filed in. From Dr. Brutus Herring, who headed the committee, to the wizened little Semore Mashby, the visitors were patently ill at ease. Nor did Chew's manner make them any more comfortable.



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"Just a minute, you-all, till I finishes what I is wukkin' at."

Finally his task appeared to be completed. He piled some documents neatly on his desk, selected a gold-banded Invincible, shoved his chair back, looped thumbs in the armholes of his white vest and stared severely at his callers.

"Well?" The word was a booming challenge.

Doctor Herring cleared his throat.

"Lawyer Chew, us is the executive committee fum The Gleaming Torchbearers of Divinity."

"I could see that even if I di'n't know it a'ready."

"We has come to see you ——"

"I know that. S'posin' you splain somethin' I is ign'rant of—if any."

"We—er—that is, we has a hunch that just recently you ain't lovin' The Sons & Daughters none, is you?"

The glance of Lawyer Chew and Semore Mashby clashed. Mr. Mashby cringed. Chew's voice trembled with emotion.

"I ain't said I ain't."

"Well, I asts you: Is you is or is you ain't?"

Chew rose and paced the room, a judicial expression upon his countenance.

"S'pose you fellers sit down on brass tacks 'stead of runnin' around the bush."

"We will, we will," promised Herring hastily. "But of course it's understood that what transpires herein is stric'ly confidential."

"Suttinly. Absotively."

"It's this-a-way," explained the spokesman doubtfully: "As you know, they is sev'al members of our lodge which is also members of The Sons & Daughters."

"Correc'."

"An' we has therefo' been keepin' in pretty close touch with how much they has raised in this campaign. The thing closes at six o'clock this evenin', an' we has raised ev'y nickel which is possible to be rose. We figgers that we is about two hund'ed dollars behind The Sons & Daughters, which means that if we finishes that-a-way it'll be just like handin' them a gift."

"An' you ain't cravin' to present The Sons & Daughters with nothin'?"

"You is tootin' now, Brother Chew."

"That's that," muttered the lawyer, "Shoot on!"

Doctor Herring was warming up to his subject. Lawyer Chew appeared to be in a highly receptive mood

"We done held a meetin' early this mawnin' an' made up our minds we wan't gwine give nobody nothin', 'specially them Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise. So we decided to go out an' borry enough money so's we'd be ahaid when the final count-up come."

"Borry it?"

"Tha's what I said. Semore Mashby has agreed to loaned us five hund'ed dollars cash until tomorrow mawnin'. Tha's gwine put us comfuttubly ahaid of them other fellers, an' make it so that us gits 60 per cent of all we has raised and 60 per cent of all they has raised. Then we returns Semore's money, plus a li'l' honorium fo' his kin'ness in loanding it to us."

"H'm! I commences to see. I been kinder wonderin' why Semore Mashby was mixin' up in this. Of course I knowed that however come him to git in, it wan't gwine injure his feenancial status none whatever. Now I asts you, how much you is gwine pay Semore fo' the use of his five hund'ed dollars fo' one day?"

"Fifty dollars," proclaimed Doctor Herring.

Semore blushed a guilty lavender.

"A-ha! Ten per cent a day, huh? Tha's pretty salubrious intrus' even fo' you, ain't it, Semore?"

The little man leaped to his feet.

"You done promised that ev'ything you heard in this office was gwine be kep' private."

"An' I keeps my promise. They ain't none of this gwine be tol' to nobody by me. But if I has got my pussonal 'pinion of a feller like you, then Ise entitled to possess same. An' what that is, Semore Mashby, you could have me hung fo' thinkin'."

"That ain't neither heah nor otherwise," interrupted Doctor Herring hastily. "The point is, Lawyer Chew, is you willin' to draw up these papers fo' us?"

Chew smiled slightly.

"Ise the world's champeen contrac' drawer," he said modestly. "Contrac's which Lawyer Chew draws cain't never be busted by nobody no time, never."

(Continued on Page 76)

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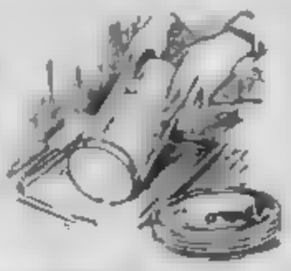

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(Continued from Page 74)

He sounded the buzzer for his stenographer, and then for ten minutes his mellifluous voice flowed through the office. As he dictated he paced the room, filling the atmosphere with impressive, magniloquent gestures.

"—— and in consideration of the services so rendered said Gleaming Torchbearers of Divinity, the said Semore Mashby shall receive, not later than six P.M. of the sixteenth day of May, Anni Domino 1923, as his fee, the cash money sum of fifty dollars to him in hand paid; and fu'thermore ——"

Over in the corner Mr. Mashby had been doing some rapid figuring on the nether side of an ex-envelope. He now untangled himself slowly and rose to his feet, one skinny paw upraised.

"I craves attention," said he.

All eyes focused upon him as he stood in the corner of the room. A threadbare coat that had originally been black but was now worn to a rich golden brown flapped grotesquely about his attenuated figure; the shoes, overlarge even for his enormous feet, were placed firmly on the floor so as to form a right angle; trousers that had seen their best days threatened any minute to part company with the suspenders that through design and use appeared to represent a flower garden in the dead of winter. Chew bestowed upon him a glance in which there was no brotherly love.

"What you desiahs, Useless?"

"I been thinkin' ——"

"Huh! Tha's what you says."

"An' it strikes me it woul'n't be noways fair fo' me to git fifty dollars fo' the use of my money fo' one day. So I reflects that I has a suggestion to make."

Lawyer Chew snorted, but Doctor Herring hastened to pour oil upon the troubled waters.

"Go ahaid, Semore; be as suggestive as you like."

"Seems to me," announced the emaciated money lender, "that this heah ought to be a coop'rative proposition. So I asts Lawyer Chew, if you Gleaming Torchbearers is willin', that he should write that contrac' to read that I gits 50 per cent of the profits which you make by usin' my money."

The committeemen gazed blankly at one another. There was a trifle too much mathematics involved. They held a whispered conference and finally announced their willingness. Lawyer Chew resumed his dictation:

"And it is fu'thermore decided and agreed and made a part and parcel of this contract and mutual consideration thereof that the said Semore Mashby shall share equally with the said lodge, The Gleaming Torchbearers of Divinity, in the division of the amount said society obtains by reason of this transaction and what they would have obtained without it." He faced the others. "Is that sallsfractory, gemmun?"

They nodded. Chew whirled angrily upon the triumphant Mashby.

"Reckon you figgers you has done somethin', don't you?—gittin' these fellers ——"

"You leave me be, Evans Chew. I didn't come heah to git insulted."

"Then," snapped Lawyer Chew, "you has sho'ly got somethin' you wan't lookin' fo'."

The contract was typed in triplicate. One copy was placed in the attorney's files, the others—mutually signed—were delivered to the contracting parties, and as they departed Chew discerned a triumphant grin upon the face of his *bête noire*.

Six o'clock had been set as the official end of the drive; the selected meeting place for the finance committees was the lodge rooms of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise. By five o'clock the dignitaries of the rival lodges commenced putting in appearance. Florian Slappey was very much in evidence, gloriously garbed, spreading pep upon the landscape.

There, too, was Lawyer Evans Chew. It was quite evident that something had occurred to restore his faith in humanity, for his ebony countenance were a smile of surpassing contentment. For perhaps twenty minutes he was in conference with Isaac Gethers, Grand Magnificent High Potentate of The Sons & Daughters, and throughout the confab Isaac's head could be seen nodding affirmatively. Immediately thereafter Isaac was seen to buttonhole various members of the executive committee of his lodge and to talk earnestly with them, occasionally pausing to designate the protuberantly triumphant figure of Lawyer Evans Chew.

Something vital was evidently under consideration and whatever it was did not seem to fill the grandiloquent attorney with misery. And then, on the stroke of six, the committees filed importantly into the clubhouse, leaving the excited spectators in buzzing and eager groups. Semore Mashby was nervously present. Semore had glimpsed the beatitude that was Chew's and found naught of reassurance there. He scrupulously avoided the larger man.

Twenty minutes passed—thirty—one hour. And finally Isaac Gethers appeared in the doorway. He beckoned to Lawyer Chew and held whispered conversation with him. There was violent nodding on both sides, then a warm handclasp and mutual slappings upon mutual backs. After which Isaac disappeared within the building.

The crowd hummed expectantly. It had witnessed the bit of byplay and was keenly interested. The more inquisitive ones clustered about Lawyer Chew, but it was Florian Slappey who put the question direct.

"How come you and Isaac Gethers gotten to be sech buddies again?"

Lawyer Chew waved pompously.

"He was just infohming me, brethren, that I has been unanimously reinstated as counsel fo' The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise, said lodge havin' discovered that it cain't no longer dispense with my vallible services."

A roar of approval rose from those loyal members of The Sons & Daughters who had sincerely disapproved the shaking their confidence in Lawyer Chew had sustained by reason of his brief dethronement. Florian was particularly vociferous in his congratulations, and it was he who sped off to break the news to Semore Mashby. That gentleman received the tidings in dour silence.

"Ain't you got nothin' to say?" demanded Florian.

"Uh-huh—just that."

Florian returned, grinning.

"Ol' Calamity taken it hard," he reported.

Then, side by side, Isaac Gethers and Dr. Brutus Herring, the rival presidents, appeared on the veranda of the clubhouse. With them was the important little figure of Dr. Elijah Atcherson, chairman of the general finance committee. In a voice surprisingly large for his diminutive stature, he announced the result:

"An' so it gives me great pleasure to infohm this heah assembled multitude that The Gleaming Torchbearers of Divinity won the contest, turning in $2006.25. The total collected by The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise wasn't near up to that, same bein' $1408.50. Under our 'greed arrangement, the winning lodge therefore gits 60 per cent, or $2048.85 and the losin' Sons & Daughters gits $1365.90. So that no special hardship hasn't been wukked on neither, as the diff'ence 'tween what they raised an' what they got really wasn't ve'y much after all."

The announcement appeared to excite general surprise and approval. The totals were far in excess of what had been expected, and though there was some show of feeling between the rival lodges, the clash of words largely assumed the form of good-natured badinage.

But there was nothing of joy on the faces of the members of the executive committee of The Gleaming Torchbearers of Divinity, who, in the company of Semore Mashby, gathered one hour later at the office of Lawyer Evans Chew.

Chew was in magnificent fettle. He strode up and down the room, puffing happily upon an enormous cigar and belligerently exhaling clouds of the fragrant smoke.

The committee members were shaking their heads sorrowfully. Nobody seemed to understand what it was all about. Victory had brought to them no vestige of triumph. But their unhappiness wasn't a circumstance to the stupendous misery that was reflected upon the face of Semore Mashby.

Lawyer Chew smiled genially upon the assemblage, permitting them to suffer keenly. And when he concluded that all of them and particularly Semore had plumbed the nadir of unhappiness he rapped upon the table for order. In his left hand he held the half-smoked cigar, in the other a sheet of paper upon which many figures were inscribed.

"The contest," he announced impressively, "turned out ve'y peculiar an' unexpected; in fact I might almost say startling. Because it now appears that if you gemmun hadn't borried Semore Mashby's five hund'ed dollars the result would have been speakin' in round figgers an' 'liminating odd dollars an' cents—a victory for you-all in that you had fifteen hund'ed dollars against fourteen hundred for the others." He paused, giving the words time to sink in. Then: "In other words, if you had of left good enough alone you would have got, when the division was made, about seventeen hund'ed dollars as against eleven hund'ed fo' The Sons & Daughters. To elucidate it more clearer, your deal with Mistuh Mashby nets you a dead loss of two hund'ed dollars, while The Sons & Daughters simply gains that amount, same bein' 40 per cent of the five hund'ed which you so unneedlessly borried."

His voice droned off. Standing magnificently behind his desk, feet wide apart and solidly planted, white carnation decorating the lapel of his neatly pressed black coat, eyes shining through huge goggles, he surveyed the scene with thorough satisfaction. His audience wallowed in the slough of despond; but, miserable as they were, the shrunken form of Semore Mashby was the one that shrieked ultimate despair.

"The way matters stan' now," pursued Chew, "shows that when you deducts away fum your total the sum of five hund'ed dollars which you has got to return to Semore Mashby, you is left with a little more than fifteen hund'ed dollars; same bein' two hund'ed dollars less than you would of got if you hadn't tried to crook the noble lodge of which I has the honor to be gen'ral counsel.

"Also"—and his voice trembled with triumph—"I regrets to inform Brother Mashby that when he refused to accept the fifty dollars' profit which you gemmun offered him, an' insisted on a percentage, he done hisse'f an awful dirty trick. Because, as you-all c'n see, there ain't no profit."

"An' all I gits back," wailed Semore shrilly, "is my five hund'ed dollars?"

Lawyer Evans Chew favored him with a warm, friendly smile.

"Nossuh, that ain't nearly all you gits. Also you gits a jolt which jars bofe yo' teeth loose. Yo' five hund'ed dollars is what you think you gits, Brother Mashby. But thinks you gits ain't is gits. I regrets to infohm you, Semore, that you has made a plumb rotten deal." He produced the contract signed that morning between Semore and The Gleaming Torchbearers. "Accordin' to Paragraph Nine of this contrac', Brother Mashby, same havin' been suggested by you yo' ownse'f, the wordin' prescribes an' provides as follers: Namely, that you shall share equally in the division of the amount which the society obtains by this transaction and what they would have obtained without it.

"Now all that the society obtained by the deal, Semore, was a dead loss of two hund'ed dollars. An' since you has contracted in writin' to share in the diff'ence, you has to stand fo' one-half of that loss, same being one hund'ed dollars!"

The amazing turn of events did not immediately penetrate Semore's consciousness. But when finally it burst upon him that he not only was to get no profit on the deal but that he was also out of pocket one hundred cold, hard dollars, he uttered a shriek that could be heard a block away. He protested that it was a frame-up; that he was the victim of a conspiracy. He denounced Lawyer Evans Chew and all the members of The Gleaming Torchbearers' executive committee. He succeeded in adding materially to his chronic unpopularity. But when he had completed his tirade Dr. Brutus Herring calmly returned to him four hundred dollars of the original five hundred that had been borrowed.

"And," said Doctor Herring with a hint of maliciousness, "we wishes to thank you fo' your gen'rous cont'ibution to our fund, Brother Mashby."

Semore was near to tears. Lawyer Chew gazed benevolently upon him.

"Sort of seems to me, Mistuh Mashby," he said softly, "that this is a case where him who laughs first laughs last."

Semore ignored him. He turned piteously to Doctor Herring.

"They is on'y one thing I craves to know," he mourned. "Who was the person which fust give The Gleaming Torchbearers the idea of borryin' five hund'ed dollars offen me?"

A slow grin decorated Doctor Herring's lips. "That idea?" he retorted gently. "Why, that suggestion come fum Lawyer Evans Chew!"

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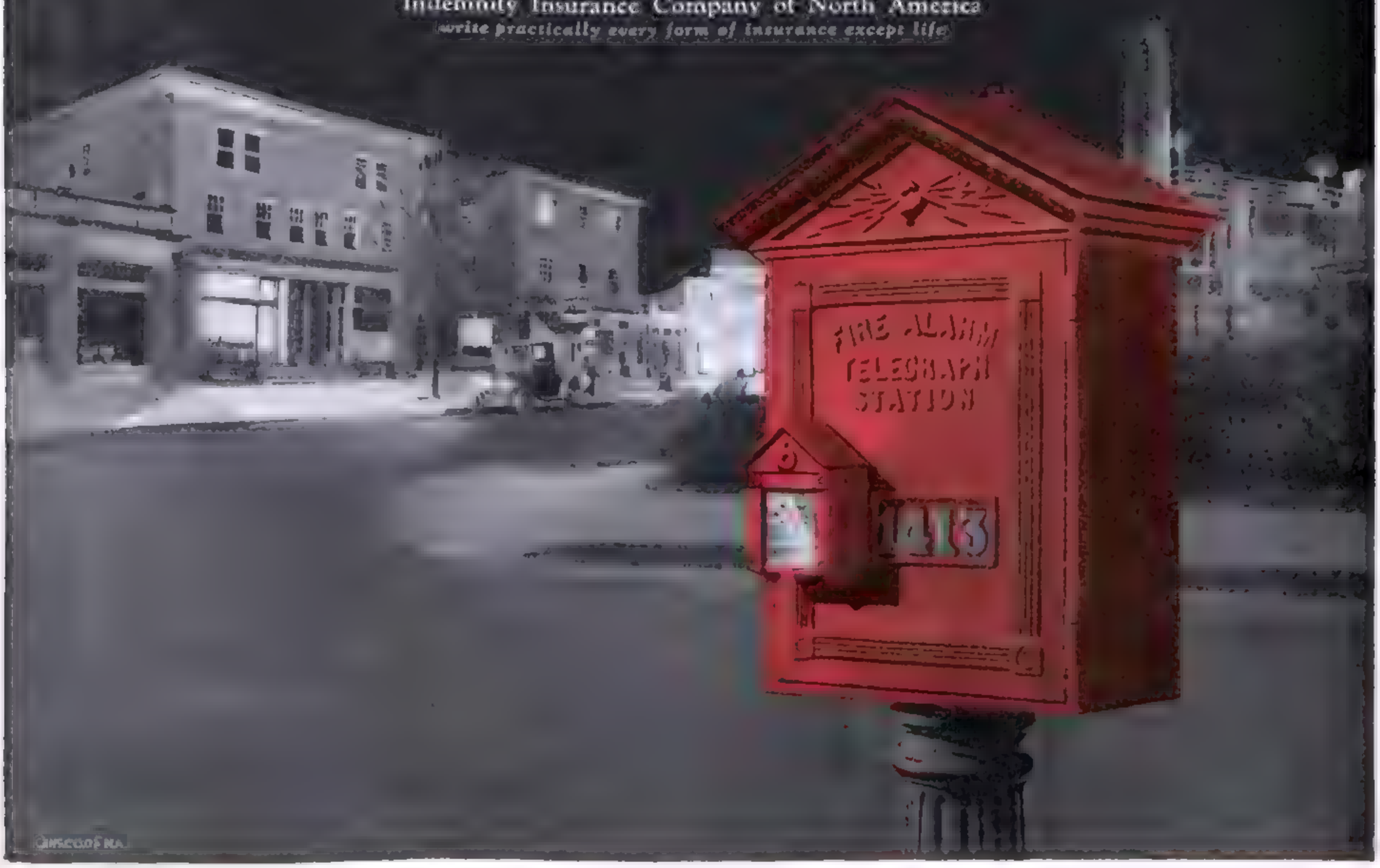

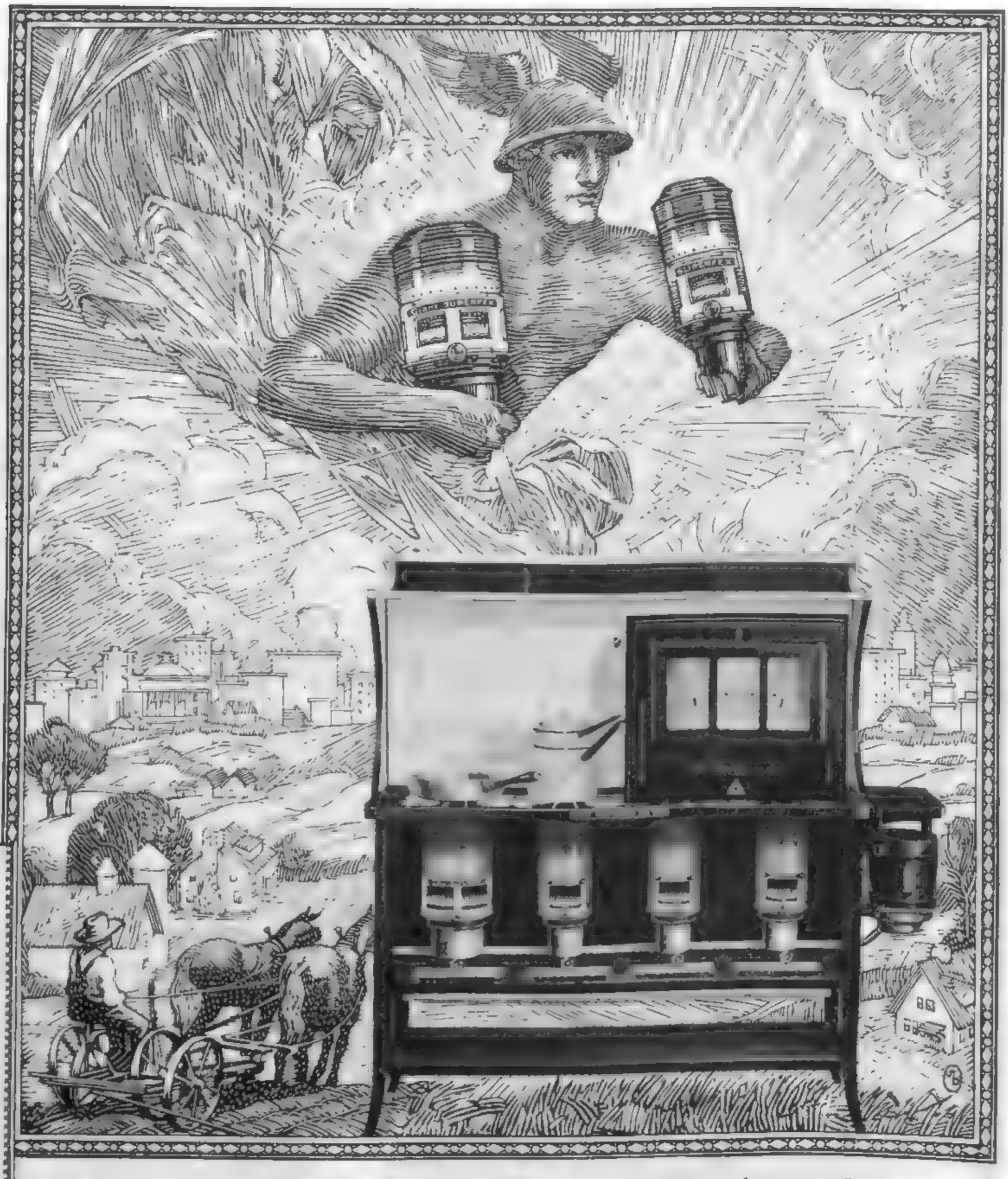

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This latest NEW PERFECTION range is equipped exclusively with SUPERFEX Burners. One burner on every stove is the big GIANT SUPERFEX. The others are "little Giants" or standard size SUPERFEX Burners.

The standard SUPERFEX equals the cooking speed of the ordinary gas burner and is faster than any other oil burner, except its own big brother the GIANT SUPERFEX. And the big GIANT itself is unsurpassed even by the giant gas burner.

Price of range illustrated - - - - - $80.80

Stove, without cabinet and oven - - - - - $58.50

(Prices are slightly higher in far West, Southwest and Canada.)

Answers the Call For Greater Cooking Speed

THOUSANDS of busy women who for years had been eager to cook faster are now finding complete satisfaction in the NEW PERFECTION Oil Range with newly invented SUPERFEX Burners, announced scarcely a year ago.

To suburb and farm it brings at last the longed-for speed of gas. To the city user it affords the added advantage of a fuel costing less than eighty-five-cent gas.

Let your dealer demonstrate how the powerful SUPERFEX Burners answer the speed-call, then look at the other features (many new this year) that fit this range for year-'round use in any home. Priced in numerous models at from $36 to $145.

In addition to the new SUPERFEX Models our long established Blue Chimney Models of the NEW PERFECTION line used in 4,000,000 homes, continue to be the world's most satisfactory oil stoves at their lower range of prices.

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NEW PERFECTION *Oil Range with* SUPERFEX *Burners*

NORTH OF 36

(Continued from Page 21)

year in a time when border outlaws really existed. His field lay in the shady confines of a circle comprising parts of Kansas, Missouri, Arkansas and the unknown Indian Nations, always refuge for bad men and those restive under the law. Leader of an organized band of herd cutters on the Missouri-Arkansas border on the very earliest cattle drives, before the railroads came, he had of late got visions of wider things. He had followed south, backtrailing, to the origin of the cows that first dribbled north. Credit him with conservative business sense; he had caught scent of profits to come in cows.

Working from these beginnings, Rudabaugh later had planned the most extensive range reaving ever known. No better nor worse than many a later man of large instincts and few principles who operated in trail beef, he had found in politics the most powerful agency possible in banditry. Once established as the covert boss of a wide state machine, he did not lack followers. If his activities and those of his like had much to do with the sudden stiffening and increase of the border constabulary of the Texas Rangers, his shrewd notion of tremendous effects on Texas of any valid railroad market also had weight in certain widespread Texas circles.

No doubt pique, baffled vanity, had much to do with the presence of Rudabaugh's gang this far north; but as he had said just now, persistence was a characteristic of the man. One thing he did not share with any man. The image of Taisie Lockhart was in his blood. Whether he planned to rob her and flout her, to rob her and humble her, to rob her and then try to impress her with some large gesture of generosity, who could tell of a mind so insanely blurred and vague? At least, he remained resolved to follow the Del Sol herd and the Del Sol owner to the last mile of the trail unless sooner satisfied in one or more purposes of his own. Another quality of leadership—he could keep his own counsel.

"Well," Rudabaugh vouchsafed at last, helping himself again to food at the fire, "they've only postponed things. So far they've got two of us, and one of them Sam Barclay, my office deputy, and as good a man as I had."

"Good on the books, maybe," volunteered a voice, "but no good as a cowman. The Del Sol men rid it through and gathered, like enough, every cow except what landed on top of Sam. And they never dug a spade of dirt to cover him!" he added virtuously. "No way to treat a man. Why, them people is outlaws! And I'll bet they're crowing now over shooting Bentley!"

"They're good cowmen," commented Rudabaugh, after a long time. "We can't take any chances with them, day or night. But I've got a few red friends between here and the Canadian that'll help pickle their goose, I'm thinking. No white man yet ever scared a Comanche very bad, least of all old Yellow Hand, and I'll bet he's in the Nations right now. If we can find his band and show them four thousand beeves and two hundred picked horses I don't think that herd'll get much further north. Talk of a Cherokee outlet west to the buffalo lands—the Comanches'll have something to say about a Texas outlet north! I think I'll show something to our Del Sol friends."

"You?" smiled a hearer. "Thought you said you'd kill the first Indian you saw north of the Red!"

"So I shall. I don't throw a bluff and forget it. That's only my private matter. I'm going to kill that Indian just as a matter of conscience." He grinned.

"But before we move out of here," he added, "we ought to get some word from our man McMasters. I've not seen hide or hair of him since he got run out of the Del Sol camp and come pretty near getting shot. He said he'd go on in alone and get the trunk out of the girl's tent. Well, he didn't. Anyhow he disappeared."

"He's always disappearing," remarked another man. "He won't work with us. I can't line that fellow out."

"Well, he told me he had to play both ends against the middle," grumbled Rudabaugh. "But he ought to come in and report. I don't mind a man being mysterious, but I don't want him too damned mysterious. All I could do to trade with him, after that Ranger run-in on the Del Sol, before he moved north with the herd."

Had it been known, the bandit camp was not alone beset with puzzles and problems. That very week, a few nights earlier, in the encampment of the Del Sol herd, old Anita at dawn brought to her mistress in her own little tent a note, folded, addressed to no one, in the handwriting of an educated man—a handwriting she had never seen.

"*El caballero vien' aqui, señorita,*" said Anita calmly, as she handed over the folded paper. "*Esta noche, el vien' aqui.*"

"He came tonight, Anita? Who came—what man? And what is this?"

"*Yo no sais,*" replied Anita. "I dunno. He's tall-a man, *si*. He come-a my *carreta*, shake-a me soft, while Sanchez he's on da herd. He say, give-a dis to *la Señorita*. But 'spose-a I make-a some holler, he gi'in' choke-a me sure! I dunno some more."

Anita said nothing of a coin at that time tied in the corner of her underskirt. Indeed, she thought it just as well Sanchez should not know. As for her mistress, she might do her own guessing; she could read Americano, whereas, herself, Anita, could not.

The communication was impersonal, detached, as Anastasie Lockhart found. She hurried at once to her trail boss, and if she had any guess in her own mind she kept it there.

> Above Fort Worth village, head due north, to Bolivar. Then don't go on to the Station swing northwest up the Elm. Cross near the Spanish Fort. Feel west then for the Beaver. Then run by the North Star six hundred miles. Good water and grass. You can make all crossings. Time about two months. Keep west of the Whisky Trail. Herd cutters and thieves. Watch out all the time for Indians.

Which, to a trail boss wholly without map, guide or knowledge of the far and unknown country of the north on ahead, must have seemed a godsend, even lacking authenticity or origin.

xx

UNTIL now Jim Nabours, Texan native born and, barring his travels under General Kirby Smith, of small experience abroad, had been in the habit of regarding his own horizon as sufficient. He had yet to learn a thing or two to show him how swiftly customs were changing in the Lone Star State. In a general way he had heard of "river improvements," paid for in Texas land scrip, but as to details in that new and pleasing form of plunder he had little knowledge and no concern.

Neither had he ever heard of cattle inspecting—yet another form of graft devised in Austin, where more was known or foreseen of the coming cattle hegira than anywhere else in Texas. Furthest of all from his suspicions was the fact that a gentleman by name of Jameson, well accredited in the current administration, combined in his person the duties of president of a certain "Land and Improvement Company" and of state cattle inspector as well; and that this same Jameson that spring was engaged with a small party of his own on a wilderness trip, scouting up and down the Red in search of towhead snags that might be pulled, or of passing cattle that might be inspected, to the glory of God, as the first Spanish improvers and inspectors of that country once would have phrased it. Commerce sometimes becomes religion, as religion sometimes becomes war.

There always lacked explicitness in the story of the Del Sol crossing of the Red River. Jameson—owner of fat contracts in river improvements and cattle inspector by the grace of the carpetbag imperator at Austin—could bring no imposing narrative of himself and his deeds in connection with the advent of this apparition of thousands of wild long-horned kine, handled by a concourse of wild men, which one day broke out of the blackjacks near his camp. That was the Del Sol herd; but Jameson, being only a cattle inspector, could not be supposed to notice the T. L. and Fishhook brand.

It was Nabours himself, riding ahead to scout the approach to the high south bank, who had stumbled across the new camp of the inspector and his men.

"How, friend?" the herd foreman saluted. Jameson came forward.

"Which way?"

"North"—succinctly.

"North? Across the river? That's the Indian country."

(Continued on Page 81)

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NASH

Aside and apart from the brilliantly smooth and flexible power-flow of this new Nash Six five-passenger touring model there are two other important aspects of its performance.

The first of these is the extreme economy with which it operates, converting oil and gasoline into travel at a very low cost per mile.

And the second is the ruggedness and solidity of its construction which prolong the usefulness of the car far beyond ordinary limits.

That last feature is especially worth-while because it heightens the value of the car as an investment and it also tends to earn you a price-premium at the eventual resale.

Features and Appointments of New Six Touring — New and scientifically calculated tilt to motor giving straight line drive. New carburetor heating device that insures complete vaporization of gasoline at all times. Practically instantaneous starting even in cold weather. Enhanced smoothness and power-responsiveness. Greater mileage per gallon of fuel. New brake system providing greater braking surface per pound of weight than on any other American-built six. New-type brake equalizers. New tubular-type frame cross-member construction that makes frame rigid and solid. New steering device. Special spark and gas control on steering wheel. New non-glare dash light which illumines entire dash and can be regulated as to volume of light desired. Newly refined clutch. New radiator mounting. New beading on radiator shell. Transmission lock. Barrel-type cowl and head lamps. New device that enables quick adjustment of headlights to any angle. Cowl ventilator. Exhaust pipe carried farther to rear to preserve quietness.

(1344)

FOURS The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wis. **SIXES**

(Continued from Page 79)

Nabours grinned.

"Shore it is."

"North? But who are you?"

"Sincet you ask me, friend, I'm foreman of the Fishhook, four thousand head, bound for Aberlene, wherever in hell that is. You ever done hear tell of the old Chisholm road?"

"The Chisholm Trail? Why, that's away in east. He crossed either at Colbert's or at the Red Station—the Station's usual. You're off your road forty or fifty miles."

"Am I?" said Jim Nabours innocently. "Sho! That's too bad! Well, maybe we can sort of cut in on the trail north of here somewheres, huh? I got a high-trained old oxen, name of Alamo, a old mossy horn raised by General Santy Anny, and he allows we cross in here somewheres. He knows where at's Aberlene. Do you?"

Jameson frowned at levity. Then suddenly his chest swelled.

"Well, lucky enough you happened to hit my camp," said he. "You broke in west, here, to escape the law!"

"Law? What law?"

"Well, you're trying to move cows across the Red, off the soil of Texas, and not have the herd inspected."

"Inspected? We done inspected 'em several times. They're all right."

"You know perfectly well what I mean. The law provides a fee for the proper inspection of all cattle moving off their own range—checking up and recording the brands, looking to see they're all in the same road brand, accounting for strays, and so forth. Looks to me like you are trying to evade the fees. Well, I'm the state inspector for this district."

"That so? You aim to collect something?"

"Yes, certainly. I've got to look over your herd before you cross; that's my duty. I may have to turn you downstream, to the regular crossing. You don't belong in here, and you know it. Where's your herd?"

"Back below the blackjacks, on the Elm," responded Nabours promptly, a gleam in his gray eye that the other did not note. "How'd it do for you to ride back with me and have a look at our outfit where the herd is made?"

Jameson turned back to his own men, a half dozen ague-smitten whites, and ordered his horse brought up. When he mounted to ride south with the innocent stranger of the trail he made one of the capital errors of his career in the new country of Texas, and one which he never saw fit to describe in full to his chief, Rudabaugh, when at last he had reached the latter in his own camp.

In a more open valley they came in sight of the great T.L. herd, scattered over two miles of country, grazing or lying at rest. A dozen riders lolled, leg over saddle horn, themselves adoze, waiting for the foreman's return.

"Ain't it purty?" said Nabours, the real cowman's love of cows in his speech. And it was a noble sight, this wild picture in a wild land. Any way one looked there was no edge to the world.

But Jameson was more businesslike.

"Well, now," said he, "it is a good bunch. How many did you say you had?"

"Thirty-eight hunderd and sixty-five, we made our last tally," answered the T.L. foreman, the glint again in his eye. "Why?"

"Well, now, I never want to make bother for a good cowman," Jameson answered. "It's true you're off your course, but maybe that's natural. I'll just take your own count and let you go. You can pay me the fee and I'll not bother you any more at all."

"Won't even ride in amongst the herd to look at the brands, nor nothing?"

"Why, no! What's the use? I can trust men like you. Just pay me the fee and let her rip."

"And how much is the fee, Mister Inspector?"

"Nothing at all, you might say—two bits a head. Taking your own count—let's see; call it thirty-six hundred head for easy figuring. Divide her by four. Nine's a nine and naught's a naught—she comes to nine hundred dollars. Ought to be a cold thousand; but as I said, that's nothing amongst men like us. Give me that and I'll let you go and never take another look. I'll trust a man like you."

Jim Nabours had played in many a game where one does not display his emotions. He set his face now, almost suppressing the dull red that took over the gray glint of his eye. The sum of nine hundred dollars was the same as nine million to him. There was not a hundred dollars, even of Mexican make, in all the convoy, and he knew that.

"Like you say, that's little enough," said he. "Two bits a throw ain't worth talking over, not amongst men like us. But just for sake of friendship, let's ride on over to our wagon and have a cup of coffee—you orto see how pore it is."

He spoke with a finality hard to evade. The other rode alongside. A quarter of a mile, and Nabours threw up his hand. Del Williams swung away from his stand and came up at a gallop. Nabours had loosed his rope

"Del," said he, "this is Mr.—I dunno."

"Jameson; Henry D. Jameson, of Austin, gentlemen."

"And he says he's the cattle inspector on the Red. It costs us two bits a head to cross the river, Del. It ain't much, only nine hunderd dollars. And so ——"

"Nine hun——" But Del Williams did not finish.

The rope which Jim Nabours idly had uncoiled suddenly shot out behind him with a quick side flirt. It settled fair around the neck of Henry D. Jameson, the first cattle inspector Texas ever knew. The next instant the aforesaid Henry D. Jameson was out of his saddle, his hands clawing grass as he slid along the ground, choking very rapidly. Del Williams on chance laid his own rope on the neck of the Jameson horse, which seemed a good one.

"You damn thief! You low-down, lying son of 'niquity, you!" The wrath of Jim Nabours, smoldering a half hour, now flamed. His tongue waxed unprintable while in two languages of the Southwest he cursed Henry D. Jameson till his own face was red as that of his victim was empurpled. Del Williams, gun in hand, followed close, his cue obvious.

"Git up, damn you!" at length croaked the foreman. "You stand up! You'll charge Texas men for wetting their girths in a Texas river, will you? Pay you nine hunderd dollars? We'll see you and all Austin in hell before we'll pay you a damned cent. Come on now quiet, or we'll leave you plumb quiet. Come along! It's lucky we ain't got no fire lit or I'd run a Fishhook on you for luck.

"Don't shoot him, Del. But what'll we do with this, now we got it?"

The men on guard saw the sudden commotion. A half dozen came, jerking up, ropes aswing, eager. A vast Cossack laughter rose when Nabours explained.

"Prop up a cart tongue!" called Len Hersey.

But the victim now noted the sudden apparition of a slender figure astride a white-hipped horse, coming up at a gallop

"What's this, men?" demanded Taisie. "What are you doing there?"

"Ma'am," said Jim Nabours, now more calm, "we ain't doing nothing much. We're just going to hang a damned thief that wants to colleck two bits a head on our cows for swimming the Red River."

"But what—but why?" Taisie's own brow puckered.

Jameson found speech, even in his surprise, for now he saw this was no slender boy at all.

"Madam," said he, a noose lying on his shoulder and one hand at it, "these men have resisted the law. I am the lawful inspector for this district. I have come here in the pursuit of my duty."

"You've got a dangerous duty," said Taisie Lockhart straitly. Her own soul was Texan. "Inspect us, charge us—for what?"

Jameson tried to explain.

"Shut up! We're wasting time!" broke in Nabours, jerking the rope. "We ain't got nine hunderd dollars; and if we had we wouldn't give you nor no man a copper cent to ride this range ary way we like.

"What'll we do with him, boys?" He turned again to his men. "Ef we let him go he may start something. Hyenuses runs in bunches. What'll we do?"

"That's a question!" scoffed Dalhart. Len Hersey again named the wagon tongue; but Taisie Lockhart raised a hand.

"No!" she called. "No! Wait!"

"We can't wait, ma'am," said Nabours. "We're wasting time. The Red's running full now and maybe raising every hour for all we know. We can't wait here."

"Then—tie him and leave him!" suddenly spoke the saddle Portia. "Leave him here—his friends may find him."

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"Aw, hell!" said a voice. It was that of Cinquo Centavos, the horseherd. Nabours turned to him.

"Sinker, go get a couple of hobbles." The boy rode off.

"What are you going to do to me?" began Jameson. "I warn you ——"

"Don't warn us none!" rejoined Nabours. "If you do we'll kill you. Keep your mouth shut! The girl's the only thing saved you."

"Yon's a nice cactus stand, boys," he resumed, his face relaxing as he looked around. "Hog-tie him and throw him in the cactus, deep as you can. Ef he tries to get out plug him.

"That's your sentence, Mister Cow Inspector, and it looks like God has had mercy on yore soul. If you get out don't try charging no more Texas men for riding over the free lands. They won't have it. Quick, boys! Don't waste no more time."

Portia rode away, not knowing exactly how far her authority really would go with her wild crew. As she passed, her ears were assailed with the supplications of Henry D. Jameson, bound hand and foot and exceedingly full of cactus spines.

Whereby may be seen the very natural reason for his enmity and his desire for revenge when he was found the next day by his own men. He voiced the same emotions, though he did not give full details, when he joined the freebooter camp of Rudabaugh, far to the east, when later he had found those friends.

XXI

NOW it was noon of the next day. The cattle had been pushed close to the south bank of the great mysterious river. The foreman sat with his employer on the steep crest of the ravine selected as the take-off for the ford. A bridge had never been, a ferry no man had dreamed of here. Flowed only the wide sweep of tawny waters, boiling and fretting, bearing rape of far-off flats, tree trunks rolling and dipping.

The Red was up! This was an ominous and savage scene, and one to depress even the boldest heart; for over this flood must pass each horned head ever to find a market in the north.

To Anastasie Lockhart, whitely looking out over the mad waters, this seemed the very end. It did not appear possible to cross. It never would have seemed possible to Nabours had he been of longer trail experience or less desperate in view of other dangers which might come again if they tarried here indefinitely. A freshet of less extent later was known to hold back a hundred thousand cows. But Jim Nabours now had made up his mind to take a chance.

"I'm going to throw the carts over first, ma'am," said he. "Then I'll cross the cows. I'm going to hold the horses back this time. Then, after the last head's over, a lot of us'll cross back after you. We'll know the channel and the bars better then. Don't you be a-scared. We'll get you over somehow. That's how I got it figgered, ma'am."

"She's up, Jim," said Taisie quietly. She was trying her very best to be brave.

"Yep, some. But she's fell a foot since last night. She shows a bar, a quarter below, and a low flat that edges in shaller on the fur side. I think that's the real bank, and like enough hard footing.

"We could wait a week, maybe. She might raise and she might fall. We'll soon know how deep she is. I don't reckon she's not over two-three hunderd yards actual swimmin'—I can't tell. I don't want to wait here. You know why."

"Can we make it, Jim?" asked the girl soberly.

"I think we can, ma'am," said the old foreman as quietly. "Ef I didn't, do you s'pose I'd throw 'em in? She has been crossed by cows, down below, for the Arkansaw market. Yore own paw has crossed her. Can't we? If Jess Chisholm, or any of the Chickasaw whisky runners, could cross her with stock so can we. Huh? I'm a good cowman, and I got the best bunch of hands ever pushed a foot in a stirrup."

Taisie Lockhart turned on him the sober gaze of her steady eyes, but made no reply at the time.

"Jim!" Suddenly she turned on him.

"Ma'am?"

"Jim! I've got no one else—I've got to come to you. Cal Dalhart asked me to marry him—again, today."

"Well, you didn't, and you can't. The last minister was at Fort Worth. There's others of the same mind, Taisie. Has Del Williams spoke?"

She shook her head.

"Poor Del!" said she. "So quiet."

"Well, he done spoke to me more'n oncet. He allows, and so do I, that no man had orto talk a word to you about no such thing until after he ain't working for you no more. That's until after Aberlene. That's the way Del put it. I liked it of him. Cal Dalhart's a leetle brash, to my notion."

"Why do women always make trouble, Jim? I'm making trouble right here. I've made it from the start."

"Well, ma'am, Eve, she begun it right at the real start. They always done so, since. I got to pass word that there can't be no courting on the Fishhook herd, not till after Aberlene, ma'am. I told you to get married and go back home; but you wouldn't. Now see where you are! Time enough for marrying and giving in marriage, ma'am, ef we ever get to Aberlene. Ef we don't we'll not need study about that nohow. Huh?"

"I'll be good, Jim," said Taisie, smiling.

But when once more she looked at the river she did not hope ever to see Abilene. She classed herself now as the last of the Texas Lockharts. She would not disgrace the name.

Ticklish work it was, and asking alike resource and courage; but methodically as though they had done nothing else in all their lives, the men of Del Sol went about it now.

The Next Instant Henry D. Jameson Was Out of His Saddle, His Hands Clawing Grass as He Slid Along the Ground

Under Nabours' direction they got together long logs of cottonwood drift, dragging them in at the ends of their lariats, cowman fashion. Taking the cook cart for their first experiment, they lashed some of the longer logs under the body, unbolting the tongue. The clumsy vehicle was heavily loaded.

How much of swimming water there would be none could tell; but their philosophy was wholly empirical. Nabours turned back at the edge of the water.

"Keep right after me, men, and keep her a-coming!" he called to the riders who now were in readiness to take the water. "Don't try to hold her against the current. Let her slide down, and keep your horses swimming. Ef we make that bar we're all right.

"You, Del, go upstream in front. Cal, get in front below. You've got the hind rope upstream, Len, and Sanchez, you go downstream. Keep her going just like it was on the ground. She'd orto float some anyway. Come on now!"

He spurred into the rolling discolored stream. His horse, snorting and trembling even at the brink, within five yards of the steep bank was in swimming water; but he headed straight across, gallantly, though carried steadily downstream.

Stripped to their underclothing, and minus their pistol belts, the men spurred in. With a sudden plunge the unwieldy craft took the water at the rear of the horsemen.

"By golly, she floats!" called out a voice on the shore.

Cal Dalhart flung up a hand with a yell. Old Sanchez crossed himself industriously. But all four of the horses, muzzles flat and nostrils blowing, followed as best they could the leader who swam ahead, his saddle horn still showing high.

That it was all a mad endeavor, no sane man could have doubted. But Providence was ever kind to men who dare.

Those remaining on shore watched the strange procession in absolute silence. Taisie covered her eyes. The plan of the crossing had much good judgment in it, but only extreme good fortune ever could give it success. By some kind impulse of its own, the current began to carry the clumsy contrivance toward the head of the sand bar at midstream, scarcely more than visible above the surface, but offering great hope to the swimming horses. The silent watchers at last saw the horse of the leader plunge upwards and get footing. The two lead horses followed, all of them still belly deep.

The length of the reatas of the rear men allowed them also to get footing while the great wheels of the cart, hanging below the edges of the raft, remained floating free. The power of five horses, even with soft footing under them, finally enabled the men to drag it to floating water beyond the head of the bar. To their relief it found temporary anchorage when the wheels caught bottom.

Nabours sat his half-submerged horse, looking studiously out across the remaining waterway.

"Hold on here, boys, till I try her out," he commanded. "I think from here acrost she's sorter flat. If she won't float the cart, cut out the logs, splice your ropes and fetch one on acrost to me so we can yank her through."

They got floatage for a little way out from the bar, but presently the raft became a liability and not an asset for them. They cut log after log free and let it run downstream. Nabours' horse was no more than belly deep ahead of them. Four hide reatas, each of forty feet and all spliced, at last gave them connection with the solid shore. With a great shout they yanked the first cart up the farther bank.

Nabours rode up to the front of his amphibious vehicle and disclosed Buck, the negro cook, who had been praying on the floor of the cart, up to his knees in water part of the time, and now still of grayish complexion under his natural pigmentation.

"What's the matter with you, boy?" he demanded. "Climb down out of there, now, and get things ready for a meal against we get the next cart acrost."

It was necessary for the five men to recross the river. After a long study of both shores for a take-off, they concluded to wade down to the head of the bar, cross the swimming water from that point, and to land below the original take-off on the south shore, at a point where the high bank flattened. Two of the five men knew almost nothing of swimming. Each man put his life upon the strength and courage of his horse. Their work was there and it had to be done. They eased their mounts by slipping out of saddle, downstream, swimming and taking tow, one hand clinging to a saddle thong.

It is enough to say that they did make the recrossing. Taking advantage of the rebound of the current from the bar, they found footing on the south bank perhaps a quarter of a mile below the original take-off. Wet, half naked, they all whooped on up to the ford head, where all the remainder of their company were huddled.

"She's all right, Miss Taisie!" called out Nabours. "We can do it plumb easy. You stay here where you are. I'm going to put Milly and Anita in the next cart. We'll swim you over special, on horseback. That's a heap safer'n any boat. All you got to do is just to set still on your horse and let him alone."

The delay with the second cart was but short. Old Milly on her knees in the sand hysterically supplicating her deity, was forcibly assisted to the seat where already Anita, patiently telling her beads, was seated, awaiting fate.

Again they pushed out; once more they made the head of the bar; and this time, with even less difficulty than at first, finished the second half of the crossing. For the second time, wet to the skin, the men crossed back, cursing the luck which had brought them here to meet high water, but as yet meeting with no mishap. Nabours looked dubiously at the horses, which had made the crossing twice. The men refreshed themselves with hot coffee and a hurried bite to eat. The farther camp now was made, so there would be coffee at each end of the crossing.

But now they must address themselves to the tremendous experiment of crossing the herd. True, these had had swimming water at the Colorado, the Brazos, the Trinity; but in each case the farther shore was well in view of the take-off and the swimming channel narrow. What would the cattle do now, facing a moving sea of roily water?

"Ready with them fresh horses, men!" called Nabours. "Point the herd in here. Make them take water just back of me, and throw 'em in spreaded. All of you act just like it was on the ground. Take your points, you, Cal and Del! All you swings, ride right above and below just like you was on the trail. They'll swing down plenty in the current. Take it easy and quiet. If any of you gets scared them cows'll be scared too. If they begin to mill it'll be hell for every one of us; so keep 'em spread out and moving. Here's where we make a cap or shore spoil a coonskin."

With cracking of horns and tossing of heads, the front of the herd came shuffling down the shallow draw to the edge of the water, led by a few lank and rangy steers, old Alamo, the accepted lead steer, still in front. They were creatures alert and wise as deer, true long-horn stock of the lower range. Something of the wild instinct blended with their recent practical education. Crowded by the numbers pushed against them from the rear, old Alamo shook his head for half an instant, then bent his knees and plunged in, following the

(Continued on Page 87)

Why motors waste gas and oil

LIKE every other article of use, motors are subject to wear. As wear develops in the various moving parts of the mechanism, their close adjustments to one another are naturally disturbed. This, in time and in different ways, must interfere with the motor's efficiency.

Piston ring wear is probably the first to appear and the most definite in effect. It soon causes a leaky condition that results in steadily increasing power loss and waste of gas and oil.

It's these piston rings which close the space between each piston and the cylinder wall. They must prevent both the escape of gas during compression and of power when the explosion takes place. Another most important function, also, is to keep lubricating oil under proper control.

When you think of the enormous distance these rings travel—all the inches covered in their rapid movement against the cylinder wall, added together, amount to many hundreds of miles in the course of a single season—you'll realize, perhaps for the first time, the wear they must get. This wear eventually results in imperfect contact on the cylinder wall, which inevitably means gas and oil leakage and loss of power.

The only cure for this is replacement of the worn piston rings. They can't get better of themselves. It costs much less to put in new ones than to keep on running the motor in that wasteful condition. In addition to the economy, you get the enjoyment and satisfaction of full power restored.

Piston ring replacement is not a difficult job. Any good repairman can do it.

In McQuay-Norris Piston Rings you find the perfected piston ring replacement line. First, the exclusive-process Electric Iron, possessing exceptionally long wearing qualities. Second, a precision of manufacture that insures to each ring an accuracy in all its dimensions measured in fractional thousandths of an inch—less than half the thickness of this page. They are checked and rechecked by the finest precision instruments known to mechanical engineering. Third, there is a McQuay-Norris Piston Ring for every type and model of motor or gas engine. Fourth, a national system of distribution which places a complete service stock of McQuay-Norris Piston Rings within the immediate reach of every garage and repairman, so that your exact size or over-size can be correctly supplied and installation made without any loss of time.

The full McQuay-Norris line includes piston rings for every purpose and price. The famous McQuay-Norris Leak-Proof Rings are the finest power rings made. By installing these rings along with one McQuay-Norris Supercyl Ring to each piston to control excess oil, you will have the most satisfactory, economical and durable equipment money can buy.

When having your motor examined for power loss and gas and oil waste, don't overlook the condition of the cylinders. Sometimes they are "scored" or badly worn "out of round." Such cylinders must first be refinished and "trued" perfectly smooth and round. This work, of course, will slightly enlarge them and then new McQuay-Norris Pistons and Pins are necessary, as well as McQuay-Norris Piston Rings. This will be your best assurance of having an overhaul job that will make your motor as good as new.

Your repairman either has the equipment for refinishing or "truing up" worn cylinders or can have this work done for you by one of the many competent shops specializing in this work. Repairmen everywhere have McQuay-Norris Piston Rings, Pistons and Piston Pins in the correct size or over-size for your motor. If not, they can get them promptly from their jobber or from a McQuay-Norris Service Stock.

Ask us to send you our free booklet, "To Have and to Hold Power." It tells simply and plainly the whole story of power production in motors. Address Dept. B, St. Louis

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FOR AUTOMOBILES – MOTOR TRUCKS – TRACTORS – STATIONARY GAS, OIL AND STEAM ENGINES – MOTOR BOATS MOTOR CYCLES – AIRPLANES – COMPRESSORS – PUMPS – LOCOMOTIVES – STEAMSHIPS – REFRIGERATING MACHINES.

McQuay-Norris *Wainwright* Pistons and Pins—gray iron pistons as light in weight as safety permits—specially designed for replacements—available in standard sizes and over-sizes—also in semi-finished form 75-thousandths over-sized. Pins of exceptional accuracy. Made of special heat treated steel.

Pistons and Pins of quality

Leak-Proof—Its exclusive two-piece design means equal cylinder-wall pressure at all points. Its greater flexibility means better performance in worn cylinders. Best for all grooves except top, which should have Supercyl. Made of Electric Iron. Each ring packed in a parchment container. Price per ring—

$1.25
In Canada, $1.50

Supercyl—stops oil trouble. Keeps lubricating oil out of combustion chamber. Collects excess oil on each down stroke of piston and empties on each up stroke which ordinary grooved rings cannot do. Made of Electric Iron. Each ring packed in a parchment container. Price per ring—

$1.00
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JIFFY-GRIP—the quick-seating ring with the non-butting joint. "Seats in a Jiffy." Can be fitted closer than the ordinary step cut rings. Ends cannot butt when fitted tightly as quick-seating rings should be. Accurately made of Electric Iron. Each ring packed in glassine envelope. Price per ring—

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Snap Rings—of the highest grade. Raised above the average by McQuay-Norris manufacturing methods. Made of Electric Iron. Their use insures all the satisfaction possible for you to get from a plain snap ring. Packed twelve to the carton and rolled in waxed paper. Price per ring—

25c
In Canada, 30c

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PALM

She looks as young as ever

How often does one hear this said of some fortunate woman whom the passing years seem to leave untouched! She rivals her own daughters in freshness and beauty, and other women marvel at this eternal charm.

Keep that schoolgirl complexion—this is the secret, and every woman should share it. Don't let the passing years write their record on your face when simple care will prevent it.

Begin today the beautifying, restoring treatment which will help renew youth and charm. It will put becoming, natural color into your cheeks, revive fineness of texture and make your face look firm and young.

Simple, but effective

This restorative, beautifying treatment may seem almost too simple, but it is based upon the foundation of skin hygiene.

Dirt, oil and perspiration accumulate every day, and must, every day, be removed. Otherwise the pores enlarge and become irritated, blackheads and blotches result.

Wash your face every day with pure, mild soap and you needn't fear such complexion troubles. Your skin will remain firm, with a smooth, satiny texture which makes maturity as attractive as early youth.

All soaps won't do this

The mild, beautifying cleansing is the most effective of all skin treatments but you mustn't be careless in the soap you use. Facial soap must be mild, so mild that it soothes while it cleanses. It must be lotion-like in its action, with never a trace of harshness. Such a soap is yours in Palmolive, blended from the palm and olive oils, which are the most perfect of all soap ingredients. They are nature's cleansers and so valued since the days of ancient Egypt.

Apply the profuse, creamy lather freely, massaging it thoroughly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly and dry gently with a soft towel.

Bedtime is the best time for such cosmetic cleansing, that your skin may be renewed and refreshed while you sleep. In the morning rinse with cold water and then look in the mirror. Your reflection will delight you by its radiant freshness and charm.

Luxury soap for 10c

You are mistaken if you imagine that Palmolive must be a very expensive soap because of its rare, costly ingredients. While palm and olive oils are imported from over seas we buy them in such large quantities that the price is naturally reduced.

The Palmolive factories work day and night, thus lowering cost. Thus soap, which if made in small quantities would cost at least 25c a cake, is yours at the modest price of 10c.

Use Palmolive for every toilet purpose, on the wash stand and for bathing. No need to be contented with less perfect soap when Palmolive costs no more.

Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, U. S. A.
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited, TORONTO, CANADA
Also makers of Palmolive Shaving Cream and Palmolive Shampoo

OLIVE

Natural Olive Green

The palm and olive oils which are blended in Palmolive impart to the firm, long-wearing cake their own supreme mildness and attractive color. Palmolive green is the natural color of these rare oils, as much nature's own as the color of grass and leaves.

Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for only

10c

PALMOLIVE

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What Is It Worth to Keep Baby's Milk Sweet?

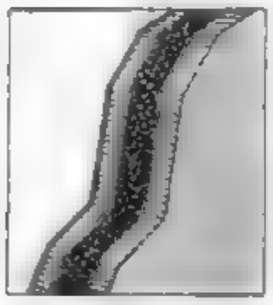
NO price is too high to pay—no care too great to take. To your refrigerator is entrusted this vital duty. Is it not, then, imperative to know, in advance, just how well it can perform its task?

Before you buy, find out just what the insulation of the refrigerator is. For upon this feature largely depends its efficiency—its ability to keep food perfectly in scorching midsummer weather—its economy in the use of ice.

Alaska Refrigerators have seven insulating walls. The main insulating material is *cubed cork*, widely accepted as the most effective refrigerator insulating material in use today. Its presence in an Alaska is guarantee that your food will keep in perfect condition in hottest weather, with an unusually small consumption of ice.

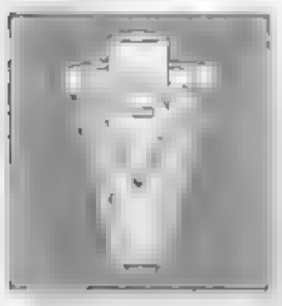
The Alaska's perfected circulation, too, surrounds food with the chill, *dry* air so essential to perfect keeping.

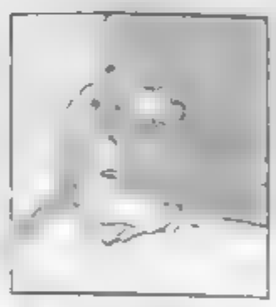
Alaska Refrigerators have many other important features—the development of 45 years of refrigerator building: sanitary, seamless porcelain or white enamel linings; tight-fitting doors; patented, cold-conserving drain trap; durable shelves and ice rack. They are unusually well built, with enduring finish; yet cost no more than ordinary refrigerators. Dealers can show you styles to meet any requirement. Don't accept a substitute; look for the Alaska name. Write for pamphlet "What to Look for in a Refrigerator" and dealer's name.



Cubed cork, the remarkable air-filled insulating material, bars heat from the Alaska. Note the seven insulating walls

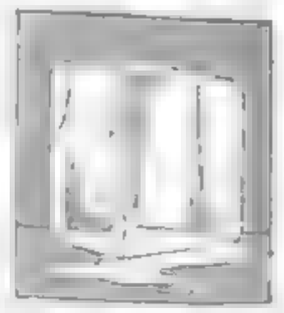
This patented, cold-conserving drain trap prevents the entrance of heat by means of a water seal.





Rounded corners, full-width openings, and foaming, seamless porcelain or smooth, white enamel linings make the Alaska easy to clean.

Many Alaskas are built to hold 100, 75 or 50 lb. cakes of ice without removing the shelves. It is not necessary to remove the shelves in order to put in the ice.



To Dealers:

If you are not yet supplying the demand for these better-built, ice-conserving refrigerators in your community, write us for complete information.

THE ALASKA REFRIGERATOR CO. MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN

ALASKA

(Continued from Page 82)

swimming horse on ahead. Some men still rode the same mounts. Now and then a man lightened ship by slipping out of saddle for a time.

One by one, by fives and tens and scores, the other cattle followed the lead thus established. The inshore leg of the long moving U passed out and down, the cattle swimming steadily, gently, their muzzles level, their tails spread. They knew well enough where they were to land.

The stream of the herd seemed almost endless, but when the great U once was established—the cattle finding footing on the bar at midstream and wading over the shallows beyond—the line of action was perfectly apparent to every animal as it was pushed up to the river brink. They took the water as had those before them, and formed a continuous living line across the river. It was a magnificent spectacle. It was a triumph of personal courage combined with knowledge of the art of cows. But surely fate aided in this first and riskiest crossing of the Red by any herd passing northbound to the rails.

There was little need of guidance after the first of the herd had reached the bar in midstream, and here some of the riders turned back to the south shore, riding up to the take-off. Again and again they took the water below the swimming stream of cattle. They could see the long line of the cattle elevate itself like a great party-colored snake at the bar, thence writhing along as though upon the ground, and fully visible as it topped the farther shore. The great adventure seemed in a fair way to conclude itself upon the side of courage.

The old Del Sol foreman was a good cowman, as good as the next, and there were few phenomena in the trade of cows with which he was not familiar. One might have seen him all that day looking up anxiously at the sky. The heavens were dull and overcast; a bad day to put cattle at a ford. Rain portended; there long was no glimpse of the sun. But had there been any glimpse of the sun the veteran foreman would never have pushed his herd into the river late in the afternoon, for a reason which any trail man would have understood.

At that point the river ran almost north and south, so that the course of the cattle was almost westward. In the evening any rays of the sun would lie like a path across the water.

But cattle will not swim into the sun. No good trail boss ever undertook to cross a herd into a sunset. The one hope of Nabours was in a continuous cloudiness of the evening sky. He did not want the sun to shine.

But now, as he turned his own anxious face toward the west, he saw a greater definition of the piling clouds. The lower edge of yonder heavy bank was tinged with silver. By and by the sun would drop through. Then its light would lie across the water, straight into the eyes of the swimming cattle.

The sudden oath of old Jim Nabours had many factors in it—pity for what he knew might happen, regret for his own hastiness, apprehension for the property which was not his, resentment at what seemed to him an unjust fact and a poor reward for the courage which his men had shown. Nature, always merciless, now seemed mockingly vindictive.

No act of man could affect that which was now to happen. The almost level rays of the sun did fling their burnished path across the yellow waters. It was cast straight into the eyes of the drag, some three or four hundred animals which had not yet crossed the swimming channel. It half blinded for a moment even the eyes of the men. A floating log came down among them, caught the upper cattle, swung crosswise.

The line broke. There was a great uptossing of horns, a jumbling of shoulders as some animals attempted to find floatage on the backs of others. The spaces were lost, the bodies were packed together in a mass, struggling, moaning—and steadily passing downstream. The dreaded swimming mill was on!

Little enough could the bravest or most skilled men do now. What men could do, the two riders now caught in the mill attempted. They did not try to swim free of the mass, but drove into it, attempting to break and point out the mill so that the cattle would find footing somewhere below. At times the head and shoulders of their ponies showed, climbing upon the shoulders of the swimming cattle, the men beating with their quirts, kicking, urging, shouting. But the cattle would not swim into the sun.

Those upon the nearer shore heard the sound of the rush of waters and a combined low moan, indescribable. It was hopeless. Not the best efforts of the entire company could have broken that fatal midstream mêlée. As though in a dream, Taisie Lockhart, wringing her hands, stood dumb and saw go forward one of the sudden tragedies of the trail.

"Leave them go, men! Come back! We can't save them now! Come on out!" Nabours ordered back his men on the farther side of the bar.

They stood looking at the moving mass which made a dark blot below the bar, where the current once more headed for the east. Neither head of horse nor man long showed above the floating island.

"That was Dan and Billy," said Jim Nabours, the first tears in his eyes any man had seen there. "I done it my own self! Look at that sun!"

It was dusk when he and half a dozen of his best men once more rode up the shore to the take-off. Taisie met him, sobbing unreservedly. The veteran herdsman himself could not speak.

XXII

"WE CAN'T do nothing more tonight." Nabours had joined his companions at the fire. "Find a critter if you can, and kill it for supper," he added, turning to Cinquo, who, white and silent, had stood at the side of his mistress through all the late tragic scene.

Stripped, wet and cold, the trail men sat in silence. The sound of a distant shot in the brush promised them food—a straggling yearling from the drag which had been lost among the willows; but they were so dulled with fatigue, regret, sorrow, that they hardly would have cooked for themselves had not Taisie and Cinquo taken a hand.

The night settled down with a certain chill along the water's edge. The darkness held unusual terrors for the lone girl. Suddenly she dropped her face in her hands, huddling against the wet shoulder of the man who came nearest to being her protector.

"Jim! Jim!" she sobbed. "Take care of me! I am scared!"

"So'm I scared, Miss Taisie," rejoined Jim Nabours truthfully. "Lord ha' mercy on me!"

The men of Del Sol slept ill enough, close to the embers of their fire. Cinquo's saddle blankets, partly dry at least, he gave to their mistress, for whom he had made a bower somewhat apart.

The boy was the first to move in the foggy dawn and to find his horse. He rode down the river bank in the direction of the last tinkling of the lead mare's bell. He was gone for the best part of an hour before he brought up the remuda. By that time the other men had rebuilt their wastrel fire.

Something seemed on Cinquo's mind. He approached Nabours, who stood apart, moody and depressed.

"Mr. Jim," said he, "I met a man down there, and he was riding a blue-crane Fishhook horse."

The foreman turned to him.

"You are sure?"

"I kin read a brand."

"Did he say anything to you? What?"

"He was rather quiet. He was a tall man with a little mustache and a gray hat. He told me not to tell you who he was—and I hain't told you. He told me he seen the place where the mill landed last night. There's dead cows all along this side the river, and besides was two dead men—that was Bill and Dan. He said he pulled them out and covered up their faces. He said he knew a better crossing down below, an' he wished we'd of knowed where it was at. Then he rid back down the river, when he left."

"A damn good thing he did!" said the trail boss. "Ain't I had enough without that set of thieves?

"Eat, men," he added to the half-clad group of stiffened men around the fire. "We have got work to do."

He made no comment on the news the boy had brought, but led the way. With knives and sharpened sticks, they dug two graves in the sand; stood with hats off for a little time, silent. Some men began to kick dirt in on top of two saddle blankets. They rode away.

In the draggled bivouac at the head of the crossing there remained then only the mistress of Del Sol and the boy Cinquo, who had been ordered to remain. The latter engaged himself in broiling some pieces of meat at the fire, not for himself. His divinity came out at last, having made such toilet as she could.

"Where are the other men?" she asked.

"They're down a-burying Dan and Bill, ma'am."

The not infrequent tears came again to Taisie Lockhart's eyes.

"They come ashore nigh a mile below here, a man told me. He come up from down the river when I was down after the horses. A tall young fellow he was, with a dark mustache. He told me he had found where the mill landed, and the boys and everything."

"You don't know who he was?"

"I know he was a-riding a Fishhook horse, ma'am. I've saw him afore, yes."

Taisie Lockhart turned quickly away, with no reply.

"Well," began Nabours surlily, without much speech to his mistress or to any one of the company, "we've got to get the horses across. Throw them in, Sinker; drive that old gray mare in first."

"I don't have to drive her in; she'll foller me," replied the boy. "I ain't going to let nobody point ner lead for me and my remuder. They know me. Old Suze, she'll foller right in after me. If you can swim it I kin. Besides, she's six inches lower than she was last night."

"Huh, six inches would do a heap o' good out there, wouldn't it?" grumbled Nabours. "You ain't running this herd."

"No, but I'm running the remuder," said the boy stoutly. His eyes began to fill with tears.

"Oh, well, get in then!" The trail boss looked at him kindly, his own eyes none too dry. "There's only one way to make a cow hand. If he lives he lives!"

None the less, he and his two lead men flanked the horse herd close behind the plucky boy when he spurred in ahead, followed by the bell mare and the rest of the horse band. The course was much as it had been with the cattle. The horses swam strongly and confidently and in due time made the head of the bar, which now was more exposed.

"Take 'em on out now, Sinker; it's safe from here on. We've got to go back oncet more, to get the boss. Come on, you, Cal and Del. This is the last trip. Hurry! She'll be scared there by herself."

To the primitive brain of the old Texan, who trusted nothing so much as a horse, the uncertain raftage of the previous day had made the carts seem riskier than the back of a swimming horse. For that reason he had decreed that Taisie Lockhart should remain until the very last. His plan now was revealed.

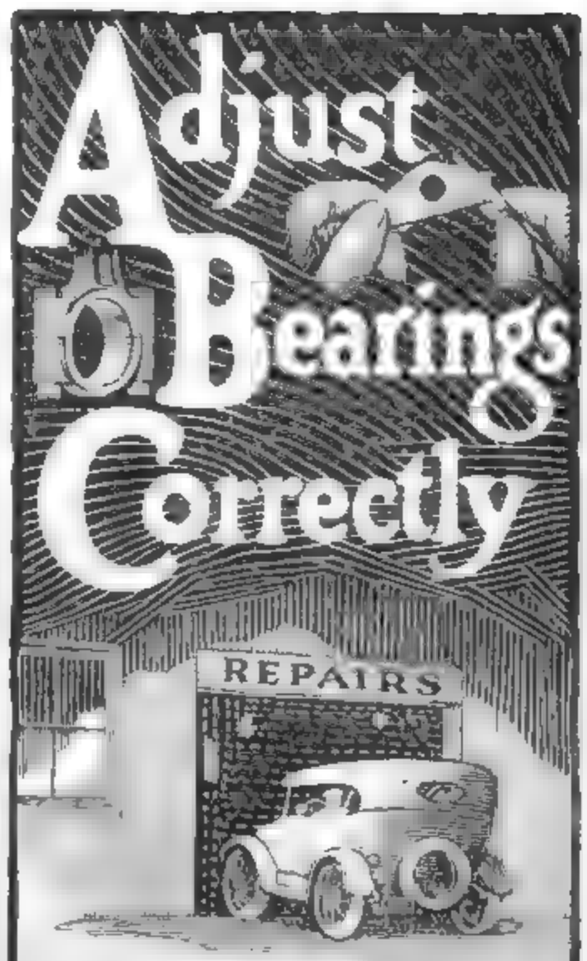
"Miss Taisie," said he, when at length he had regained the take-off, "you've seen us all cross there time and again. It's perfectly safe for a good swimming horse like yours. I'm a-going to cross you like we done everything else. I'm a-going on ahead my own self, and put Del and Cal above and below you, with ropes to your saddle, so's to steady you if anything should happen. There ain't no cows now. Just keep your hands off your bridle; don't try to guide your horse none at all. You mustn't look down at the water, for if you do you think you are going downstream, when you ain't. Just you look on ahead, right at the top of my hat; then you'll be perfectly safe. Us men ain't going to let nothing happen to you."

The girl was pale, but the family courage and the traditions of the border were her own. She got into saddle without a word and spurred the snorting Blancocito directly into the curling waters when Nabours gave the word. It seemed to her to be facing death. She resigned her soul.

But suddenly she felt under her a certain lightness, accompanied with a throbbing vibration—movement, progress. She knew her horse was swimming. On ahead, Jim Nabours sat as though upon the surface of the tawny water, the top of his saddle cantle showing over the streaming tail of his horse, which swam on, steadily and confidently, after the gallant fashion of the Texas strain. She looked right and left. Two other men were advancing also strangely over the water, only the upper portion of their bodies visible. It was like some fantastic dream.

In absolute silence they crossed the swimming channel, saw the face of the sand bar come nearer, as though it were approaching upstream across the swirling flood. Fifty yards, thirty yards, twenty

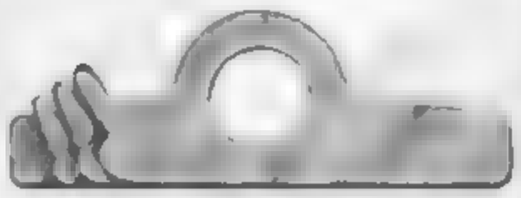
(Continued on Page 89)



The ABC of SHIMS

Many engine troubles begin at the bearings. Worn-out and burnt-out bearings are responsible for big repair bills. A-djust B-earings C-orrectly and you will not only have a sweeter-running engine and a *better* engine, but the cost for upkeep will be much reduced.

Ask Your Repairman



Your repairman knows that the bearings of any car need careful adjustment at least once each year. He will explain how a necessary piece of metal called a Laminated Shim takes up the wear in your bearings quickly, accurately to the thousandth of an inch. A Laminated Shim peels off in paper-thin layers. That's the secret of *correct* bearing adjustment at low cost.

Send for Booklet

If you are really interested in keeping your car always in proper shape, send for this little booklet. It contains some mighty interesting and valuable information on bearings and their adjustment.

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LAMINUM

YORKSHIRE MOORS, ENGLAND*

"Confound these infernal slippery roads! Why don't some of these clever Johnnies invent a tyre that won't slither about so?"
"They have—Kelly-Springfield Cords."

THERE is ample justification for the absolute confidence which the owner of Kelly Cords places in them. Not only are they surefooted on practically all kinds of roads and in all kinds of weather but they have that characteristic Kelly sturdiness which insures long mileage in spite of severe punishment.

Truly, a rare combination of Safety and Service, yet—it costs *no more* to buy a Kelly.

*Drawing by Lawrence Fellows, England

(Continued from Page 87)

yards—they would be safe! And then came one more jest of the immortal gods! It was an accident made more readily possible by the mistaken attempt of using guide ropes on a swimming horse.

A great tree, uprooted somewhere unknown miles to the westward, came rolling and dipping its snaggled branches. The men saw it perfectly well, and coolly made ready to meet the danger, each man with hand at his reata.

Impossible to predict the freak of the changing current! A bared root of the tree caught at the edge of the bar. The heavy trunk swung down toward Dalhart, who had the upstream side. Nabours was now ahead, on the bar. His back was turned. He was looking curiously at the man they all had seen approaching through the shallow water from the farther bank.

The cool-headed plainsman, Dalhart, gave length to his rope, flipped it to free it of the one menace, an upstanding snag which would not allow the rope to clear. But in some way, no one could tell how, a roll of the menacing leviathan threw the snag a little higher. The drag of the rope in the water did the rest. The rope fouled on the snag. As a consequence, the horse of Taisie was drawn directly in front of the log as it swept downstream. A scream, shouts. In a flash, the girl's pony was trying to get his forelegs over the log. The girl herself, thrown or slipping out of the saddle, was in the water; and all of them, horses, riders, with the giant log, were steadily swept down below the head of the bar.

The sudden disaster concentrated all the world into an immediate surface of eddying, onward water, coffee colored, and the narrow strip of wet sand edging it. The scene was not fifty feet across, so near were the swimmers to the one trace of land. Beyond that limit, for the participants existed no horizon and no use for eye or ear. Nabours had some indefinite, vague sense that the wet noise of a horse's advance through the shallow back of him was close, now directly at his back; but to turn his head from the tragedy at his hand was not possible as even an instant's thought; so that when the hurrying horseman appeared at his side, as though dropped from the sky, it seemed quite natural enough.

The quick cast of his own rope fell short from where he sat his horse, with footing on the bar. Those in the water had only their own powers now. There was no conscious plan on Taisie Lockhart's part, or that of the two swimming men; no one could tell how it all had happened, or what now must happen. But suddenly the girl felt herself caught in the strong grasp of Del Williams, himself dismounted, swimming. He dragged her into the swinging branches—across them. By then Dalhart's rope was free, and Taisie's pony, dropping back from its struggle to surmount the log, also was free, as the ponderous tree trunk swept on by. So by renewed freak of fortune all three of the horses made the edge of the bar before it was too late. By this very fact the lives of those caught in the current were set in more instant danger.

It all was in silence. No one called for aid, supplicated; no one shouted advice, instructions; there was not a sound to the advance of death. Nabours, perhaps, held his breath thrice the usual space as he jerked in his rope, cast again.

The loop fell wide, sank; but Williams missed it, was swept down, encumbered by the current, here very strong in its rebound. The water had cut off the slope of the bar a few yards below and left a gouged channel, sharp, swift. But Dalhart's hand fell on the loop. With a groan, unable to cast again for the white face of the girl, Nabours returned, whirling his horse, gathering slack, feeling his whole life a failure now, since he had saved only a man.

Now into his consciousness came identification of the horseman who had plunged across the shallows to the harder footing of the bar, well trampled by the cattle which had passed. Of course, vaguely, generally, he had known at first loose sight that it was not any of his own men.

It was McMasters, his pistol belt wrapped around his saddle horn, his coat off and held under a leg, his reata free. He pushed down the bar—off the bar; but before his horse swam, a whirling back cast had spread the loop over the heads of the two swimmers, who, plainly, never could have made the bar.

He would have dragged them out by the neck, choked, yea or nay, had his horse held footing. As it was, he was the one of the three who had some plus power, even as his horse swam. With a desperate struggle the gallant brute got his feet on holding ground, floundered out, up. By then the loop had narrowed to the hondo. But the bit of rawhide there was gripped in Del Williams' clutch. He still held in his other arm the heavy drag of the girl's body. He did not know whether or not her eyes were closed; hoped only he had been able to keep her face high.

After that, it was quick, simple, silent. The essential thing had been done. McMasters used the horse to drag out the take of the rope. He saw Del Williams come to his knees on the wet sand, crawling, the limp form of the girl still supported by his arm as he staggered up.

He saw her stand alone, her arms feeling out, dazed, central figure now on a stage which was a wide sea of whirling water. Whether or not she knew him he could not tell. Taisie herself could feel little of definite plan. But what McMasters saw, result of her impulse to reach the one point of safety she could sense, was her stumbling, hurrying, arms spread, to the saddle skirts of Jim Nabours, who was on the narrow strip of sand exposed by the lowered waters, hardened by the trampling it had had.

The girl, scarce able to stand, flung an arm across the old foreman's saddle front. Upon the other side Del Williams, following, suddenly reached out and caught her hand, even as Jim laid hand upon her arm to steady her. Her eyes, until now closed in terror, opened and looked straight into those of Del Williams, the man who from his own boyhood days had loved her, as she knew; who had risked his life for her now.

"I reckon you saved my life," said she weakly.

She did not specify. The man who had done the essential thing was fifty feet away. But Dalhart heard the words.

Now the tense silence of the drama's action was resolved into hurly-burly, horses plunging, splashing, snorting, men coiling ropes, all voluble in speech, undifferentiated calls, shouting, accusations.

"Come here, you!" Nabours called, beckoning to the tall rider, apart, who was coiling his wet reata, looping securely his pistol belt, pulling a latigo around his wet coat to hold it better. But McMasters flung a hand in salutation, deprecation, for what not, or for it all.

"But come on, man!" the foreman again commanded, with what intent was not plain. The laughing voice of McMasters came, clear and seemingly not much perturbed.

"See you at Abilene!" he called. Almost the next instant he had spurred bodily into the flood.

They watched him steadily carried out and down and across by the set of the current, following the same system Nabours had first used in crossing back to the south bank. None of them knew that McMasters had from his own chosen spot watched the whole crazy operation of crossing the Red in freshet, had crossed at a better ford below, and had within the hour taken position near the camp on the far shore, whence he had seen the last departure from the south bank—and done some thinking and reasoning of his own about it.

"He'll make it all right, damn him!" said Nabours, in mixed emotions, as he watched the strange sight of a man's body, half out of water, plowing across, following a small object dark and flat ahead, surmounting a dark broken line, a V of ripples, even so, visible in the tawny descending flood.

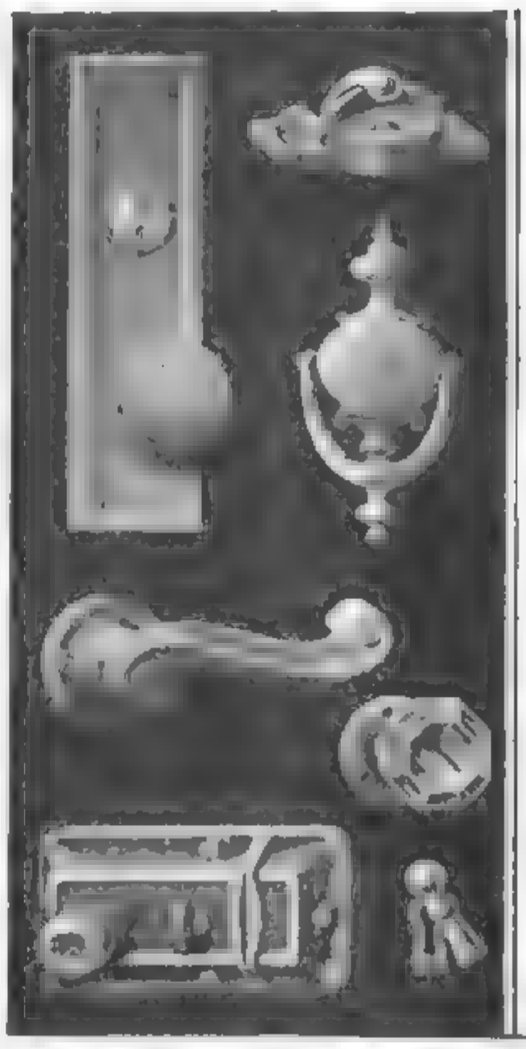
"Well!"

He did not explain. No one explained. No one made comment. Perhaps a sort of chagrin now held them more or less, a feeling that glory lacked, that life itself had lacked here, but for the casual, unrequited aid of a man who had come and gone after doing the essential thing.

"Help her up, Del," said Nabours. "Can you ride, child?"

Taisie nodded, got into saddle when her horse was brought across the wet bar. So she was not yet to die? The thought was curious to her, bringing not elation but surprise. She had not once spoken, had never once cried out, appealed—not so much courage as resignment to the wish of fate. And now fate had selected a certain agency to give her back to life and its lackings. She had neither joy nor sorrow in such thoughts as came.

Nabours, his hand on Blancocito's cheek strap, rode with face held down, his mouth



AFTER all, what's the use of putting up a *Good* Building, if you find, when you get into it, that

—the keys turn only under protest

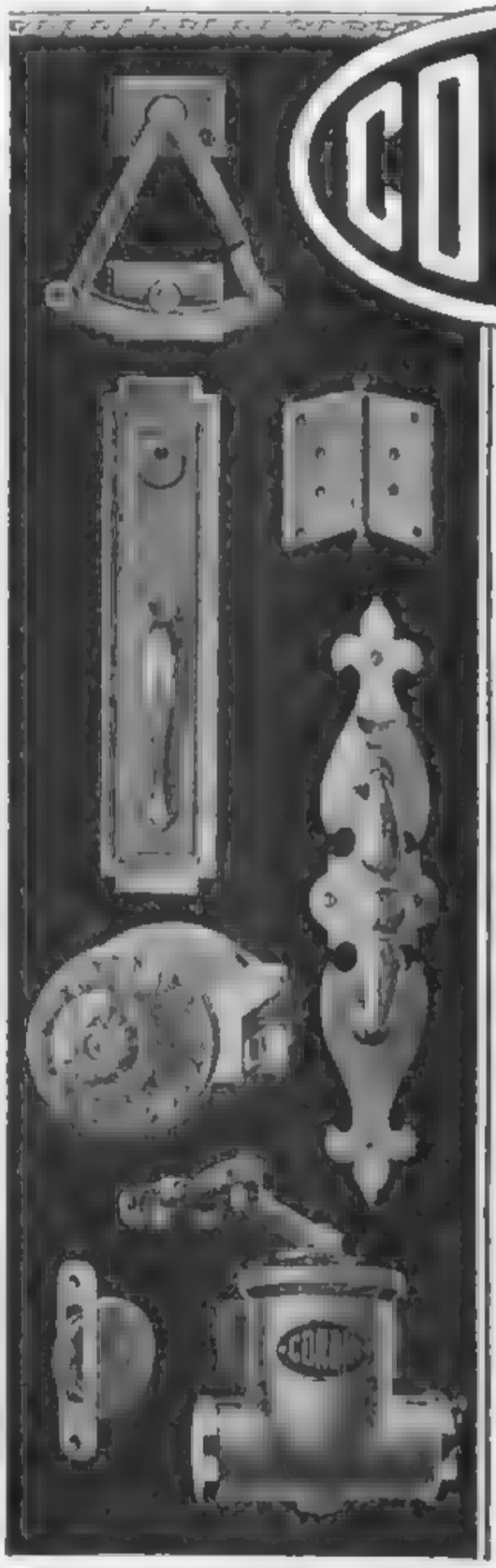
—the locks yield only to sheer muscular effort

—the door checks have but partial control over their headstrong doors

—the window fastenings, hinges and pulleys and adjusters are in a continual state of revolt, and even open mutiny

—all the hardware, throughout the house, is in a conspiracy (apparently) to goad and irritate and exasperate?

Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware



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grim. He sighed so deep it was well-nigh a groan, knowing that under his leadership two human lives had been lost, a third almost lost. Had that last consequence of his own folly ensued, what then? It had come so close he now had no perspective other than that it would have been the end of the world. And the draggled figure at his side, passive center of all the action, as woman is in all the great crises of the world, had no better perspective. The edge of the world lay at the south bank of the Red Well, he had reached that horizon, passed once more beyond the edge of her world.

The other two men dropped to the rear as Nabours led Taisie's horse out at the landing place. Del Williams had ridden silent. Dalhart began to abuse him.

"That'll do! The whole thing was your fault," said Williams after a time. "You let your rope foul in that log. It's a wonder you didn't drownd her. If you say it was any part my fault, you're a damned liar, and you know it! Even thataway she'd have drownded, and me, too, if it wasn't for him." He jerked his head toward the opposite shore.

Neither man was armed, both were nearly naked. They wheeled their horses head to head and sat looking each into the other's face.

"The world ain't big enough for both us two," said Dalhart slowly.

"It shore ain't," answered the other man in even tones. "What you say suits me. We've all promised Jim there wouldn't none of us make no break until we had delivered the cows. Does that suit you?"

"Yes, till Abilene!"

"Till Abilene!"

XXIII

THIRTY miles down the Red River, where it originally was crossed by the old Arbuckle Trail, early known as the Whisky Trail, Rudabaugh and his men lay encamped. They were and for some days had been impatiently awaiting news from the south. Mr. Jameson, cattle inspector for the northern district of Texas, brought them news; but Mr. Jameson, for reasons of his own, preferred to preserve his dignity; so his news was highly censored, expurgated. He declared that his horse had thrown him into a cactus patch. Moreover, he declared that the Del Sol herd was already across the river and bound north; whereas the truth was that he only had guessed that the herd soon would cross, provided that the waters fell. He had not tarried. Rudabaugh was irritated.

"You ought to have got two bits a head straight through for those cows," said he.

"They're out of our jurisdiction now," defended the thornful fugitive.

"They ain't never out of my jurisdiction!" rejoined the leader savagely. "I'll follow that outfit till hell freezes. Where there ain't no law is where Dave Rudabaugh's jurisdiction runs.

"I wish I knew where that fellow McMasters is," he added. "I'm only waiting for him."

That evening at dusk McMasters did come into camp. Rudabaugh welcomed him with as much graciousness as he could muster, but did not spare complaints over the long delay.

"None of you Texans seem to know the value of time," he began. "You can't look ahead. The herd that breaks trail for five million Texas cows ruins every plan for us if it gets to the railroad. If that herd gets through, cows will be worth ten dollars a head in Texas this fall, next year twenty dollars—and they have been costing me twenty-five cents! When cows go to twenty a head land goes up with them. Now, it don't take any watchmaking to figure why I don't want those things to happen just yet.

"McMasters, that herd must never get out of the Nations. We've got to have this season to finish our plans. I don't intend to have my hand forced by any red-head girl and her red-neck cow hands, I can tell you that. Let that bunch trail north this summer, and they'll make a market for every cow in Texas! If they don't get north Sim Rudabaugh'll be the richest man that ever set foot on Texas soil. And what do you suppose Texas will do for a man who can prove that he has doubled and trebled and quadrupled the price of every acre and every cow inside the lines of Texas? In that case, Mr. Rudabaugh might be able to look wider than the lines of Texas, eh?"

"Your plans do seem large," said McMasters quietly. "How can I help you in them?"

"Every way in the world. Scout out on ahead. It's hard for me to keep my fingers on you, you shift about so much; but if you help me break up the T. L. herd there'll be everything in it for you that you will ever want in life.

"Of course, you know I kept awful quiet It's a long way out to the edge of the Staked Plains, and only a few cowmen are in there now. But the lands I have got my eye on are covered with vine mesquite like a carpet, or with bunch grass almost as good. That's the coming cattle range, once the Comanches are off of it. That's where I am locating our lands. I want a million acres more of scrip.

"And to think," he added, "what all of that hangs on! Leave them alone and they may find Abilene, for all I know. I am taking no chances about that—that's why I want you. I want you to go on north and find that outfit.

"We'll cross the river in the morning."

Again he resumed his pacing and his cursing, in one of the moods during which he really was out of his own mind. He was well in his cups almost all the time.

McMasters turned toward him suddenly.

"You carry fire a long time, don't you?" said he.

"I never had anyone oppose me yet that didn't get the worst of it," replied the outlaw, ever serene in his conceit.

McMasters smiled.

"Not even Burleson Lockhart?"

"Not even Burleson Lockhart," rejoined Rudabaugh savagely. "He did!"

He pulled up. Something chill seemed to sit in the air about him. "Well, come into camp," said he, "and let's have a snort of liquor. I have got some left."

XXIV

RUDABAUGH and his band, early on the following morning, broke camp and crossed the Red River, finding no difficulty in making the ford at the old Whisky Trail. They rode a dozen strong, alcoholically buoyant, defiling the air with their boastful blasphemies.

McMasters had suggested that they keep together and follow the old Arbuckle Trail up the Washita, their course making one side of a triangle whose other leg probably would be covered by the Del Sol herd. The two courses naturally would converge somewhere to the north and west, at some point on the Washita. He pointed out that in no case could they miss the Del Sol men, because certainly they would see the northbound trail if they came to it, and could wait if they did not. The logic of this appealed sufficiently to Rudabaugh.

At the end of their first day's march they stopped at the edge of a walnut grove through which ran a little stream. All that country was full of game, and Rudabaugh took up his rifle, promising soon to come back with meat for the company. McMasters himself, unobserved, followed not far behind him.

Rudabaugh had been gone perhaps a quarter of an hour or so when his mates heard two reports of his rifle in the direction of the stream. He came in not long after, but without any game.

"Well, Dave," said one of his men, "did you get your meat?"

"I certainly did," answered the ruffian.

"You didn't bring it in?"

"It ain't that kind of meat."

They stood looking at him. His smile was distorted. He began to work himself up into one of his rages.

"Well, you heard my promise!" he broke out. "Down yonder I told you that I intended to kill the first Indian I saw in the Nations. I don't bluff and I don't miss—there's two Indians laying in there. If you don't believe it go and look. I told you I'd show those people how to steal my horses."

A man or two slipped out of the camp, moved over toward the edge of the little stream. Hard men they were, and used to rough deeds; but what they saw made them start back shuddering

Two Indian women, one young, lay upon the farther bank. Their clothing remained upon the nearer shore. They had been bathing, and hearing the approach of an intruder had started up the farther bank. There they had been overtaken by the aim of the most heartless ruffian that ever crossed even that dark and bloody land. The older woman now lay dead, the younger even yet was struggling to reach the cover of the thicket Hearing the sound of yet others coming, she fell forward on her face. . . . They both were women, and had the younger woman lived —

McMasters, following close behind Rudabaugh, was not close enough to see him when he fired, but soon he saw what had been done. Horrified, he turned away, leaving the men he met to see for themselves. He picked up the moccasins the women had left on the hither bank.

His step was light as that of a panther when he entered the camp. He crossed the grass to where Rudabaugh now sat, touched him lightly on the shoulder.

"Get up, you damned hound!" he said. "Get up and look a man in the face, you beastly, murdering coward!"

Rudabaugh reached for his weapon before he struggled upright, but stayed his hand in time. The two hands of the younger man were raised above the dark revolver stocks. But he did not fire.

"The man who would do a thing like that is no part of a man at all!" Rudabaugh and all his remaining men heard the words. "I'll not ride a foot with a murderer like you. Now take my advice—get out of here fast as you can! If these people catch up with you they'll even things with you—their village can't be far from here. Those women never harmed you."

"You all heard my word!" Rudabaugh's voice broke hoarsely.

"You've heard mine! I ought to kill you now, but I am going to leave you."

"The lousy thieves!"

Rudabaugh tried to work up his vanished rage. "You think I'll let them steal my horses and get away with it? It's two less of them. Besides, there's no law in here. Besides, you're going to break your own word."

The eye of McMasters narrowed.

"Don't say that again," said he. "I am saving you for a later day. Those were Comanches that you killed."

"They're not Comanches!" asserted Rudabaugh. "The Comanches don't range in here. It's all Chickasaws above here. They were Chickasaws, or maybe Wacos."

Dan McMasters held up two moccasins before he replaced them in his pocket.

"I know Comanche moccasins when I see them," said he. "Those women left these when they went into the water.

"There is no use your trying to trail me," he added as he backed to the edge of the wood where his horse was tethered "I tell you, the best thing you can do is to get out of here as fast as you can!"

There was not a man in all that armed band that had courage to reach hand to weapon as he passed. Perhaps a sullen contempt for their leader had come to them. Rudabaugh's own blasphemies, his sudden recovery of his weapons came too late McMasters was in saddle and riding, hid by the cover of the wood.

At first they thought he had headed for the north, as they later trailed his horse. But half a mile farther on they saw where he had turned in his tracks and headed directly south.

"I don't know where he went," remarked one trailer, "but I wish I did. He's likely to be mad enough to set the Rangers after us again. I more'n half believe right now that he had a hand in their catching us down at Del Sol. If we'd got away with all that scrip Rudabaugh says there was we'd have been out of this, maybe."

"The Rangers can't work anywhere outside the state of Texas," his associate reminded him.

"No, that's so; they can't. But the Comanches can!"

TO BE CONTINUED

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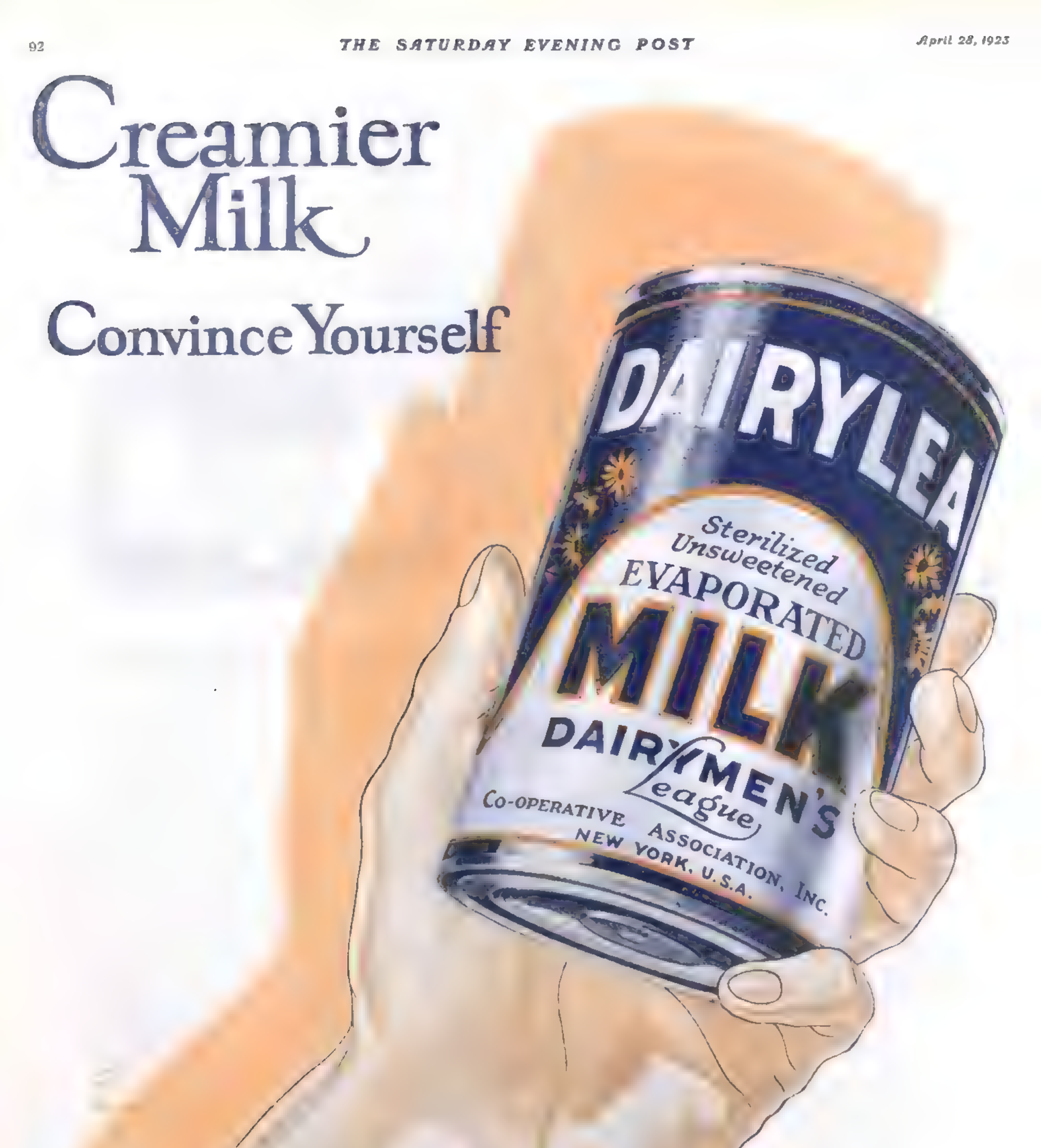

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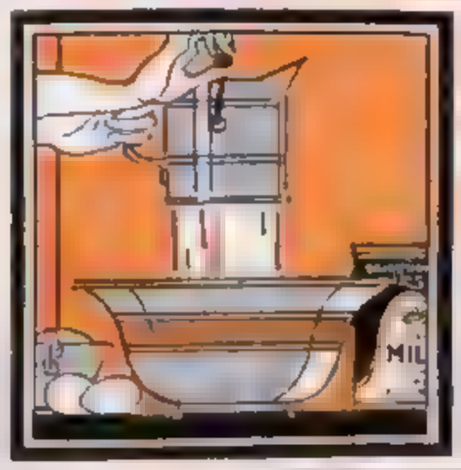

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In white sauces and creamed vegetables, Dairylea Milk imparts greater creaminess by its rich butter-fats.

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ANYONE can have beautiful hair, if it is cared for properly

Shampooing is the most important thing.

Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Proper shampooing, however, means more than just washing your hair—it means thorough cleansing.

The hair and scalp are constantly secreting oily, gummy substances. These substances catch the dust and dirt, and the hair becomes coated with this.

This coating, when it becomes excessive, naturally dulls the hair and destroys its gloss and lustre. It covers up and prevents the natural color and beauty of the hair from showing. It also causes scales and dandruff.

How to prevent this coating

To have beautiful hair, you must prevent this coating from accumulating.

This cannot be done with ordinary soaps not adapted for the purpose. Besides, the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it

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The quick, easy way

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Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is. It keeps the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

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Splendid for Children—Fine for Men

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Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28)

one-quarter of next year's, one-third of the next year's, and so on, until you have fulfilled your obligation as a loyal son of the university. If Bohunk is to grow its children must kick in, even if it gives them growing pains.

According to disinterested architects Bohunk needs right now at least twelve new dormitories with stained-glass windows, marble staircases, echoing corridors, pool tables, bowling alleys and Oriental rugs. In addition there is a crying need for 30 sets of chapel bells to be stolen by the freshman class each year; a steel tower for the radio department; a mahogany clubhouse for 'varsity football players now under contract with optional clauses; and three or four laboratories for the brewing and distilling classes, to be exploded at their convenience.

This new equipment will cost good money according to the findings of the Logic Faculty. We know you will not turn two deaf ears to the howling of the drive committee. Old Bohunk gave you all you have and now it wants it back. It is up to you and other faithful alumni to give up in her hour of need. Give till it makes you sick. But give! No contribution above $500 will be rejected. All unfulfilled pledges turned over to our legal department.

Mr. Business Man: Your name has been recommended by a close friend for honorary vice president of the Society for Doing Something About Whither Are We Drifting. In order to defray the cost of embossing your name on our stationery and sending letters to other prospective honorary vice presidents, a nominal contribution from you will be welcomed.

We have got out a bargain list of subscriptions to suit even the most exacting taste. It is as follows: Charter membership, $100; piker membership, $10; life membership, $500; 20 years' membership, with time off for good behavior, $300; family membership, $250 (large families, $350); ordinary membership, $50; extraordinary membership, $150. Designate your choice and send it along with a certified check.

—*Neal O'Hara.*

Radio Among the Ruins

THE end of the Radio Age—writes Sylvius Arcadius in his History of the Twentieth to Twenty-fifth Centuries, Inclusive—came suddenly in 1927. This calamity which wiped out almost the whole human race was due to a trivial incident, a strike of the employes of the broadcasting stations. They seem to have been dissatisfied because they were not getting enough of a commodity known as money, often mentioned in the literature of the age, which possessed this peculiar characteristic—that though it was accounted honorable, or at least romantic—to judge from the plays and novels which have come down to us—to have none of it at all, it was disgraceful as well as inconvenient to have only a little of it.

The strikers, accordingly, preferred no money to a little money, and human society straightway fell to pieces.

Had this deplorable event occurred a few years earlier it would have had no serious consequences; but by 1927 the world had become thoroughly radioized. All previous mediums of communication, such as public meetings and the printed page, had become superseded. Churches, theaters and schools had been closed; newspapers had disappeared, and the art of reading, less common since the invention of motion pictures, had passed altogether into disuse. Consequently the broadcasters' strike left the world helpless.

The first effect was an alarming increase in the domestic death rate. Housewives had become accustomed to getting their recipes, as well as suggestions for the day's menu, by radio. Left to themselves, they could neither cook a dish nor plan a meal; all over the world husbands began to die of malnutrition.

Deprived of the accustomed bedtime stories, children refused to go to sleep, and parents by the thousands were accordingly driven insane. In some few households very aged persons revived the old cottage industry of telling their own, but the families thus reprieved soon suffered in other ways.

Without the radio time signals clocks and watches got out of order; railroad schedules were disorganized; wrecks occurred that clogged the lines. The loss of the stock-market reports threw the business life of the country into hopeless confusion; the art of reading the tickers had been lost since the broadcasting stations passed the news to anyone who could listen. Criminals flourished unchecked, since there was no way to broadcast police alarms; with the loss of the daily news digests rumors spread and multiplied terror. The suffering caused by the complete disorganization of business, the spread of disease in the absence of the accustomed daily health hints, paved the way for the final disaster. A belated frost ruined the crops. It was unforeseen, because the farmers had come to rely on the broadcast weather reports and had lost their old ability to judge the turns in the climate. With the crops failing and transportation ruined, millions starved to death; and we must mention perhaps the most sinister fact of all—that those who had come to depend on broadcast religious services for their contact with the higher world perished in the conviction that they had lost their hopes of salvation.

This sudden and complete collapse of a highly organized society is hard for us to understand, but we must remember that four of the five senses had become completely atrophied; with the radio, hearing alone was needed. Moreover, even before the invention of radio the Americans of the twentieth century had become used to wriggling out of initiative and responsibility.

Leagues and societies, maintained at great expense, told them what to think and what not to think. If anything went wrong they passed a law about it. If the law failed to bring relief they passed another law setting up a commission at Washington, and felt that they had done their full duty. The process thus begun was completed by radio.

One class and one only had been trained to self-reliance in a radioized world—the technical staff and performers at the broadcasting stations. Here were experienced technicians; men who had retained the art of reading, and were familiar at first hand with the facts of agriculture, finance, science, commerce and the day's news; artists of both sexes; and perhaps the most skilful of all, the women employes who arranged the day's programs and announced each attraction into the broadcasting transmitters. From sheer force of habit the little colonies of strikers, isolated near the broadcasting stations, elected these competent women as their executives, thus establishing that matriarchate which has happily ruled the world in the five centuries since. Under their able guidance these artists and technicians easily maintained themselves; for they alone had retained their first-hand acquaintance with facts instead of broadcast reports of facts; they alone had preserved the five original senses. We may count ourselves fortunate to be descended from these selected persons who alone, in the Age of Radio, were able to do and think for themselves.

—*Elmer Davis.*

"Dear Me, I Must Gather Some of Those Water Lilies!"

Little Old New York

"I WOULDN'T live anywhere but New York City if you paid me," said Mr. Billfinger. "There's no place on earth like it. Of course I always spend January and February at Palm Beach. Then I usually go to Pinehurst or Aiken during March and April. But in May I'm always glad to get back to Little Old New York and open up my house in Westchester. I generally stay there until June, when I run over to Europe for a couple of months. When I get back in September I always go up to Maine for a month or two for the fishing. Next fall I expect to take a trip out to the Coast, but I'll surely be back in time for the winter sports up at Lake Placid. No, I've seen them all, and there's no place in its class. Little Old New York is the grandest burg on the map."

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THOMAS ROBINSON, MATRIMONIAL AGENT

(Continued from Page 5)

her speech, "if you are really interested in Pekingese dogs, Mung Fu is an extremely fine specimen. And if you are, as usual, merely using her as an excuse to make my acquaintance, I may tell you that I am an extremely fine specimen of—but perhaps that is the sort of thing I ought not to say about myself!"

If her plan had been to throw Thomas Robinson into a great confusion, and to cause him to turn a rather becoming rose pink she succeeded. But perhaps the boy was meant for courts, and for this atmosphere of a larger, freer and possibly more exciting world, which he was now breathing for the first time.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, while the confounded blush would mantle his cheek—a speech not notable for sang-froid. But he went on better, though he stammered a little. "Oh," he ventured, "I guess you're a much finer specimen!" And then the pink, in spite of all he could do, deepened.

The lady heard the speech and observed the color with gratification.

"That," she observed, "was the right answer. You have nice manners, and you are nice looking and you have a nice voice. I take it you are a gentleman. Are you?" she asked suddenly.

"I—I think so."

"I am, on the whole, quite sure you are," she went on. "And I've known an enormous number of those who were and those who weren't. I think," she went on judicially, "we may consider you have made my acquaintance."

Thomas Robinson lifted his hat and made a slight bow from the waist.

"I am greatly honored," he said.

"Certainly," she murmured as if the compliment were quite a matter of course. "What is your name?"

He gave it, and she listened gravely and meditated.

"I've known so many of the name of Robinson, good and bad. Shall we say that you may make it shine as never before? Now, I suppose you want to be told who I am."

"I have a feeling," said Thomas Robinson, speaking the absolute truth, "that I ought to know already."

"Ah," sighed the old lady, "I suppose you are really too young. Your father was probably —— No! Tut, tut! Let's be honest! I suppose your grandfather was probably in love with me."

"Do those things descend in families?" asked the boy slyly.

She gave him a quick look.

"By Jove, you know, I wish they did! But I'm seventy-five, you see. However, I was and I still am Clarissa Barlowe. And I was the queen of *opéra comique* in this country for years. Not musical shows, you understand, my dear. Something more distinguished, and, if I do say so, more gay. I wish you could have heard me in La Grande Duchesse and as La Belle Hélène."

Imagination cannot be overrated. For the next half hour Thomas Robinson was an elegant young man in a cape overcoat, making his way with other young bucks of the day, his grandfather's day, into Niblo's Garden, and sometimes even waiting outside the stage door on the chance merely of a bow from the lovely Barlowe.

Then the flow of reminiscence stopped abruptly. The maid was recalled and adjusted the—was it a dolman? Mung Fu's tail was twisted, just *pour changer ses idées;* to change the dog's ideas, so the old lady said. The black rolling-chair attendant was stimulated into a kind of activity.

"Now," said Barlowe, "I will go and have a bad tea. But I am capable of making a rendezvous with you for tomorrow if the day is fine."

The smile was still rather bewildering.

"I only mean," she went on frankly enough, "that I come here almost every day before tea; and that, when all's said and done, I'm rather a lonely old woman. But perhaps you're not alone, or have other duties."

Thomas Robinson explained why he was there. Of course the illustrated circulars give a thousand and one reasons for coming to the Boardwalk's side, but the boy had only one. His mother was convalescent at last after a severe illness, and during his father's enforced absence in the West on business he was accompanying the invalid to the life-giving sea. It was during her daily rest under the guardianship of a nurse that he was for the instant idly dipping his toes in the great sunlit sea of life. As the old lady prepared to be wheeled home to the bad tea the boy smiled as he thought of his mother laughing at his new friend's sallies.

"When she is better," he exclaimed gayly, "you'll be meeting her."

But the fair Barlowe dealt in the unexpected.

"Well, I don't know," she replied judicially. "All my life mothers have simply been my pest. They are always trying to prevent their sons from marrying me. Would yours be like that?"

Her eyes twinkled, and so did Thomas Robinson's. But somehow he felt that a good deal depended on his making an answer that should be complimentary to both.

"I imagine," he said after a moment, "that she would have to try very hard."

It was evidently the right answer again.

"If I were any younger than your grandmother I should probably marry you. That is, of course," she added lightly, "if we had been introduced. I have always insisted on that before marriage."

She sighed mock seriously.

"After all, that was little enough protection for the men, and perhaps I oughtn't to blame them. I generally did marry the men I fell in love with. Though it was only four times in all. That's reasonable, don't you think?"

And she added as she was rolled away—she added, seemingly as an afterthought, "One of the times I was a countess. Does that interest you at all?"

It may be said that the whole encounter interested young Mr. Robinson, as the phrase goes, strangely. It seemed also to enliven his parent's convalescence. And it appeared likely that the boy's grandfather, given his character, had been in love with the golden-haired girl who was Miss Clarissa Barlowe. Mrs. Robinson seemed to view her son's latest entanglement with all the tolerance of a woman of the world.

"I think it admirable," she said, laughing lightly, "that you should have your first affair with a woman no longer immature. As to marrying anyone above seventy I only say, don't be precipitate, Thomas. I must leave much to your own good sense."

And she leaned back on her pillows, smiling and a little pale; and Thomas went out soon and bought her gardenias. But, after all, this is not her story but her son's, and Miss Barlowe's; yes, and two other people's.

It need surprise no one that the rendezvous made for the pavilion by the sea was kept the following day.

"It's sweet of you to come," said the old lady promptly. "As for me, of course you knew I would come at any cost. That is the way we women are about men."

Thomas Robinson blushed, but he had already fatuously admitted to himself that it seemed to him that Miss Barlowe's wrinkled cheek had been painted for his benefit an even brighter and more engaging pink; as, indeed, it had. He muttered something deprecatory, but he quite believed her; and Miss Barlowe, be it said, saw he did.

"Do you know," she inquired abruptly, "what chiefly bores me about getting old? I suppose I ought to say about getting older. It is that young people waste so much time and make life so much duller than it need be. Of course, I know it's natural for young people to suppose that life is going to last forever. But even then—oh, if youth but knew!"

"Just how do you mean?" asked Thomas Robinson almost timidly. "I try not to lose much time."

"You do very well," admitted she. "You accosted me—I think that is the correct term—within ten minutes after you saw me; which, considering I might be your grandmother, is excellent. But with a young girl of your own age, what's your record? Granting she's pretty, of course. You'd rather not commit yourself? Perhaps you're right."

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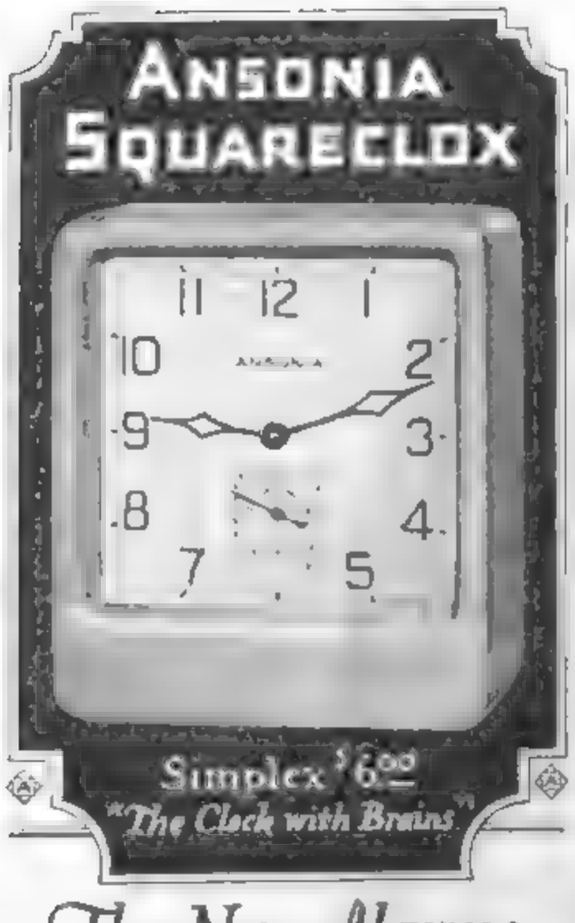

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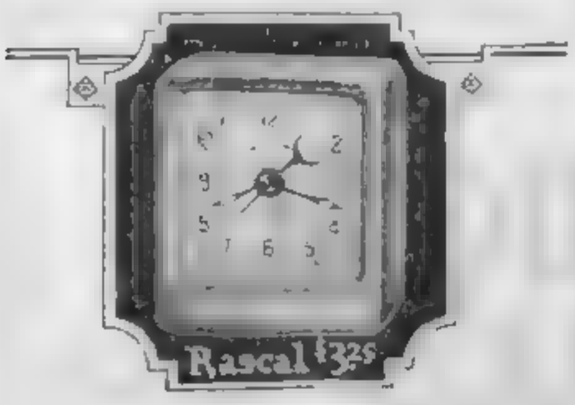

ANSONIA *means* CLOCKS

Thomas Robinson was learning that you never need commit yourself. If you didn't talk, the old lady simply always did.

"I will be precise. For now, for at least an hour, at the opposite ends of this kiosk, there have sat a young man and woman obviously made for each other ——"

Thomas Robinson hurriedly turned—by some instinct almost, it was—to the young woman sitting about fifty feet away.

After a merely cursory inspection he said quickly:

"She may be made for me, all right," with almost undue warmth.

"Not at all," countered Miss Barlowe unhesitatingly. "You are mine. Confess that your mother said last night that I would keep you out of mischief. Of course she did! A nice woman. I like her. She knows your sex. And I hate to humble your pride, but you haven't even looked at the peerless young man whom I've picked out as the lovely girl's fate."

Thomas Robinson deigned to look at the unknown.

"Yes, he's all right," he admitted languidly.

"All right, merely!" exploded the lady.

Mr. Robinson conceded a point.

"I'd rather like to know where he got his tie."

"Tie, indeed!" broke forth Miss Barlowe. "Listen, young man! I admit that he hasn't, for me at least, your absolutely fatal charm. But he is a Greek god and an adorable young man. A fool though, obviously. He looks at the golden nymph of my choice—and yours, if I would let you—as if she were a marble statue. You'd think they disliked each other. Of course, they don't dislike each other. They don't even know each other."

"Shall we introduce them?"

Miss Barlowe favored Thomas Robinson with a kindly look.

"I am glad the choice of my love fell upon you. You have intelligence."

The boy bowed.

"Of course, we must meet them first ourselves. Now I ——" he began.

"You have also the slyness of a Machiavelli, and the cruelty of all men. You were about to say that you would make the lady's acquaintance while I should make friends with the young man. Weren't you?"

"I thought you could do that so successfully."

"Also the flattering tongue of the serpent," mused the old lady, and then she and the boy looked at each other and laughed.

Thomas Robinson felt rather as if he had found his grandmother out in a naughty trick and were enjoying it. Also a little as if he had detected the peccadillo of a queen.

"I really only thought my plan would look more discreet," she said. "You and I know, if anyone should, that a lady and gentleman cannot make each other's acquaintance on the Boardwalk. While, of course, two ladies or two gentlemen —— So let's do it for them."

The sky was very blue that day; and the sea. The world seemed gay and all things possible.

"We'll be gods from the machine!" he cried gayly. "We'll make them fall in love!"

"We will! They have wasted a day!" Miss Barlowe exclaimed with some scorn.

"That's time enough to fall in love," announced Thomas Robinson, as one who knew life.

"A day! Time enough to fall out of it." The fair Barlowe gave a little sigh.

"Almost time enough to get married."

"Almost time enough to get divorced if they only knew it. At Sestri Levante once there was the Archduke Alexander ——" Suddenly she paused. "You are twenty, aren't you? No, it's not a story for you, nor for these pretty children here. Let's make their love story a real Victorian idyl. And tomorrow we'll order a bell of orange blossoms for them to be married under!"

And with this firm resolve, or vow, they moved quite carelessly towards the opposite ends of the pavilion and towards the puppets they had planned should dance so gayly to the music of their piping. The sky was still very blue, and the dancing waves. Thomas Robinson chuckled to himself to think how much better life was than even a moving picture.

A quarter of an hour later the sky was still blue; and so, to make an old joke, was Thomas Robinson. The waves did not appear to dance so much.

"Well?" he said to Miss Clarissa Barlowe.

"Well," she answered, "all that I've ever feared about the modern young girl is true. It all started well enough. She showed a perfectly becoming interest in Pekingese, and Mung Fu at first took rather a liking to her. And then I casually mentioned the Greek god and said incidentally that he seemed to me an almost perfect creature, in fact Prince Charming himself—we used to use phrases like that, you know, my dear boy, when I was in my twenties."

"And then?" asked Thomas Robinson.

"She looked at him. He was all right, she said, although not more than what a good tailor could make of any man—and a good barber. No, he wasn't a type that interested her. In fact she led me to think that in her opinion men generally were a greatly overrated race."

"And then?" again asked Thomas Robinson.

"She up and left me, going north. And you?"

"I," he answered, "had equal success. I borrowed a match of him, and as soon as I could without being too obvious I said our friend was some peach."

"And then?" asked Miss Barlowe.

"He gave her a look and lit a pipe. Said she looked to him as though she had a nasty temper."

"And then?" the old lady asked again, seeming a little discouraged this time.

"He up and left me," replied Thomas Robinson, echoing the words spoken earlier. "Going south," he added.

The conspirators looked at each other, woebegone; and then quite suddenly they both laughed.

"They disliked each other!"

"Almost as if they were married already," remarked the lady, almost acidly.

"I can't think we went about it in quite the right way," meditated her young friend.

"That's my fault. I should have taken your advice."

"Did I give any?" asked the boy.

"No. But I should have asked for it and followed it." She looked at him out of the corner of her eye. "Men," she ventured almost demurely, "always know how to plan campaigns better than we wretched women do."

"Oh, no!" he protested, and looked a little self-conscious. But somehow her suggestion didn't really seem to have displeased him.

"I simply put myself in your hands. There's only one thing I stipulate. I think the next time you must speak to her."

"Do you think I must?" he asked judicially.

"Yes; I think you'll have more effect on her than I can. And," she added almost bashfully, "I may do better with him than with her."

"You do pretty well with men," he admitted handsomely.

"Oh," she said negligently, "it's just a habit I have got into; nothing more. Now, when they come back, give me your orders."

At that moment the young people who were under discussion, having taken the shortest turn possible by the sea, were to be observed returning slowly towards the pavilion. If they had already an instinct for disliking each other, they were coming back as one does fascinated to the proximity of the deadly basilisk, if the idea of a basilisk upon the Boardwalk is not altogether too far-fetched to be admissible.

Being put in charge of the whole affair seemed to invigorate Thomas Robinson. Responsibility and command of women sometimes do this to men. He viewed his approaching quarry with satisfaction.

"My plot is very simple," he said. "I think Shakspere invented it first. You're simply to hint to your man that the girl's in love with him."

"Till he shall say with Benedick, 'When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.' Oh, Thomas Robinson, I could have played Beatrice once, and Katherine, if my managers hadn't always insisted on my singing!"

She paused for an instant right in the most exciting part of their plot for today, and even Thomas Robinson suddenly saw beyond the blue sea and the bright twentieth-century sunshine the dusty crimson and gold splendors of the theater of many years ago. He remembered that faded gorgeousness of Daly's in lower Broadway, where he had once gone to see a cheap, tawdry burlesque show; gone because the evening before his grandfather had talked to him of earlier, braver days of that old playhouse. The old gentleman had undoubtedly been in love with Ada Rehan; yes, and Thomas Robinson was now sure, with Clarissa Barlowe. And for

(Continued on Page 101)

A Pack Train on the Shores of the Lake East of Gordon Pass, Montana Rockies

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A GEORGE MELFORD *Production*

with

Leatrice Joy ~ Nita Naldi
Lewis Stone & Pauline Garon

By Waldemar Young .. *Story Suggested by Hector Turnbull*

You can't fool your wife!

—but you'll have a great time watching it tried!

—with Leatrice Joy as the wife

—Nita Naldi as the vamp

—and Lewis Stone as the husband who discovers that a woman can know things without knowing how she knows but she knows just the same!

Those who have not tried to fool their wives will be just as fascinated by this plot as those who have tried and failed: while all the ladies in the case will take a delight in watching the lesson go home.

With the whole cast composed of popular favorites, and a luxurious direction by the man who made "The Sheik," Paramount once more rings the bell of success long and loud.

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The name *Paramount* provides an advance guarantee that the show is good.

Follow brand name leadership. Choose Paramounts.

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town

It's a Paramount Picture

(Continued from Page 98)

at least that moment the grandson was, too, in spite of the lady's lopsided wig. But her voice, brisk and gay after that swimming interlude of memory, recalled him to the Boardwalk and to present-day romance.

"And what will you say to Beatrice, good sir?"

"Would Benedick be fainting for love of her?" asked the boy, abruptly brushing from his eyes the vision of his grandfather's romance.

"Well, I think his will perhaps be a more robust love." Then, as from opposite directions the pair approached, she for an instant laid her hand lightly on the boy's arm, quite as if he had been her favorite grandson. "It's always been really the same, my dear—love. And ours is what Shakspere's was—a plot to bring a little more beauty and happiness into the world."

Then they separated to take up their strategic positions.

"Of course, you know what I'm afraid she'll say, don't you?"

And although she seemed bubbling with fun as had been perhaps the Grande Duchesse and the Belle Hélène, Thomas Robinson felt vaguely apprehensive.

"No," he asked almost tremblingly; "what do you think she'll say?"

"Oh, 'speak for yourself, John Alden!'" And she broke into very pleasant, tinkling laughter.

The result was that Thomas Robinson moved towards the end of the bench where the unknown girl usually sat, flushed an agreeable red. Really, for a lady of her age, Miss Barlowe did pretty well with men, when you come to think of it.

. . . . . .

It is the intention to avoid, in the interests of decorum and distinction of narrative, any further description of how gentlemen and ladies—undoubtedly—may make one another's acquaintance upon the Boardwalk without the formality of an introduction. In the case of Miss Barlowe and Mr. Robinson the thing has been ventured upon once; but not a second time. It is much preferred that refined readers should say flatly that such things simply do not happen, and that they absolutely disbelieve that an elderly actress, and a Greek god who had never been presented to her, and a young lady lovely as the morn, and a Harvard student of engaging manners but of similar illegitimacy of relationship, were soon to be seen at the opposite ends of the kiosk engaged in engrossing and seemingly almost agreeable conversation. No, this sort of thing is simply not done by our best people. But this is fiction, or at least is presented as such. And in any case we prefer to pass hurriedly on to the moment, after a little longer interval than had previously ensued, when the younger of the ladies again rose and trailed a proud and languid way southward.

May we hope that this was in reproof of Thomas Robinson's impudence. The refined reader may always hope, especially in the works of a refined writer. But an observer on the promenade by the sea might possibly have suspected by a queer something in the air of the proud and indifferent young woman that she secretly wondered just how much longer she would be alone. The observer was, of course, Thomas Robinson. But why do ladies sometimes give away what they are trying the hardest to conceal? Is it the unusual acuteness of observers, or some weakness in the ladies themselves? Our young man stood idly by the rail, but when the unknown gentleman slowly rose and filled his pipe the boy was really taut with excitement.

The observed one, with almost too elaborate an affectation of uncertainty, turned, and as Thomas Robinson's heart again began beating, started southward, too—southward!

"Grande Duchesse!" he cried, bounding to his aged inamorata's side. "We win!"

"By God," was the lady's sonorous and somewhat startling reply, "we're a success, sir!"

It perhaps required the eye of faith to see that they were already a success. After all, a young man may walk in the same direction as a young woman upon the Boardwalk without contemplating honorable matrimony with her—one may without offense go at least that far. But the eyes of our conspirators were fixed upon what the French term the "good motive"; nothing short of the altar would have satisfied them.

"I can't help it"; and the once lovely Barlowe rambled on, "I know it's old-fashioned, but I do love a marriage at the end of a story. And there is nothing so becoming, my dear, as white satin and a veil and orange blossoms. I always wore them. And in those days, if I say it as shouldn't, I used to look very pretty whenever I was being married. I've a real penchant for the institution; and it's so respectable too. So any day when I can bring about a new match I count not lost. Isn't that as good as being a Boy Scout?"

"You'll tally one today, I know."

The crowds upon the promenade had quickly swallowed up Beatrice and Benedick, and yet a man and woman are not easily lost upon the Boardwalk. Broadly speaking, who goes south must come north. So Thomas Robinson and his friend set themselves to a vigil. There were intervals of playing with Miss Mung Fu. And anecdotes of the stage's past; just as good, perhaps, because instead of, for example, the Barrymores of today you heard of their grandmother; and of Lotta and Edwin Booth and Aimée and Edward Harrigan. And yet Miss Barlowe never forgot what they were waiting for.

"Sister Ann!" she cried from time to time. "Do you see anybody coming?"

And then after an eternity—about a half hour in fact—Thomas Robinson fairly jumped from his seat in the very middle of an anecdote concerning a performance of La Fille de Madame Angot, in New Orleans, that was pretty amusing, jumped up and cried, "They're coming -and together!"

Perhaps all hope may as well be given up now of any reader believing this. Though perhaps it might be the moment to say that, as a matter of fact, as it happens, this is a true story and not fiction at all. The reader must just try to think that along the promenade there came together two young people with something in their eyes that was not there before, a light which Miss Barlowe and Mr. Robinson might well claim that they had put there themselves. And yet the amazing thing was that they were fairly chattering together with a preposterous air of familiarity, quite forgetting that it was only a scant half hour ago that they had fallen in love.

The Amazing Thing Was That They Were Fairly Chattering Together With a Preposterous Air of Familiarity

"Of course it's all right, and I don't wish to say anything; but in my day a certain maidenly modesty was expected. A half hour after a young man had fallen in love with me I was still dewy and tremulous. It was not bad, Thomas Robinson."

But this to the taste of most people was not really bad, either. And, indeed, as Benedick and Beatrice approached the little pavilion by the sea, and saw the sponsors of their love together, they looked at each other as if they frankly acknowledged the plot and its success. Then with a really rather pretty air of confusion, and a heightening of the color in her cheeks, the girl seemed to say to her companion that they ought to thank not only Will Shakspere but the two who had seen how much ado could be made about nothing on the Boardwalk. She caught Benedick's hand and they came up to our conspirators with a rather pretty air of guilty children who had played truant in Arcadia.

"Well," asked Miss Barlowe, "is it all right?"

They nodded their heads.

"And when can you be married?" asked Thomas Robinson. "I'd like to give you the wedding cake and Miss Barlowe insists on white satin and a veil and orange blossoms. She thinks that the most becoming."

Beatrice turned a brighter rose, and Miss Barlowe gave the boy a glance which might have said that such impetuous methods might be ruinous.

"Oh, we couldn't," faltered the girl.

And then the Greek god, with an amazing air of sureness and finality spoke for her.

"We've been married already!"

"Ridiculous nonsense!" said the boy sharply; he was really angry at being trifled with this way.

Miss Barlowe was plaintive, almost pleading.

"But you can't have! You've been gone only a moment, and there's a license and finding a clergyman. And considering that a half hour ago you didn't even know each other's names —— Besides which, if you haven't white satin I don't believe it's really legal."

"Oh, I had white satin!" protested Beatrice as though this was the only point that really interested her.

"You see," said Benedick, mildly enough, "we were married two weeks ago. What you saw was merely our first quarrel!"

"Our last," murmured Beatrice, for a moment clinging to his arm; and for a second there was danger that he would kiss her, right on the Boardwalk.

Miss Barlowe would have turned pale had she not been so nicely painted. As it was, her wig simply went wrong. As for Thomas Robinson, he just collapsed upon a bench. And Benedick, a rough and untutored nature, began to laugh; and in a moment Beatrice joined in.

"It is intolerable!" cried Thomas Robinson, at last able to speak.

But Miss Barlowe dealt with the matter in a far more efficient way. Ladies cannot have them to order now, it is said. But no female in the whole nineteenth century could have given vent to emotion in hysterics in a more refined and quiet and pleasing way.

"Oh, oh!" she cried just loud enough to reach their ears and not to disturb any outsider.

"I understand," said Benedick, leaning forward in a way that showed that with him at least Miss Barlowe's object had been already quickly attained of making everything seem their fault, not her own or Thomas Robinson's. "You planned a brand-new marriage and you merely fixed up an old one."

"Don't you think," asked Beatrice, "that the joke is ever so little on you?"

To this Miss Barlowe merely replied with another burst of fresh though ever-so-well modulated hysterics.

In fact, not until Benedick had suggested a rather handsome lunch for four on the following day, and she had accepted for herself and Thomas Robinson, could she be at all quieted.

"But we won't call it a wedding breakfast," cried the old lady. "No, I am forever off the institution of marriage. I'm going to tell my real age—I'm seventy-five. And I'm going to take a vow—I'm never going to marry again, not even once. No, Mr. Robinson, I refuse your hand. I spurn it. And that's before witnesses. So you can feel quite safe."

And yet, as in the fading light two happy young people strolled down the promenade, Thomas Robinson said to the famous Barlowe with a little sigh, "It looks rather pleasant."

"It is," and her old eyes really shone like stars. "Being young and being in love and being married is the pleasantest thing in the whole world. But mind you, be careful, Thomas Robinson, for I am probably the only woman alive who would refuse you."

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WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH CONGRESS?

(Continued from Page 37)

the gods, grinds slowly—perhaps too slowly. But if so let us see if there is not some safer way to effect a reform than by turning over to one individual such tremendous power.

Previous to the revolt against Cannonism in the Sixty-second Congress, the Speaker of the House was properly considered, next to the President, the most powerful official in Washington. Like the presiding officer of the lower branch of our state legislatures, the Speaker appointed all committees and was chairman of the all-powerful Committee on Rules, the other majority members being the floor leaders of the House. The responsible leadership so essential to every accomplishment resulted.

Due, however, to a well-organized effort, a group of insurgent Republicans, working with the Democratic minority, overthrew the plan of organization that had worked successfully from the beginning of our Government. The rules were radically changed. Uncle Joe, who had ruled so long and so ably, was stripped of power and became little more influential than the average member. What had been his was given to the party floor leader and a Committee on Rules, of which the party leader may not even be a member. The committees are now chosen by the membership of the House. There are no generals, colonels, lieutenants or privates. The two parties go into battle without strategic plan, every man for himself. There is much noise and more confusion, but unhappily little else.

Because of the chaos resulting from this lack of leadership, the country has turned to the dictatorship of the President as a means of solving the nation's problems.

To the believers in the principle of representative democracy the obvious remedy is to restore to the Speaker the powers he once had. Then party leadership will return and the policies of the party in power will be carried into effect.

Two well-organized political parties, each holding definite and different political views, make for the best results. Unfortunately at the present time the issues between the two parties are not clear-cut and sharply drawn. It may be that we are shortly to have a new alignment. New parties may be shaping themselves. Whether or not that is either desirable or likely, we should put our political house in order and so change the rules by which we work that effective results will be possible. The political party should come into office because of the advocacy of definite principles, and it should inherit the legislative machinery with which to make good its promises.

The National Budget

The restoration to the Speaker of the party leadership that should be his can be accomplished by simple changes in the House rules. These changes will come slowly, no doubt, and only after much effort. The sentiment for it will have to be sufficient to overcome the inertia that seems to pervade Washington. But that hope for reform is possible of fruition is confirmed by one already accomplished only recently. In the Sixty-seventh Congress, the House, in taking away from the Committees on Agriculture, Foreign Affairs, Military Affairs, Naval Affairs, Indian Affairs, Post Offices and Post Roads, and Rivers and Harbors the power to report legislation appropriating money and concentrating this power in a single Committee on Appropriations, returned to a former method of procedure and abolished an evil condition that has resulted in the waste of billions of dollars in the past sixty years.

This consolidation of power in one committee was a step necessary to making effective the new national budget and is the greatest constructive reform accomplished in the last half century. When it is borne in mind that this change in the rules meant seriously lessening the power and importance of the leading committees of the House it can be imagined how bitterly it was fought by the chairmen and most of the members of these committees, made up as they were of the older and more influential congressmen. It is little short of miraculous that the change went through. It gives me hope that other changes just as sensible are not afar off.

National legislation is essentially and necessarily legislation by committees. For instance, it would be impossible for a congressman not a member of the Appropriations Committee to have an intimate knowledge of the circumstances that make advantageous a paragraph in the Army Appropriations Bill giving $2269.72 to be used in the purchase of whisk brooms. A subcommittee of the Appropriations Committee has investigated the merits of that particular item, and the rest of us, each one busy with his own committee work and his many other duties, must take its word for it. There is no other way.

Both the House and the Senate must depend on committees for most legislation, but that does not mean that the House Committee on the Disposition of Useless Executive Paper has any function to perform that gives it an excuse for being. I am sure the American people would be satisfied to have these useless papers slipped into the nearest wastebasket. Or they might be used to cover the White House pantry shelves. And what of the House Committee on Woman Suffrage? Imagine the legislative burdens this committee has! If it meets at all, which I doubt, supposedly it is still weighing the heavy problem of whether women ought to vote.

Useless Committees

Notwithstanding the responsibility now reposing in the Appropriations Committee because of the Budget Law to decide for the House in the first instance financial problems affecting the government departments, eleven House committees, known as the Committee on Expenditures in the Department of Agriculture, Committee on Expenditures in the Department of Commerce, and so on—one for each department and an extra one for good measure, like the old-fashioned baker's dozen—still exist, with no functions and no reason for being, except the natural appetite the chairman of each one of these committees has to retain what is his. It would be more than human for any one of them to rise from his seat in the House, get the Speaker's attention and offer a resolution to abolish his committee. They will not voluntarily give up these committees. Therefore a certain measure of pressure will have to be applied by those not in Congress.

I sometimes think there must have been a day sometime in the past when all a member had to do to create a committee and thus a chairmanship for himself was to find a good-sounding name for one and it was done. At any rate, today, of the sixty House committees perhaps only thirty really function. Many never meet, but continue to exist because they make possible a general passing round of committee chairmanships, with which go such perquisites as additional clerk hire and extra offices.

Primarily it is an evil growing out of a too large membership of the House. A reduction in size would make it possible for every member to be on some really important committee, and would thus make it easier to abolish the useless ones.

As it is now, a new member is assigned to one or more of the minor committees, and must generally wait several years before aspiring to membership on a committee of real importance. From their names some of these insignificant committees might appear to be of great importance. A letter to a constituent on the committee stationery would tend to create the impression that the writer was dealing with vast enterprises. The recipient of such a letter from some member of the Committee on Railways and Canals naturally would assume the committee to be actively employed on the nation's transportation problems. Actually it seldom if ever meets, has no committee business and is without power. All transportation bills introduced in the lower chamber are referred to the important Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce.

Until about two years ago the Senate maintained seventy-five committees, but early in this present Congress recognized the uselessness of most of them and cut the number down to the present thirty-four. Because of the patronage provided to the

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party in power by the seventy-five committees, it took years of effort to reduce the number. Senators had clerks on the pay roll who never found sufficient committee work to do to make a trip to Washington advisable.

During the campaign of 1916 it was discovered that one distinguished senator had a clerk and an assistant clerk of one of these committees carried on the pay roll for work supposed to be done for the Federal Government at Washington who really were working for their chief out in the home state.

As the House and Senate have a like amount of work to do, surely if one can reduce its committees from seventy-five to thirty-four the other can do likewise.

It is particularly strange and illogical that there is an utter lack of coördination between the House and Senate. They seem almost like the legislative bodies of separate countries, instead of being two Houses of a single Congress. Each body has its own way of doing business, different rules, and its own separate committees. This failure to coöperate makes for tedious delay in the transaction of the public business, and is a source of needless annoyance and expense to citizens interested in pending legislation.

For instance, a group of California fruit growers comes to Washington to urge the House Committee on Ways and Means to place a duty on lemons. The tariff bill, including this item, is eventually reported by the committee, passes the House and is referred to the Committee on Finance, the ways-and-means committee of the Senate. This Senate committee proceeds, after many months, to hold a series of hearings on the various schedules, precisely as if it was preparing a new bill of its own. If our California friends want their claims considered by the Senate committee they must journey across the continent a second time and appear before this other tribunal.

How much less wasteful it would be if they could be allowed to appear before a joint committee of the House and Senate and unburden themselves once and for all of whatever testimony they wish to offer. By the adoption of rules providing for the sitting of joint committees the Congress could very much simplify the legislative process. This plan functions smoothly in many of our state legislatures.

Each house, merely by the adoption of simple rules of procedure, could provide that each should have its separate committees on Rules, Elections, Accounts and Engrossed Bills, while all other committees should combine in their membership from three to four senators and from eleven to seventeen representatives. Then, on bills of sufficient importance to justify hearings, those interested would appear once instead of twice, as now.

Only one set of committee rooms and one force of clerks and messengers would then be required. The saving of time and effort and money would be enormous. If the committee voted to report a bill it would ordinarily make its report in the house of Congress in which the bill originated, the House chairman and his associates on the committee having charge of it in the House, and the Senate chairman and his associates doing likewise in the Senate.

Unpaid Claims

Although state legislatures follow this plan without loss of power to the upper house, if the Senate should object because of the preponderance of House members and their evident ability to dominate the action of these joint committees, that feature could be obviated by a rule that, while meetings should be joint, separate reports should be filed.

This reform in procedure would greatly facilitate the work of Congress, would do away with unnecessary delay and annoyance to the public, and could be made effective by the simple acceptance of it by the House and Senate.

In the last two Congresses, without any rule at all, the House Committee on Education and the Senate Committee on Education and Labor got together in the sensible way, held joint hearings on two bills, agreed on them; and then each committee reported the bills to its own house, as required by the present rules.

Uncle Sam should be the first to set the good example of paying his obligations. But anyone unfortunate enough to have had a claim against him knows how Scroogelike he is in his dealings with his creditors. Over a century ago our Government, by a treaty with France, traded away, in return for a great national advantage, the claims of American shipowners and merchants against the French Government for damages to vessels and cargoes caused by the French privateers and war vessels. By this treaty act, in the language of Chief Justice John Marshall, the nation assumed "the strongest obligation to compensate the sufferers by the French spoliations." From that time until now the settlement of these claims has been actively urged by the original claimants and by their descendants, and during the entire period there has never been an adverse report of these claims by any committee of either house of Congress.

By an act passed in 1885 Congress referred all these claims to the Court of Claims, and a large number of them have been found to be valid by the court but have never been and probably never will be paid, because Congress has failed to pass a bill appropriating the money.

Under the rules and practice of the two houses a private-claim bill is rarely considered in either house except by unanimous consent, so that if any member of either body objects to the bill, although favorably reported by the Claims Committee, it fails to pass. Because of the practical impossibility of securing the enactment of private-claim bills individually, it was the practice formerly for them to be consolidated into one omnibus-claims bill. The last of the omnibus-claims bills became law in 1913. Since then the House and Senate have not been able to agree on the particular claims to be included in such a bill, the Senate always amending the House bill by adding a lot of claims that the House considered of doubtful character. Thus the House conferees have not agreed to the Senate amendments and all such bills have died in conference. As a consequence, many hundreds, if not thousands, of claims at some time declared valid by one or the other house have never been and never will be paid.

Forgotten Promises

The story is told of a shipbuilder who, during the Civil War, contracted with the Government to build a vessel in accordance with specifications furnished him. These specifications provided for the mounting of a number of guns on the ship. Being a practical Yankee, he figured out for himself the weight of the proposed guns and the maximum number that could be carried. He then attempted to show the naval authorities that the proposed vessel could not carry the number planned. But to no purpose. With the suggestion that wiser heads than his had figured out the specifications came the peremptory demand to begin work at once. The vessel was built and manned with the prescribed number of guns. It promptly sank, as the shipbuilder had felt sure it would.

He was then asked to construct a second vessel in accordance with new and corrected plans. With intimations of what his patriotic duty was went assurances of payment to him of fifty thousand dollars, which was the actual cost of the ill-fated ship lying at the bottom of the ocean. The second vessel eventually slid down the ways, was paid for and played its part in the struggle between North and South. In the meantime our Yankee friend, still being practical, sought to recover the cost of the first ship, but was told by the Navy Department that, due to lack of appropriations, he would have to seek reimbursement from Congress. His congressman introduced a special bill for the amount of the claim. Several times it was unanimously reported by the Committee on Claims, and once at least passed the House, only to fail in the Senate. Finally it became one of the stale claims, and doubtless at this moment is reposing amid similar archives of the House of Representatives, dusty and frayed, forgotten testimony of the failure of Uncle Samuel to pay his just debts. And what of the man? He spent the remainder of his life in a vain endeavor to collect his bill and eventually died in bankruptcy, broken and bitter. At last accounts his grandson was engaged in the same hopeless quest.

A number of years ago a young woman residing in my district was run over and permanently injured while crossing one of Boston's busy streets by a War Department automobile truck driven by an enlisted man of the Army. The evidence

(Continued on Page 109)

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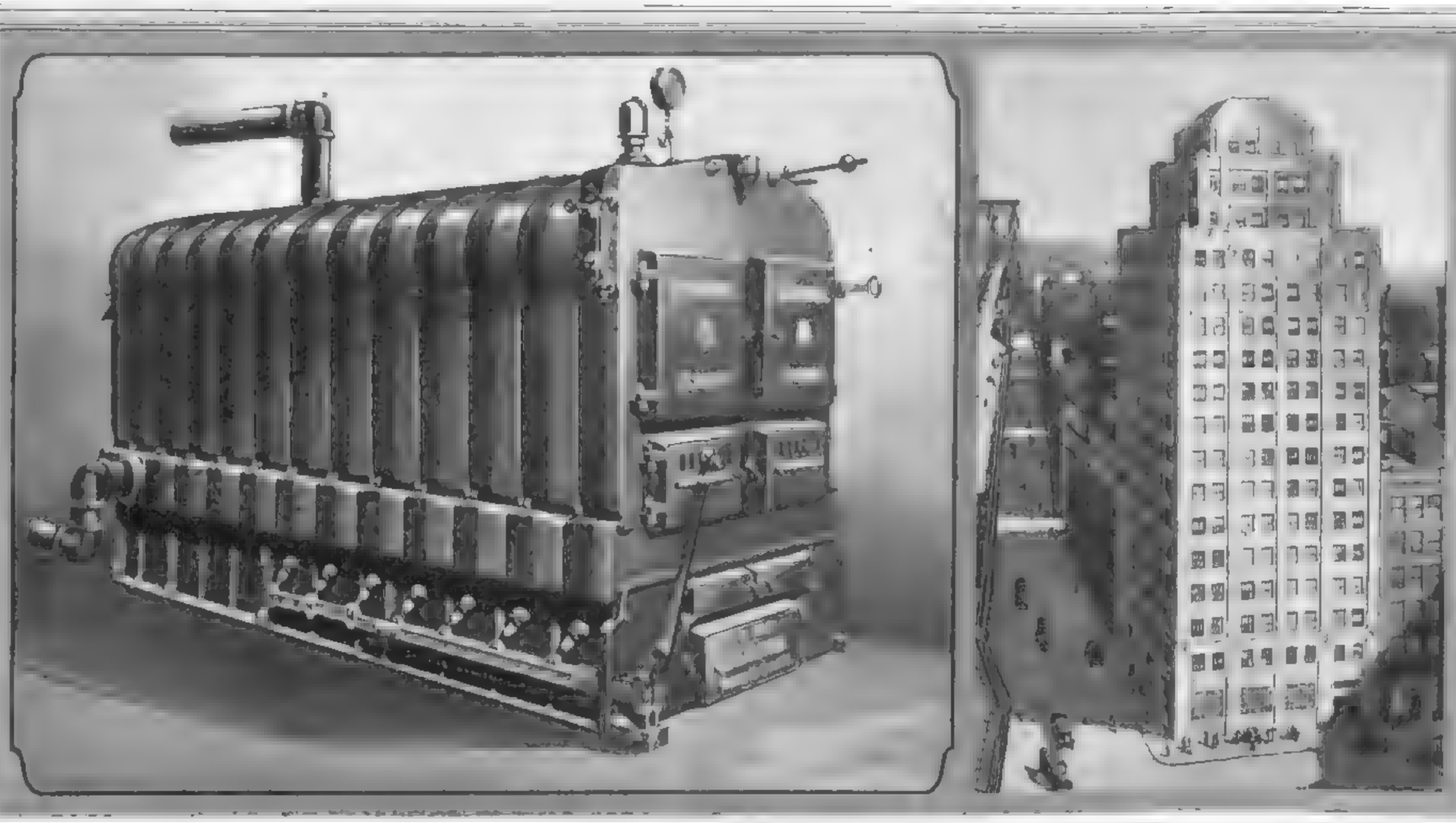

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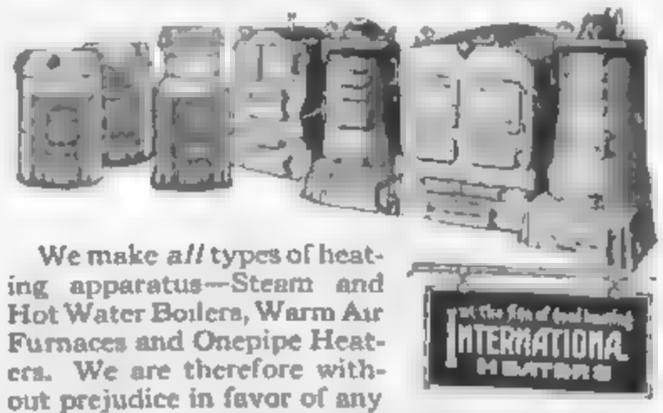
Grate Connections—Outside of ashpit. Cannot become clogged or warped from hot ashes.

Fuels—Not restricted to use of certain grades of soft coal. Will burn any fuel ordinarily used for heating purposes.

For complete description of all details, send for Booklet "International Economy Smokeless Boilers." Address Dept. A.



We make *all* types of heating apparatus—Steam and Hot Water Boilers, Warm Air Furnaces and Onepipe Heaters. We are therefore without prejudice in favor of any *one* type. Our engineers will be pleased to offer advice regarding the right choice of a heater for *any* home or building. Send for Chart and Question Blank which will give us initial information upon which to base recommendations for *best heating results*. Address Dept. A.

INTERNATIONAL HEATER COMPANY UTICA, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 106)

showed conclusively that the young woman was in the exercise of due care, that the traffic officer had signaled the driver to stop and that the latter disobeyed and negligently ran over her. Had the same injury resulted through the negligence of the employe of an individual or of a corporation, private or municipal, she would have been able to recover a substantial verdict in damages within a reasonable time. But as the Federal Government is not liable for injuries to persons or property caused by the negligence of its employes, and as there is no tribunal wherein such claims can be heard, the only hope of redress lay in an appropriation by Congress.

To show the almost utter futility of attempting ever to get from the Federal Government what would be forthcoming from a private individual almost before the wounds had healed, let me give in some detail what happened in the case of this young woman. A bill was introduced in the House and was referred to the Committee on Claims. Evidence was prepared and filed with the committee, which, after months of delay, reported the bill favorably to the House. By the House rules it was subject to defeat if objected to by one of the four hundred and thirty-five members, but luckily it escaped such an early death. After two years in swaddling clothes it emerged as a full-fledged act to be further considered by the Senate Claims Committee, then by the Senate itself and eventually to be signed by the President, if before then it did not die from any one of the myriad of maladies to which claim bills are subject. After further delay, during which time the unfortunate woman was unreimbursed for her injury, the Senate committee favorably reported the bill; and just before the closing of that particular Congress it actually reached the Senate, and would soon have become law but for the objection of one of the senators from Utah. His objection threw it out entirely. It breathed and gasped a couple of times and died with the expiring Congress, to be born again when next the nation's lawmakers met in session.

This next time the bill was reported again by the House committee, the chairman warning me at the time, "If your bill doesn't make the grade in the Senate this time I doubt if we'll be able to report it again. You know the claim is getting old and stale and will have to make way for the new ones coming in every day."

The Obvious Remedy

The bill passed the House a second time, and with the combined efforts of the two Massachusetts senators finally met with the approval of the Senate and was signed by the President. After four years of unremitting work on the part of men who should have been engaged in labors of more moment to the whole nation, this poor woman was reimbursed for her injury. Was justice done? No, for justice too long delayed is justice denied!

The obvious remedy for this intolerable failure of justice is the enactment of legislation extending the jurisdiction of the Federal courts to cover all cases against the Government, whether growing out of contract or tort. The number of cases where these courts now have jurisdiction is limited to actions arising out of expressed or implied contracts; and, even in these cases, if Congress fails to appropriate the money in accordance with the judicial findings the claimant is without recourse. Claims amounting to many millions of dollars, found valid by the Court of Claims, have never been paid because Congress has failed to act on them.

When they have been reported on favorably by the Court of Claims, why could they not be paid forthwith, just as interest on the public debt is paid now without specific appropriation? Any expenditures in excess of the lump sum appropriated by Congress could be made up later by a deficiency appropriation. The enactment of such legislation would relieve Congress of much work, practically do away with private claim bills and would correct injustice so rank as to constitute a disgrace to the nation.

It must be borne in mind that the instance above recorded of the present unhappy situation is the story of how a claim was eventually paid. That it was ever paid makes it almost fictionlike, for it is so rare an occurrence as to be hardly believable, and like fiction there was a happy ending. But for one happy ending there are literally thousands of tragedies—thousands of citizens and taxpayers who, if a hope still lingers that their Government will heed their prayers for relief, are doomed to eventual disappointment.

Many new claims are now being pressed by those who lost relatives in the sinking of the Lusitania or who have other valid claims against the German Government. Will their fate be like that of those still seeking settlement of the French spoliation claims? As was done then, shall we accept some consideration for these losses, with the moral obligation to pass it along to those injured, and then coldly pocket the advantage and refuse payment to the claimants? Unless recourse is had to radical changes in procedure, this can be expected.

Probably no one thing has caused more adverse criticism of and more discredit to Congress than the wasteful expenditure of the taxpayers' money in the river-and-harbor and the omnibus public-buildings bills, denominated by the newspaper press of the country by the opprobrious term "pork-barrel legislation."

In the interest of our foreign and domestic commerce, without doubt Congress ought to make appropriations for the improvement of our harbors and inland waterways. But to secure the support of a majority of the senators and representatives for the really needed and justifiable appropriations, it has been found imperative to include in any bill reported by the Committee on Rivers and Harbors a whole lot of items carrying appropriations for projects of doubtful merit.

Pork Barrel Bills

Like difficulties have been experienced in the construction throughout the country of post offices and other government buildings. The history of past omnibus public-buildings bills, providing for the erection of expensive structures absolutely unwarranted either because of the needs of a community or the volume of business done and serving only as monuments of waste to the logrolling ability of the local congressman, has constituted a public scandal.

The World War caused a temporary cessation of pork-barrel legislation, while ever since the exigencies of the public Treasury and the need for rigid economy have thus far prevented a resumption of the former wholesale raids on the public Treasury.

But the agitation for a resumption of this indefensible policy is growing with the return of normal conditions, and the pressure of members of Congress, urged on by communities actuated in many instances by selfish local pride rather than by a broad national viewpoint, will undoubtedly result in more millions being wasted unless public opinion can be aroused to the need of radical changes in our method of doing this type of public work.

Not many years ago the state of Massachusetts was confronted with precisely the same problem. The early appropriations for metropolitan parkways and state highways, both of which are administered by state commissions, were made under the same logrolling and wasteful manner as those that characterize congressional appropriations for waterways and buildings. In both instances, besides the waste of much money, the carrying out of a comprehensive plan that would achieve the real purpose of the public in supporting the idea of state parks and highways was rendered impossible of fulfillment. Public opinion was eventually aroused to a realization of the folly of the old pork-barrel procedure. The legislature was finally induced to adopt the more sensible and economical system of making an appropriation of a lump sum for a series of years to be placed at the disposal of the Metropolitan Park Commission and State Highway Commission, leaving the determination as to where the money should be expended to the commissions themselves.

These commissions give hearings to representatives of cities and towns desiring parkways and highways, and after thorough investigation proceed with the construction work as they consider the best interests of the public require. Thus the legislature has been relieved of the burden of a large number of local bills, a great saving of public money has been effected, and Massachusetts today has metropolitan parkways and state highways that have won the admiration of the entire country.

The Long Life Battery

The *first cost* of the Gould Battery that fits your car is about the same as others, *but*—

You can confidently expect to save real money in the end when you buy a Gould for your car. Don't think this a mere claim—consider the evidence: the long-life records established by Gould Batteries in a National Endurance Contest among Gould owners *have never been successfully challenged.*

And remember that long life not only means economy, but *necessarily* means the reliable, trouble-free performance that every motorist wants regardless of price.

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Radio Ask your radio dealer or any of the 3500 Gould Stations about the new Gould Radio "A" and "B" batteries that can be recharged from an electric light socket, by simply turning a switch

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The New APPERSON

The most unique car on the road

UNDENIABLY beautiful and refined, this new Apperson approaches very closely the perfect ideal of our pioneer engineers whose ambition from the beginning, in 1893, has been to build *worthily* rather than in great numbers.

This car is unique—the only car in the world to-day which gives its owners the advantages of a pre-selecting mechanical gear-shift—the only car in the world with an emergency brake controlled from the instrument board, and a driver's compartment with no obstructions—permitting free entrance and egress on the side *next to the curb*.

The incomparable accessibility, power and efficiency of the Apperson eight cylinder engine and the fine engineering and precision of manufacture behind the car, keep it out of the repair shop and in constant service—make it a car of most remarkable economy.

With the speed of the wind on the straight-away and a bull-dog for punishment on the hills and in heavy going, this is just the kind of a car which invites the driver to ride on and on—oblivious to all things mechanical.

Best of all, it is—AN APPERSON.

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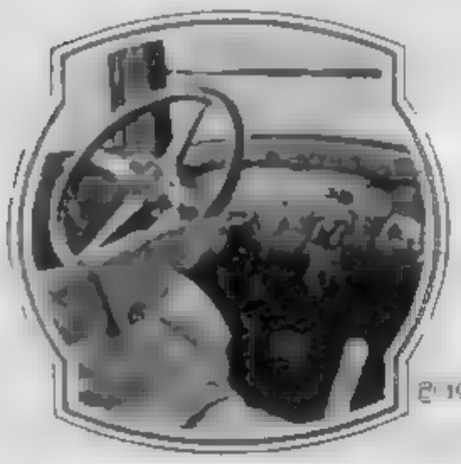

Merely push the "Selector" into the speed desired, throw out the clutch and the gears are shifted [illegible] —a convenience, comfort and safety factor of inestimable value to women who drive their own cars.

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Today no one could interest even the professional politician in a plan to return to the old pork-barrel appropriations.

Obviously the same reform could be applied to the improvement of rivers and harbors and the erection of post-office buildings by the national Government.

"But," I hear some veteran member of Congress exclaim, "Congress is opposed to lump-sum appropriations, and never will agree to any such plan!"

But during and since the World War Congress has been following this very plan in completing existing river-and-harbor projects, appropriating the money in a lump sum to the use of the War Department for such projects as the government engineers recommend to the Secretary of War as the most urgent. It would be logical to extend this businesslike policy to all river-and-harbor improvements in the future in the army-appropriation bill. Also, the same policy has been followed in the giving of Federal aid to the construction of roads, the immense sum of seventy-five million dollars being expended during the present fiscal year under the supervision of the Bureau of Public Roads of the Department of Agriculture.

Again, the Post Office Department is now given a lump-sum appropriation each year for the leasing, at the discretion of the Postmaster-General, of private buildings for post-office purposes.

There is precedent enough, and the plan, which works so well in various states, and—where used—in the national Government, could be extended to the improvement of rivers and harbors and the erection of public buildings without danger.

Contested Elections

Logrolling has been abolished in states and in some instances by the national Government. The result has been happy. Only one objection can be raised to its entire abolition, which is that it would result in a loss to the Congress of its prerogative to decide for what and where money appropriated shall be used. We have seen, though, in the application of this prerogative, because of the need of trading and swapping to get one of these appropriation bills through, that Congress actually does not express its honest intent.

A prerogative to express a dishonest intent is indefensible. And in practice, by leaving to the proper authority to say where and how money shall be used, Congress can exercise equitably its right to decide broad questions of policy and to withhold appropriations whenever the powers delegated are abused.

The Constitution provides that each House of Congress shall decide as to the elections and qualifications of its members. Under this provision the House appoints three committees that are empowered to investigate election contests and make recommendations to the House. When someone who has run for Congress is defeated by a narrow margin he is likely to believe he has been defrauded or otherwise cheated out of the election. In such case he serves a notice of contest on his opponent who was declared elected. Eventually testimony is taken before local notaries that is printed for the use of the committee to which the case is referred, and after a hearing and consideration the committee makes its recommendations.

In years gone by these contested-election cases were settled in the House of Representatives notoriously upon partisan grounds, regardless of merit.

Tom Reed once facetiously remarked, "The only time the House sits as a judicial tribunal is when it votes to seat or unseat one of its members. And strange to say, then only do all the Republican members vote on one side and all the Democrats on the other."

The committee, too, that sits on the individual case and supposedly reports to the House the facts and the law, usually in those days divided on strict party lines. But of recent years the election committees have held so strictly to what was right, rather than to what was expedient, and have decided contests so judicially on the law and facts, that there has been little if any criticism of them. In spite of this fair and impartial attitude of the committees, however, when their reports have been considered upon the floor of the House, partisan spirit has been rife, and, together with considerations of personal friendship, has influenced the action of individual members altogether too much.

In the Sixty-sixth Congress, when one of the committees submitted a report recommending the unseating of a member of the minority party and the seating of the contestant, a member of the majority party, although the committee, both Republicans and Democrats, unanimously joined in the report, only two members of the minority party outside of those on the committee voted to sustain the semijudicial committee findings. On the other hand, because of personal friendship for the contestee, a number of the members belonging to the majority party voted for him and against the findings of the committee. And, too, others voted for the contestee because they personally disliked the contestant.

Not many months ago several of my colleagues in the House stated to me, in what may be termed "cloakroom conversation," that they couldn't vote to unseat a member whose case was to come up in a few days because they had served on the same committee with him. Another said: "I'd like to be with you, and know well enough your committee is right; but to tell you the truth, I've got to be with So-and-So because I lived with him in the same stateroom on that junket to Panama last year and we became friendly." Another planned to vote for the same man because their wives played cards together. In other words, friendship for one of the parties to a contested-election case blinded a certain number of congressmen to what was right and led them to do what seemed expedient. Little attention seems to be paid to which one of the candidates was actually elected and who thus was entitled to be given the seat.

Besides the impossibility of eliminating partisan and personal prejudices, no way has yet been found to prevent the consuming of altogether too much time before election contests are finally adjudicated. Under existing law, if a case is hotly contested by the candidates, and each takes all the time allowed him in preparation of his case, a contest cannot be actually brought before one of the committees on elections until more than a year after the election has taken place. Then, if the committee gives to the voluminous record in the case the serious study that justice requires, it may well be a year and a half before a vote can be taken by the House. Furthermore, since each committee has always more than one case, and generally at least three or four, before all can be disposed of the two years of that Congress will nearly have expired. Thus it is that frequently a sitting member has been unseated a few weeks or even a few days before the gavel has fallen for the last time on that Congress. In the Sixty-fifth Congress, for instance, the Democratic House unseated a Democrat and seated a Republican on the very last day of the last session.

When the Courts Decide

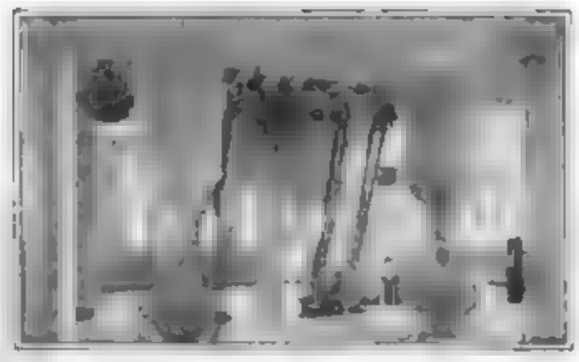
The one who has been sitting and doing the work of a congressman surely is entitled to the salary as long as he is on the job; while the other, when it is decided he should have had the seat all the time, certainly is just as much entitled to the whole salary. Hence the criticism that has been leveled at the election committee should have been aimed at the present laws, which make it possible for contestant and contestee to take advantage of technicalities to delay unreasonably.

Here again a delegation of authority by Congress is needed to work a reform. The British House of Commons for many years struggled with the problem caused by the large amount of time consumed in the settlement of election contests and by their partisan character. In 1866 the British Parliament by statute conferred absolute jurisdiction of all such cases upon the courts. In so doing Parliament did not even reserve to the House of Commons the power to review the decision of the court. The act, among other things, provides that: "At the conclusion of the trial the judge who tried the petition shall determine whether the member whose return and election is complained of, or any or what other person was duly returned or elected, or whether the election was void, and shall forthwith certify in writing such determination to the speaker, and upon such certificate being given, such determination shall be final to all intents and purposes."

This law, which has been in operation for over half a century, has worked so satisfactorily that no agitation has ever

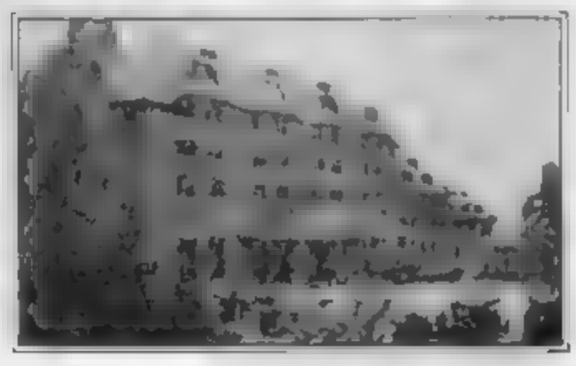
(Continued on Page 113)

Woodwork that stays fresh and white! Woodwork without a finger-mark anywhere! Barreled Sunlight is ideal in homes of every type.



FACTORY. Home of "Life Savers"—showing use of Barreled Sunlight

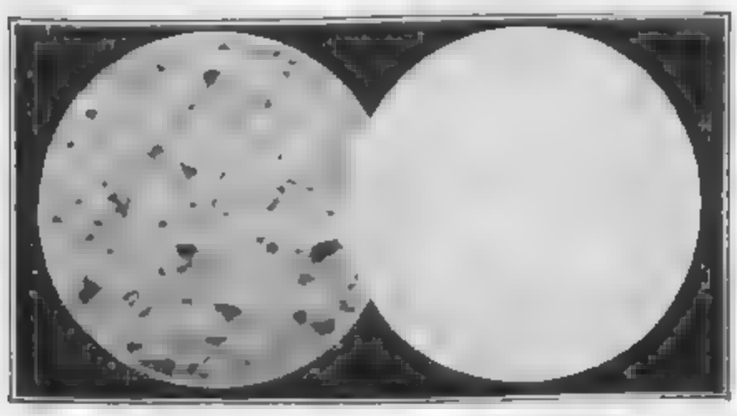
STORE. Note light interior



HOTEL. Grove Park Inn, Asheville, N. C., one of many famous hotels using Barreled Sunlight

A remarkable paint discovery—

A unique, lustrous white for all interiors. Resists dirt, washes like tile—covers more solidly than enamel



ORDINARY FLAT-FINISH WHITE PAINT — BARRELED SUNLIGHT

These photographs were taken through a powerful microscope. Each was magnified to the same high degree.

They show clearly why the surface of ordinary flat-finish white paint soils so easily. It is actually rough, uneven, porous. The smooth finish of Barreled Sunlight resists dirt and can be washed like tile.

ENAMEL — BARRELED SUNLIGHT

The black board on the left was painted with a single coat of ordinary enamel—the one on the right with a single coat of Barreled Sunlight Note the remarkable covering power of Barreled Sunlight. A single coat is generally sufficient to cover over *any* painted surface.

MILLIONS of people have wanted such a paint. Home-owners who have dreamed of white woodwork without a fingermark. Owners of buildings where interiors that *remain* white are a necessity—where walls ***must keep their light-reflecting whiteness without frequent repainting.***

Barreled Sunlight is the direct answer to this need. And throughout the country today its use is rapidly becoming universal.

What *is* Barreled Sunlight?

Barreled Sunlight is different from all other paints or enamels on the market today. It is made by a special process—the Rice Process.

Surprising photographs, taken through a powerful microscope and reproduced at the left of this page, show how smooth the surface of Barreled Sunlight is when compared with ordinary flat finish paints and explain why Barreled Sunlight actually resists dirt.

This smooth finish not only does not have the glare of enamel—but is less expensive and requires fewer coats. (A single coat of Barreled Sunlight is generally sufficient to cover over a previously painted surface.)

Barreled Sunlight is guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel, domestic or foreign, applied under the same conditions.

It is easy to apply. It flows freely without a brush mark. Where white is not desired it can be readily tinted.

Comes ready mixed in cans from half-pint to five gallon size—barrels and half barrels. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

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THE RICE PROCESS WHITE

Proving that good looking Underwear can be Durable as well

Now at your dealer's—Allen A Spring Needle Underwear in the Summer weights. Made by the originators of *spring needle* underwear—the only kind with the stretch that comes back.

MOST men will tell you that there seems to be no trouble about finding underwear that *either* looks well or wears well.

But to get something that does *both* is a different proposition.

It is right here that men find the value of the Maker's *identifying mark*—Allen A.

In the first place every suit of Knit Underwear is *spring needle* knit.

Examine an Allen A knit garment and you will realize what *spring needle knitting* means to your comfort. Stretch it—it springs back. And it holds that elasticity—conforming to the body, yielding to every movement—keeping its good looks.

Style and quality beyond question.

Plus the maker's pledge of personal responsibility for *durability*.

In short—*style that wears.*

The Allen A Company

Kenosha, Wisconsin

Makers of Allen A Hosiery for all the Family

(Continued from Page 110)

arisen to return to the old process. Though under our written Constitution the House of Representatives is made the sole judge of the elections, returns and qualifications of its own members, and consequently, though it is therefore impossible without a constitutional amendment to enact a statute conferring on the Federal courts final jurisdiction in election contests, as the English have done, there is nothing whatever to prevent Congress from providing that all cases of contested elections of members of the House shall be tried out in the first instance in the Federal courts under such rules and procedure as would expedite them.

Under such a plan the finding of the court in every contest, accompanied by an abstract of the relevant evidence in narrative form upon which the finding would be based, could be in the hands of the clerk of the House at the time of the convening of each new Congress. Provision could also be made by which the finding of the court, in lieu of the certificate of the governor of the state in which a case arises, should be accepted by the clerk of the House as prima-facie right to membership. Thus duplication of payment of salaries would disappear, except in the possible but improbable eventuality of the refusal of the House to follow the court finding. Public opinion would be an effective check on such refusal by the House, except where a court had palpably erred. On the first day of the new Congress the Speaker could refer all cases to the different committees on elections, which would undoubtedly report within a few weeks to the House. The House would accept the findings of the court, concurred in by the committee, and in a month at most, instead of a year or two, all contests would be finally and impartially adjudicated.

None of the evils that I have herein described is due to any inherent defect in our form of Government; none of them requires for its removal the adoption of a constitutional amendment—a method not particularly popular just at present. Every one of the reforms that I have advocated could be made operative by changes in the rules of one or both houses of Congress, or by the passage of a bill by a majority vote of the Senate and House and the approval of the President. If these simple changes were made the legislative machinery would immediately speed up, would run more smoothly and would turn out better finished implements with which to do the work of a self-governing people. To be sure, criticism of Congress would continue. It should. But by means of these relatively conservative changes many of the evils that have slipped silently into our ways of conducting the public business would disappear. Even then Congress would be imperfect. It would continue to be a butt for the sharp witticisms of the vaudeville performer and the subject of unkind criticism round the village store. But what of it? Were these same faultfinders members of Congress themselves they would discover how much easier it is to pick on another for his shortcomings than it is to do perfectly oneself. They would find themselves criticized even as they now criticize.

And then if the people of the United States don't like Congress they can rise in their wrath and change it to suit themselves; and I notice that they do that very thing every two years.

MY DIPLOMATIC EDUCATION

(Continued from Page 19)

passing on to more distant and difficult posts—all these faces eager and interested in the work before them.

I don't suppose I shall ever again see such extraordinary gatherings and under such unusual circumstances; just as I shall never again see the carefree, happy, luxurious existence that was so much a part of Rome the year preceding the war. Everyone was so naturally simple, so enthusiastic, so filled with a mission that was intense and inspiring. All pretentiousness was cast aside, forgotten; no one was playing a part; everyone was living one that called for directness, honesty, sincerity and hard work. A remark went the rounds in those days—attributed, I believe, to Hoover—that seemed to fit in perfectly with the attitude of everyone, to the effect that we had thought we could do only certain things; that our strength would let us go only so far; but that the effort of the war had shown there was no real limit to enthusiastic endeavor. People who had thought they could not work twenty-four hours without rest found they could go on indefinitely; frail women who felt they could not face the horrors of nursing mangled soldiers accomplished this without a murmur; men who had spent their lives sitting at desks in offices had shown themselves capable of fighting as well as professional athletes; the intensity of ceaseless necessity obliterated all thought of oneself.

After Italy entered the war we naturally felt that German interests would be turned over to our embassy, as had been done in other countries, and it was a relief to learn that the Swiss Legation had been selected instead of our own; but we had similar work to perform, due to our embassy in Vienna taking over Italian interests there. One of the most incessant duties in the embassy from this time on was the witnessing of signatures on death certificates sent to us from Vienna, which we in turn sent to the Italian Foreign Office. I hate to think how many of these papers I had to sign and the sorrow the receipt of them must have caused.

One afternoon, early in the summer of 1915, when we had closed the Chancery rather early—by this time every traveling American had got safely home, and only those who actually lived in Italy remained, and embassy work had dropped off until we had a breathing spell, the first really since July of the year before—I started off for a walk. Outwardly, Rome appeared very peaceful. Of course, it was a very different Rome from that of the year before; much less animated and much more really Roman, for the people one now saw in the streets, seated at tables on the sidewalks or driving about, were native Romans. The spectacled, red-booked, panama-hatted, weary but eager-faced tourist seemed to have disappeared forever. Rome had changed from a town that lent itself so perfectly to the amusement of other nations to one that held only its own people and their personal problems; it was as if it had suddenly shifted back several centuries to a time when it was remote and tranquil and forgotten.

Left thus to itself, its charm deepened; it became a place of golden sunlight, cooling fountains and shadowy ilex groves. It seemed impossible to believe it was the capital of a nation at war; at least it seemed impossible until I had bought a special edition of a paper, sat down at a café table and began reading the latest communiqué, which stated that the Italian Army had progressed along the Isonzo and was digging itself in on a mountain range that raised one of the battlefields to an altitude of ten thousand feet.

I suddenly looked up from the paper and saw a procession of ambulances coming from the direction of the station. Behind them followed a line of hand-pushed stretchers. I asked the waiter what had happened. "Our wounded—the first to be sent to Rome."

While he explained this, one of the stretchers stopped beside the curb and the man who was pushing it signaled to us to come to him. We ran forward, the waiter grabbing up the bottle of vermuth and a glass; but when the hood of the stretcher had been lifted we found we were too late. There was only a very calm, gray face lying there; perhaps one of those which had passed so gayly by the embassy only a few weeks before on the way to the front.

In spite of our neutrality we had many opportunities of working off some of our sympathy for the Italians in helping them in various ways. Checks and shipments of goods from all over the United States began to flow in in amazing quantities, sent by those Americans who had lived or spent some time in Italy and wished to express their sympathy in some material way. Mrs. Page turned a portion of the Palazzo del Drago into workrooms, where incoming goods could be assorted and the quantities of wool made into useful garments. From looking down the year before upon dinners and teas and balls, the portraits of kings and popes and famous beauties, now we saw groups of simply clad women of the New World giving all their time and energy to assisting the Old World at war.

At nine o'clock each morning the wide staircase was filled with groups going to

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the fastidious smoker would not reach for them more eagerly—nor would it enhance, in the slightest degree, their unique reputation as America's biggest cigar value.
Nothing more can be added to Girards, in ingredients or workmanship, that would add to their abundant qualities of enjoyment. They couldn't be milder, sweeter, more palatable. They couldn't be of richer, more satisfying tropical flavor. They couldn't be more agreeable to your nerves—more considerate of your health.
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Ten years every morning

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Do you know that Palmolive Shaving Cream is now used by millions? Three years ago we chemists were still working to perfect it. Now it is famous almost the world over.

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Made to please

This is its history.

Here is a soap laboratory 60 years old, famed for some great creations One is Palmolive—now the leading toilet soap of the world.

We found that shaving soap could be vastly improved, so we started to work on that product.

Asked 1,000 for advice

First, we asked 1,000 typical men what they most desired in a shaving cream. The five things they agreed on are cited in this ad.

Then we worked 18 months. We made up and tested 130 formulas, to meet those desires to the utmost.

'Twill be your choice

Now we have a shaving cream which every man will choose when he knows it. Tens of thousands have taken the pains to write us to this effect. And not one user, so far as we know, has ever changed to another shaving cream.

Now we ask you to try it—you who have not done so. We have made this to please you, and it will. Give us a chance to show it. Send the coupon for a ten-shave test. Cut the coupon now.

5 things men desire

1—Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2—Softens the beard in 1 minute.
3—Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4—Strong bubbles, to support the hairs for cutting.
5—Fine after-effects, due to palm and olive oils.

TEN SHAVES FREE

TEN SHAVES FREE

PALMOLIVE
SHAVING CREAM

Simply insert your name and address and mail to
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Dept. B-430, Milwaukee, U. S. A.

work with as regular punctuality as factory employes, and the palace courtyard became a depository for huge packing cases that arrived daily from across the seas.

It was decided, as we were still neutral, to give practically all these contributions to the Queen, who was conducting several depots for distribution to the soldiers. One day Mrs. Page returned from the Quirinal with an appealing story of the Queen and her attitude towards us. After thanking Mrs. Page for what had been sent her the day before, she said:

"You Americans are the kindest people in the world. I not only admire you—I love you. And do you know why?"

She led the way to the vast reception room, where the year before we had all been received with so much pomp and ceremony. It was now filled with carefully assorted piles of woolen sweaters and socks and gloves and scarfs and stomach bands.

"You have given me all these things for my soldiers. No one else has sent anything so useful, so desperately needed. Of course, I love America. I should like to go there some day and thank each one of them individually."

One of the most difficult problems during those days of neutrality was the constant demand made on us to approach the Italian Government with a view to obtaining permission for the passage through Italy to enemy countries of American goods. It seemed that almost every business firm in America had unfulfilled contracts for goods destined to Germany and Austria, as well as neutral countries; and naturally the simplest way to have these goods sent, after the outbreak of the war, was through Italy. On the whole, the Italian Government was very reasonable in permitting such shipments to pass, unless it was obvious that they were destined for the use of the army and soldiers. A most agreeable Italian was in charge of the department that handled such questions at the Consulta—the Roman name for the Foreign Office—and we spent many hours together, discussing the different aspects of these cases. In fact, one of my pleasantest recollections of Rome is of his room, where, while we argued the possibility of letting this, that and the other shipment pass through Italy and fall into the hands of the Germans, we could look out on the famous fountain of the Horse Tamers, and beyond it over the whole of Rome. The room, too, was agreeably furnished yellow damask curtains, gilded baroque chairs, a buhl desk and some large oil paintings, everything a bit gayer and more cheerful than the traditional foreign-office furnishings, which have a trick of resembling each other no matter how many thousands of miles of land and sea separate them.

Count Manzoni had a sense of humor which carried us through situations that might otherwise have been rather difficult. One case baffled us for a long time, and in the end afforded considerable amusement. An American arrived with a long, tedious story about a shipment of rubber hot-water bags that he had sold to a Dutch merchant in Amsterdam. The bags had first been shipped via England, but had been stopped there and returned to the United States. The next time they had been started off on the Mediterranean route, and had reached Italy, where they had again been stopped. The question now came up whether Italy could be persuaded to let them pass her frontier into Switzerland, where they could be sent on to Germany and finally into Holland.

The representative of these bags had brought a roll of documents with him that I spent several days in trying to keep him from reading to me. He was the type that always enters an office with a leather portfolio, opens it, takes out reams of documents and insists upon reading them to you at once. The most insistent and unescapable of all pests! I made up my mind I'd never let him begin reading; if he had once got started he would have been reading still. Finally, in desperation, I promised to take the case to Count Manzoni, who received my statement of the matter thoughtfully.

"I'm wondering," he said thoughtfully, "what use Holland has for one hundred thousand rubber hot-water bags."

"Isn't that easily explained by the coal shortage? They want to keep warm."

"And Germany is desperately in need of rubber."

"What do you mean exactly?"

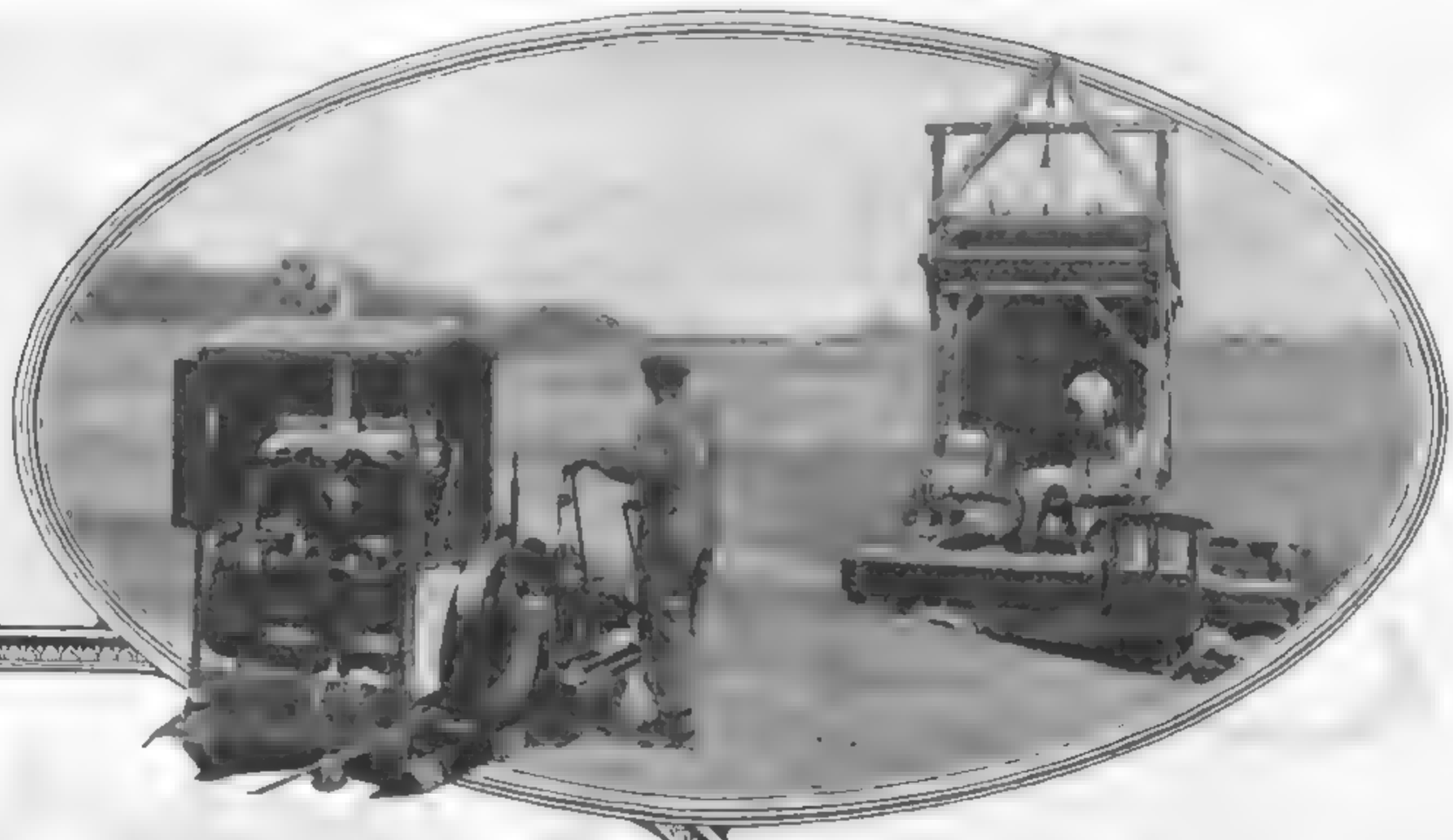
"That if that shipment of rubber goods entered Germany it would remain there."

"Then you think this man is actually sending them to Germany?"

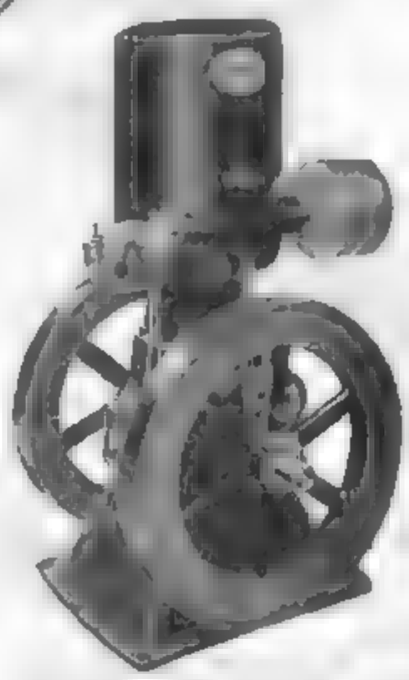
"Don't you?"

(Continued on Page 117)

The Ambassadors' Room in the Quirinal Palace



NOVO BUILT OUTFITS
Drag Line Hoists, Pumps, Air Compressors, etc. Power for Mixers, Crushers, Conveyors, etc.

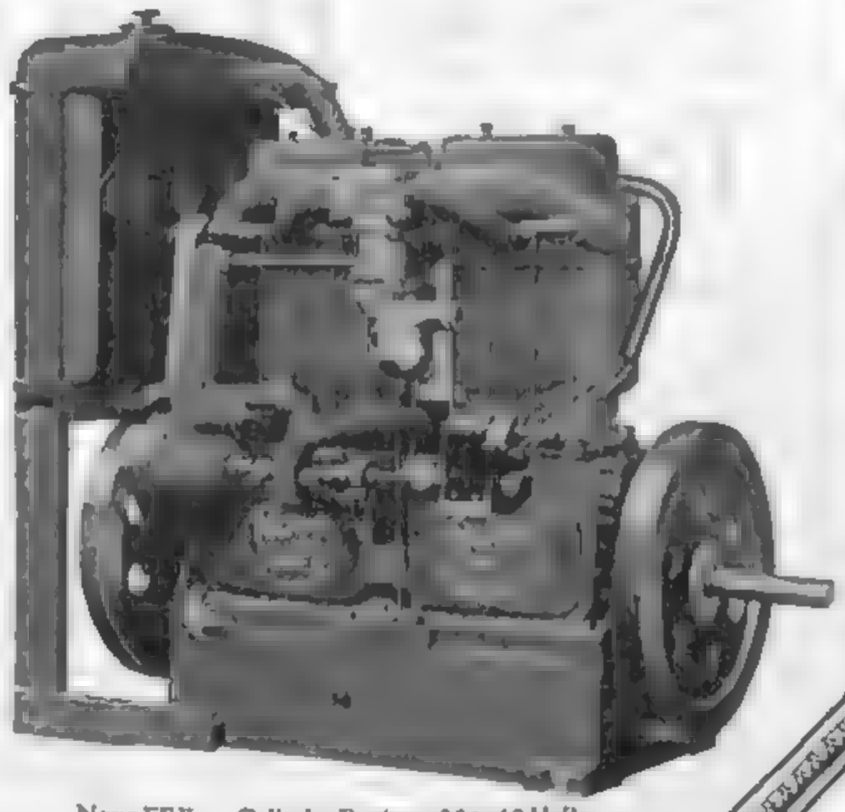


If your power requirements are as little as 1½ horsepower there is a Novo Single Cylinder Engine to give you that power with unfailing regularity.

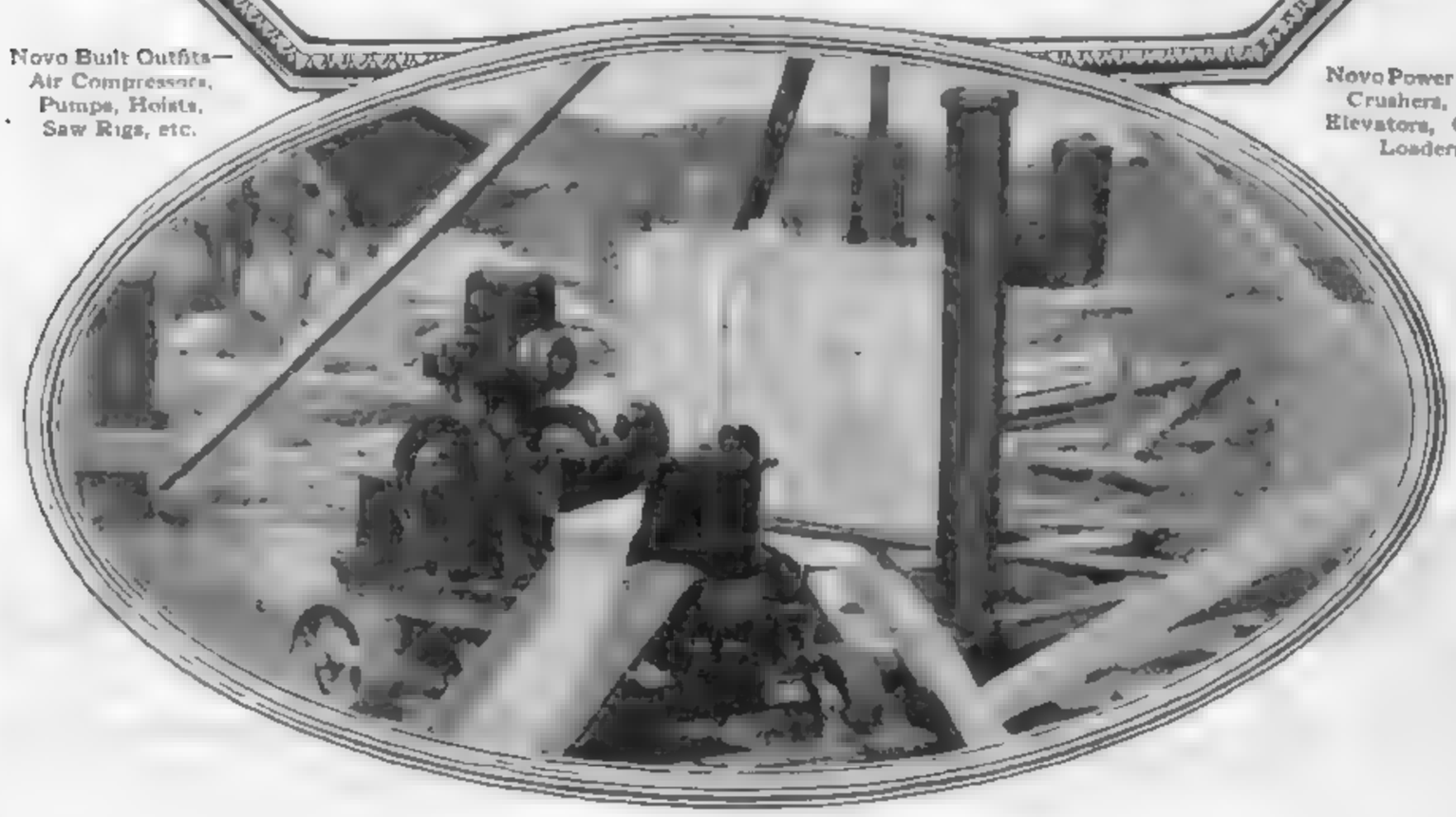
Novo Single-Cylinder Engine
1½ to 10 H. P. (frost-proof)

If you require more power, there is a Novo Four Cylinder Engine to supply up to 40 horsepower.

A Novo Engine for every power need from 1½ to 40 horsepower.



Novo EF Four Cylinder Engine—25 to 40 H. P.
Novo AF Four Cylinder Engine—10 to 20 H. P.
Novo LF Two Cylinder Engine—7 to 9 H. P.



Novo Built Outfits—
Air Compressors, Pumps, Hoists, Saw Rigs, etc.

Novo Power for Mixers, Crushers, Material Elevators, Conveyors, Loaders, etc.

Put your power needs up to

NOVO RELIABLE POWER

There is a Novo Engine to meet every industrial power need. Engines designed and built for just that purpose alone.

So designed they will do the work you want them to do and do it the way you want it done.

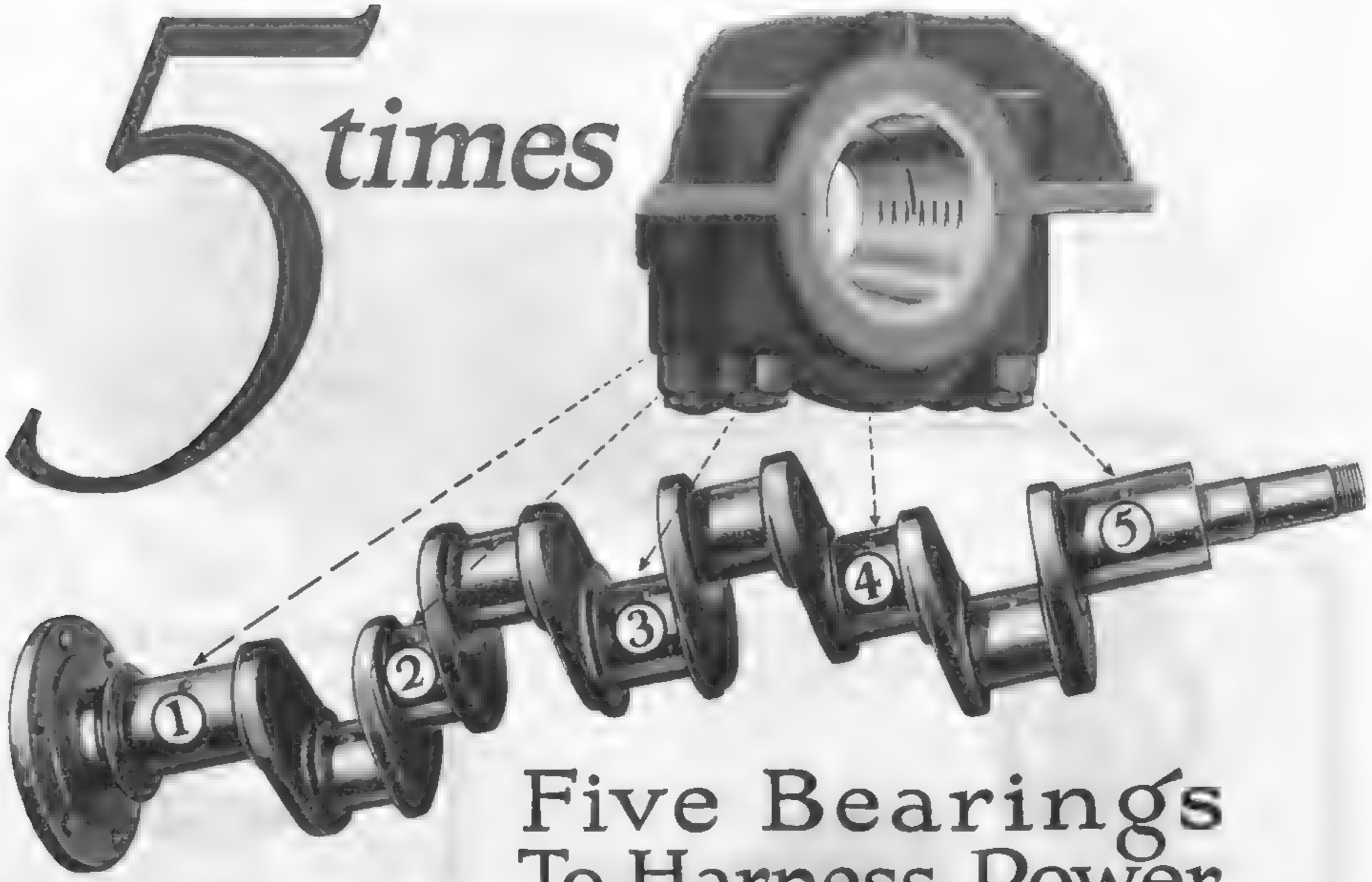
So built they will keep on doing that work better than you expected and for longer than you counted on.

That is the Novo reputation for reliability.

Novo's usefulness is extended by Novo Outfits. These outfits are Novo built and capable of unusual performances. They cover a wide range, some are shown here. Tell us your needs in this direction.

Novo Engines and Outfits are supplied through factory distributors. They have been selected because of the service they render. This includes advice, field service, spare parts, fittings, repair parts, attachments and supplies.

NOVO ENGINE CO.
Clarence E. Bement, Vice-Pres. & Gen. Mgr.
LANSING — MICHIGAN
NEW YORK OFFICE, WOOLWORTH BLDG.
CHICAGO OFFICE, OLD COLONY BLDG.



Five Bearings To Harness Power

Vibration is the deadly enemy of efficiency and long life in a motor car. Automotive engineers have long been trying to conquer it.

A direct and simple solution—the *five bearing crankshaft*—is embodied today in the improved Gardner Motor. No other make of four-cylinder motor at this time offers this type of construction.

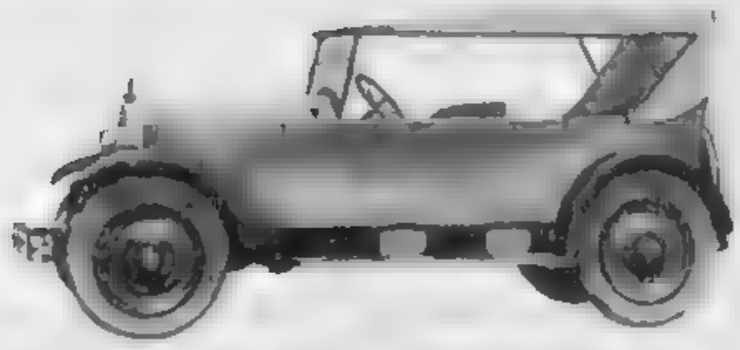
Five main crankshaft bearings instead of two or three mean that the shaft, whirling at great speed and subjected to strains and stresses from many angles, is evenly supported throughout its length. There is no chance for whip or side-play to develop.

The Gardner five bearing crankshaft has eliminated the commonly expected vibration point from the car's entire range of operating speeds; has retained every advantage of four cylinder design without its most serious limitations.

The result is a vast difference in performance—a smoothness of well-harnessed power, a swiftness of acceleration and a flexibility of operation such as you would never anticipate in a car of this type and price.

The Gardner Four delivers mileage economically, and is distinctly a long-lived automobile; product of an organization that has been serving the American public with dependable transportation since 1882. Every Gardner Four is *guaranteed in writing for one year* by its maker.

A simple test—a ride in the car itself—will best demonstrate the exceptional quality of Gardner performance.



The "Radio Special"

In which, with rare success, the distinctiveness of sport model design has been combined with the ability and dependableness of other Gardners. A special paint job in Gardner Limousine Blue; brown Spanish genuine leather upholstery; Tuare steel wheels; spare tire and cover. Nickel-plated radiator shell, bumper, cowl lamps, head lamps and front fender mirror. Aluminum step plates and aluminum trunk rails.

THE GARDNER MOTOR CO., INC
ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

Vehicle Builders Since 1882

GARDNER

The Guaranteed Car

(Continued from Page 114)

I had to admit to myself that the man was rather a German type, and his name was only slightly Americanized; but he came reënforced with semiofficial letters to the ambassador.

"Still," I demurred, "if we get the assurance of the German Government that these goods will be allowed to go straight through to Holland, ought that not to be satisfactory to you?"

"The assurance of the German Government!" He smiled suggestively.

"Well, what shall I say to the man?"

He went on smiling.

"There is always the evasive diplomatic answer. It will not be the first time you have given it, I'm sure. Tell him we are considering the matter."

When I returned to the Chancery the agent of hot-water bags received the evasive answer cheerfully enough; said he didn't mind waiting—no doubt he was used to that—and quickly changed the subject to rings, asking me if I thought Italy was a good place to buy sapphires, adding that his wife was very fond of them and that he wanted to take her back a handsome ring. A few days later he came in to ask if I had any news about the decision of the Italian Government, and when I had given a negative answer he opened a package and asked me to help him decide in the selection of several rings he had found.

"But these are all men's rings. I thought you were buying one for your wife."

"Yes; but these were so handsome. Won't you try that one on? Ah, it's a beauty! Do you think two thousand dollars a big price for it? I don't." Suddenly his glance grew a bit shifty and avoided my eyes. "I wonder if you'd help me in a very delicate matter. That chap at the Foreign Office is a good friend of yours, isn't he?"

I nodded.

"Suppose you offer him this ring. I wouldn't mind what it cost if we could get him to put that shipment through for us. You see, I don't know exactly how you grease the wires over here; but if you put me next I'll do whatever you say."

He hung on for more than a month, but finally left, quite openly cursing the American Diplomatic service, and especially me: None of us were onto our jobs; we hadn't the faintest idea of how to put over a deal even when we were shown; and as for taking care of American interests—that was the last thing we had any intention of doing.

A Wartime Wedding

Of course, our personal problems were continually cropping up in the midst of the routine that made of most of us, during those war years, more automatons than individuals. It was rather extraordinary how all of us—the embassy staff finally settled down into about twenty-five members—hit it off in those strenuous days, especially as we were crowded into rooms that held from four to five—and this after we had persuaded the owner of the building to eject several tenants and give us two extra floors. Perhaps it was because we were too busy to get into difficulties with one another; but undoubtedly the continued good feeling was due to the ambassador's genial and sensible way of handling a large staff. At times, though, even he would lose patience with what he considered an obvious example of lack of common sense. When one of the secretaries went to him in the midst of the war rush and said he wanted to be married the next week, this appeared to him to be the last straw.

"Of course you have the right to marry," he exclaimed. "I thoroughly approve of it. But why under the sun do you pick out a time like this, when there's more work to do than will ever be done satisfactorily? Marriages ought to take place in peacetimes, not when the whole world is upset, apparently permanently. Where can you find a house? Where can you find any food? Where can you get any coal? What will you do with your wife after you get her? Of course," he gradually softened, "if you've made up your mind and can't be changed, I'll give you the finest wedding that ever took place in the Palazzo del Drago—in spite of those gay parties Maria Christina used to give there—but I'll tell you right now, it will have to be a nigger wedding."

"What do you mean by that, sir?"

"In Virginia, we call a nigger wedding one that takes place on Saturday so the groom will have Saturday afternoon for half holiday, all of Sunday, and return to work early Monday morning. That's what you'll have to do. You might as well get all idea of a honeymoon trip out of your head right now. You can't have it. I can't spare you."

Then followed a long discussion of the possibilities of being married in Italy according to American laws, as the secretary wished to avoid the endless procedure incident to Italian marriages, the weekly publishing of bans, and the like. At one time our Government had allowed marriages to be performed by our consuls; but evidently this had led to complications that made the Department of State find it advisable to withdraw such permission. However, when the department was consulted on this special matter, and the explanation made that the man was a secretary of embassy and the lady an American citizen, a reply was received stating that as it concerned a diplomatic officer, no objection was held to the marriage being performed in the embassy and thus taking place on American soil; the legalizing of the procedure would be embodied in the ceremony being performed by an American clergyman in the presence of the ambassador and consul general. These three were to witness the contract, which in turn was to be filed in the Department of State and thus have a legal record made of the event.

Affairs of State

The morning of the eventful day the ambassador came into my room, looked me over critically, displayed his white spats and asked if he met the requirements of the man who was to give away the bride. Then he turned to two men who were in my room, and after greeting them asked if they didn't think it too much to expect of a man to discuss business two hours before his wedding; also, didn't they think it dangerous to accept that man's advice given at such a crucial moment? Of course they knew nothing about the event and retreated with many apologies.

The ambassador turned to me with a whimsical frown.

"You are the first man I ever saw working on the morning of his wedding. If I had seen a fellow at home doing it I'd have said he was a pretty poor sort of a bridegroom."

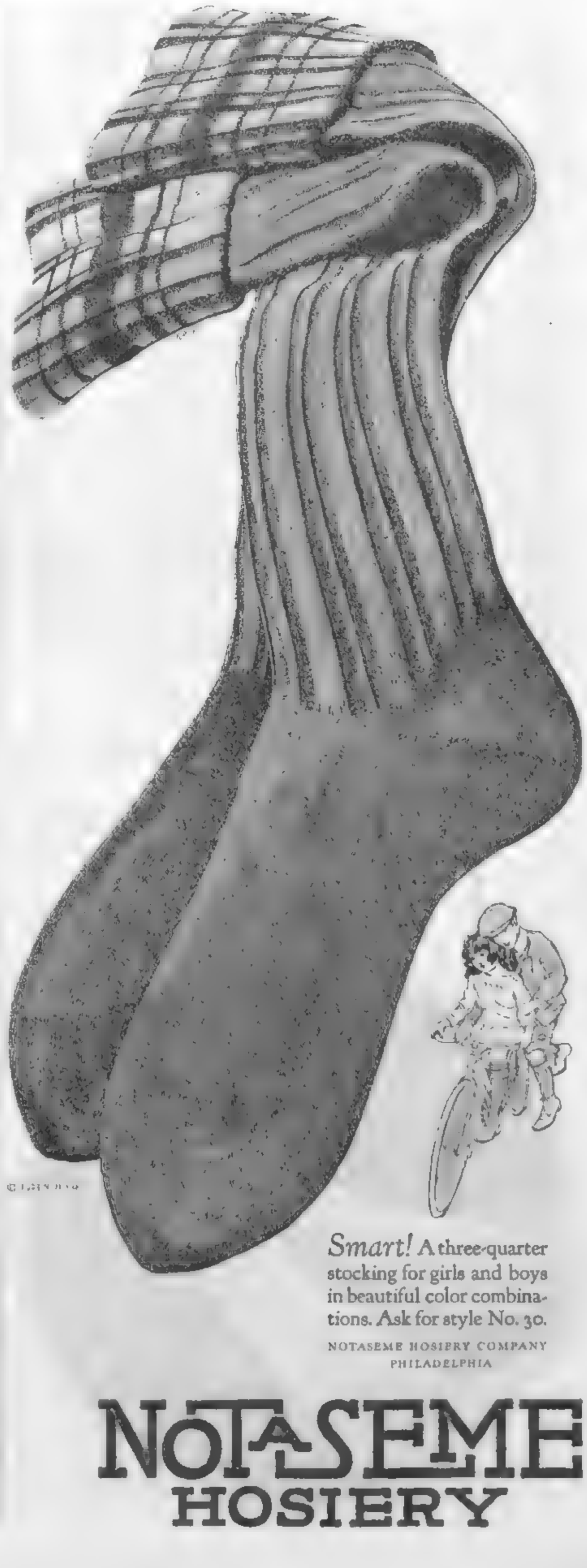
"It shows what diplomacy, combined with war, will bring one to. I had to see those men this morning. It was important."

He stood about, undecided.

"I don't like the looks of it. Close up and go out for a walk—and compose yourself. If you aren't excited you ought to be; it's expected of you. I'd go with you myself, but I've got to go to the Consulta at eleven—a conference with Sonnino. But I'll be on hand at twelve sharp. Don't get nervous waiting for me."

However, we all did. In the ballroom of the Palazzo, which had been banked with great sprays of mimosa, an effect that softened a setting which seemed always to demand medieval costume, the embassy staff assembled, the only outsider being the mayor of Rome, who had been invited in deference to local authority, and who had sent a floral gift so large that it had to be taken to pieces before it could be brought into the house. We watched the clock until noon had struck, and then someone decided to telephone the Consulta and ask for the ambassador. The answer came that he was in conference with the entire Italian cabinet and could not be disturbed. However, a few moments later he came in, out of breath and complaining bitterly of an embassy staff whose purely personal idiosyncracies made it necessary for him to break up war conferences. In the midst of a declaration of policy on the part of the Prime Minister he had had to rise and explain that he had to leave and go to a wedding!

The pinch of war began to be felt in Rome towards the end of 1916. Lack of coal was one of the first problems to be faced. In spite of its reputation for being one of the sunniest places in the world, Rome can at times be bitterly cold; and, of course, those years when coal became almost impossible to find and quite extravagant in price—it went as high as fifty dollars a ton—the weather was exceptionally rainy and penetratingly damp. American oil stoves saved our lives. The advertisements in the papers of people carrying oil stoves about with them from room to room was an actual experience in


Smart! A three-quarter stocking for girls and boys in beautiful color combinations. Ask for style No. 30.
NOTASEME HOSIERY COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA
NOTASEME
HOSIERY

Fashion emphasizes silk—the Fownes creations are ready

Many spring and summer gowns derive their inspiration from the vivid Orient. Silk gloves give the exquisite finishing touch. Stunning effects of contrast may be secured by ignoring the maze of colors and boldly selecting gloves in white or black or a neutral pastel shade which repeats some one note in the whole attire. Fownes lend themselves admirably to the varying mood in this—pre-eminently a silk year. They are most economical because they fit, wear and hold their shape as good gloves should—and as Fownes gloves always do! The genuine are stamped Fownes in the wrist. Fownes Brothers & Co. Inc., 354 Fourth Avenue, New York.

It's a Fownes—that's all you need to know about a glove

Send for Silk and fabric booklets. "How to wear and how to wash them"

FOWNES Silk Gloves

those days. It even got so bad at one time that we had to live, eat and sleep in the one room that could be kept warm. For a while it seemed as though we were going back to the days of primitive existence.

Food became an even more serious question than coal, and though it has always been the favorite topic of conversation at all diplomatic dinners I have ever attended—which recalls the child's comment that grown-ups never talk about anything but food, money and other grown-ups—it now dominated even war news. The simple things for which Italy is so justly famous—macaroni, olive oil and veal—practically disappeared from the markets. The merchants began to hoard these articles, and asked exorbitant prices for them; and at best they had to be bought *sub rosa*, as the government permitted only certain quantities to be sold to each person. Tickets for bread were finally issued, and the famous bread lines came into existence—a rather diverting affair for Italians, as they made of it a sort of daily meeting ground on which to discuss the war and exchange gossip.

What became of chickens and beef no one ever knew, though it was said that all these went to the front.

Real Food From Home

When it began to look as if we were all going to become by force vegetarians a sudden relief appeared in the form of huge quantities of tinned corned beef that had been brought from America. I have always liked corned beef; but I never expected to look upon it as a great delicacy, which it became in those days. If we had friends coming to luncheon and wanted to have a specially smart affair, we always served corned-beef hash. It became the pièce de résistance even at embassy luncheons. As for butter, that disappeared as though it had never existed.

One day during a tea party our cook rushed into the drawing-room with bulging eyes, held aloft a strange-looking package and announced in a trembling voice, "One kilo of butter!" And everyone gathered about to inspect and smell this unbelievable find.

When it got to the point where we didn't know in the morning if we were going to have anything to eat that day we all wrote home to our relatives to send us food—sugar, tinned butter, white flour, anything, everything—and to send it to the Department of State, which would forward it on to us in the diplomatic pouch; otherwise we would have received it months afterwards, if at all. The pouches soon became a sort of grocer's delivery wagon. Every time these bags arrived all work in the Chancery would cease while we gathered about to watch Francesco open them and sort out the various provisions.

One pouch arrived in a deplorable state, very soft and mushy, smelling of sugar and oozing from all sides a sticky sirup. When opened it was found to contain, besides confidential instructions from the Secretary of State to the ambassador, a smashed wooden pail of strawberry jam that the mother of one of the secretaries had sent him.

If something particularly appetizing arrived for one of the embassy staff all the rest of us would invite ourselves to dine with him that night and help him enjoy it. When the pouch arrived with a delicious-looking ham, nothing would do but that we should get Francesco to boil it at once and serve it in the Chancery. It seems almost unbelievable now to look back on those days and remember that for practically two years we were actually hungry and, in the winters, cold.

There were an unusual number of professional entertainments going on, though almost all of them had a tinge of propaganda. Great Britain sent out her famous Coldstream Guards band to play for the delectation of Romans, who got much more fun out of watching those giants march about in their wonderful bearskin hats than in listening to what the English considered good music. The effect of the Scottish Highlanders on Italians was a bit dubious, for when they saw these serious-faced, kilted products of their great ally begin to dance to the accompaniment of bagpipes they burst forth in convulsions of laughter that was almost hysterical. The Garde Républicaine had a real success with their rendering of the Marseillaise, and the arrival of Saint-Saëns with a complete company that gave performances of Samson and Delilah under his personal direction crowded the Costanzi as in prewar days.

Every Sunday afternoon there was a concert at the Augusteo—the vast auditorium built on the ruins of the tomb of Augustus—where a Roman orchestra was led by a visiting conductor of renown. Debussy appeared here and failed to convince Italians that modern French music, even though composed by an ally, was acceptable; and a real thrill of excitement flashed over Rome when it was announced that Toscanini was coming to conduct the orchestra and had chosen several Wagner numbers for his program. Was music international? Could a nation at war with Germany sit placidly and listen to music that was so characteristically Teutonic? Could even Toscanini convince them that they had been wrong in forbidding the playing of enemy music? However, when Sunday arrived the Augusteo was crowded to the roof.

More intense interest was given to the event by the fact that the day before Padua had been raided by German airplanes with particularly horrible success—a school building had been bombed and more than a hundred children killed.

Toscanini began with several Palestrina numbers that brought forth tremendous applause. Then, during an ominous silence, he lifted his baton and gave the signal for the bird music from Siegfried. A sharp hiss shot across the hall and died away. The music continued without further interruption; and those who had been most vociferous in their belief that the most famous German composer's music would not be tolerated by Italians—especially at a moment when their relatives were being killed—had to confess that perhaps after all music was above national hatred. However, not one hand was raised in applause at the finish.

The second Wagner number was the Death March from Siegfried. Again complete silence awaited the signal from Toscanini. The first bars of that superb music rolled across the auditorium; and then, rising sonorously above the orchestra, came a man's voice, as distinct as though spoken through a great trumpet:

"Bravo, Signor Toscanini! Play that for our dead at Padua—our dead women and children, killed yesterday by boche bombs!"

Distinguished Visitors

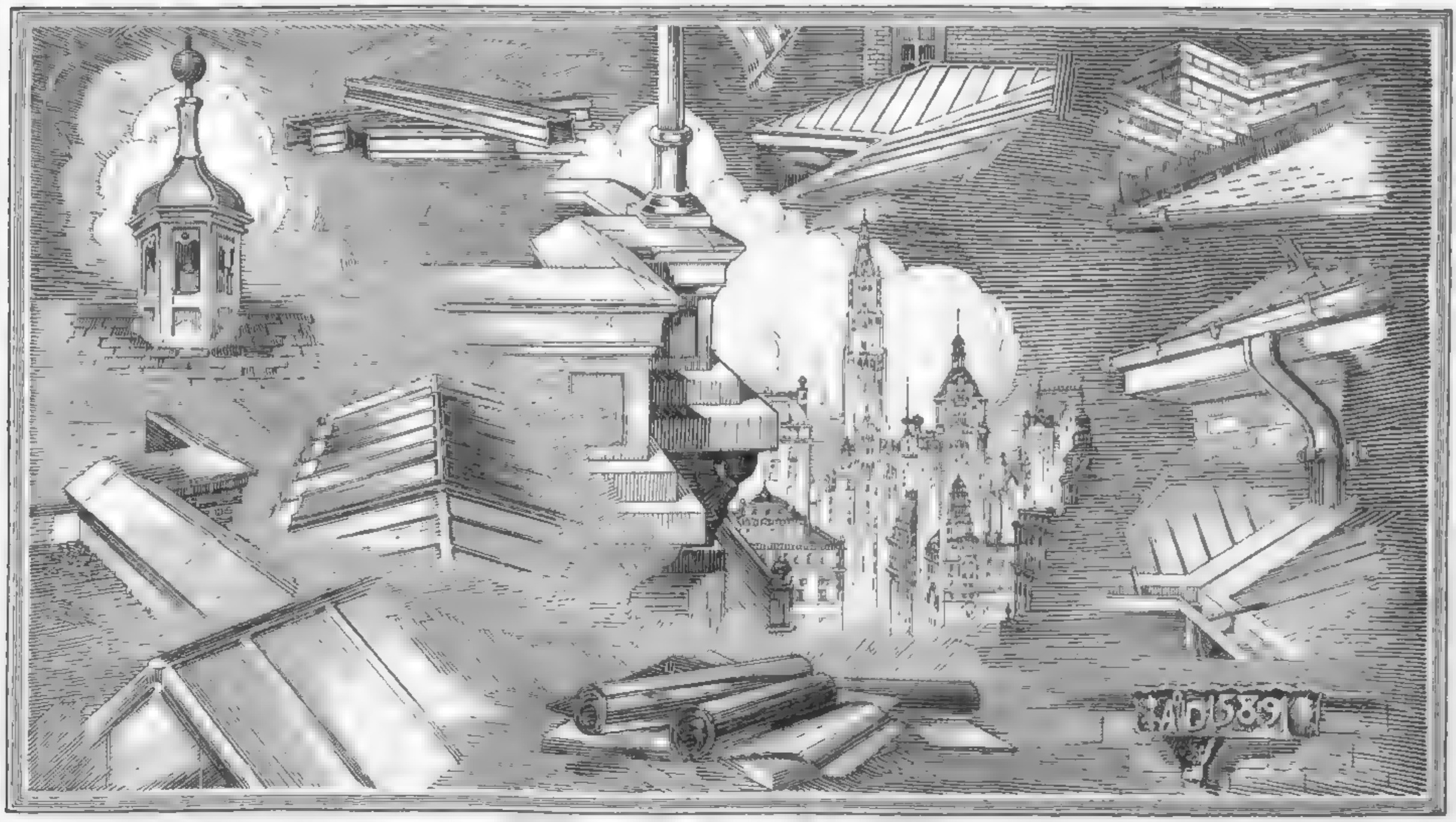
In an instant every person in the hall was on his feet and a roar that was deafening deadened all sound of music. Toscanini waited patiently for the excitement to subside. He waited ten minutes; he waited twenty; he waited half an hour; and then, in desperation, he lifted his hand and gave the signal to begin again. The roar broke out with renewed violence. Finally Toscanini turned to the audience, looked it over contemptuously, threw his baton on the floor, marched out and left Rome that night. After that no more German music was attempted until the Armistice had been signed.

We had many American, British and French financiers coming through at different times, and now and then a party of labor leaders. I was sent to the station to meet Mr. Gompers, with special instructions from the ambassador to show him every courtesy, and to put on a top hat and frock coat for the occasion:

"It's all well enough to meet financiers, even royalty, these days in sack suits; but when it comes to receiving the head of the American Federation of Labor you want to put on everything you have."

Most of the financiers, especially the Americans, remained only a few days in Rome, and left apparently with the impression that the time for their endeavors in Italy had not yet come. I recall one especially—one of our most conspicuously successful men—who was much interested in the conditions that would face Italy after the war, and who made the remark that he was amazed at the potential development, especially water power. I spent two days in going about with him, presenting him to different ministers, taking him up to Marconi's villa on the Janiculum, where, by means of something that looked like a fruit jar and a piece of wire, we listened to news being sent out from Petrograd, Constantinople and London; and finally at his request drove with him out on the Campagna so that he could get a comprehensive view of the aqueduct system used during empire days.

(Continued on Page 121)



There's no wear-out to lead

WEATHER and time have no effect on lead. You can place it underground and leave it there for centuries. Or you can put it on top of the tallest building and subject it to every attack of wind, rain, and storm.

For roofs of buildings and for rain-water drainage, lead has been used for several centuries. A leaded dome dated 1553 still stands intact on Barnard's Inn Hall, in London. On an outer wall of Windsor Castle, England, a pipe-head made of lead has served since 1589. The cathedrals of France have been protected by lead roofs since mediæval times.

Lead on the roof

Lead in the form of Hoyt Hardlead sheeting is used on many buildings today where permanent, water-tight roofs are desired. This lead, hardened with a little antimony, has less weight per foot than ordinary metallic lead. It is rust-proof and lasts longer than any other metal suitable for the same purpose.

This same hard lead is employed in other ways than as sheeting for roofs. On many of the finest buildings in this country are pipe-heads, leader pipes and bands, gutters, hangers, flashings, copings, made of lead to insure protection against rain and storm. This lead is also used in the construction of skylight framework and ornamental figures.

These are parts that are usually costly and difficult to renew. But make them of lead and after the first cost there is no other.

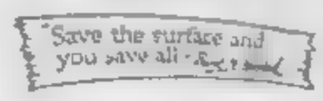
Keeping this lead in place

These building products are not only made of lead, but lead in the cinch expansion bolt assists in fastening them to the building. These bolts and lead-coated screws and nails help to secure gutters, bands, and other parts of the lead drainage system to the walls. And they do not pull out.

Where you know lead best

There are a hundred-and-one other uses to which man has put lead. None of them, however, is so familiar as that of lead as paint. Tons of pure metallic lead are corroded every day to produce the white-lead that protects the outside walls of thousands of houses.

Manufacturers know the value of white-lead in making paint and use white-lead as the principal ingredient in the paint they make. The professional painter puts on what he calls "lead-in-oil," which is pure white-lead mixed with pure linseed oil.



Property owners are becoming more and more aware of the necessity of protecting their houses against deterioration. "Save the surface and you save all" is a truth wise men do not deny. And they are saving the surface and their investments with white-lead paint, which is impervious to moisture and adds indefinitely to the life of a building.

Look for the Dutch Boy

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY makes white-lead of the highest quality and sells it, mixed with pure linseed oil, under the name and trade-mark of *Dutch Boy White-Lead*. The figure of the Dutch Boy you see here is reproduced on every keg of white-lead and is a guarantee of exceptional purity.

Dutch Boy products also include red-lead, linseed oil, flatting oil, babbitt metals, and solder.

Among the other products manufactured by National Lead Company are came lead, litharge, lead wire, shot, lead wool, and lead plumbing materials.

More about lead

If you use lead, or think you might use it in any form, write to us for specific information.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York Boston Cincinnati San Francisco
Cleveland Buffalo Chicago St. Louis
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NATIONAL LEAD & OIL CO., Pittsburgh

The new OHIO is a hit!

Anything that could really improve a cleaner already famous was bound to be popular. Before you buy ANY cleaner see Model-5

By MRS. MARY MADISON

THE new OHIO has "gone over," as theatrical folks say. But that was a pretty safe deduction beforehand, considering the OHIO-Tuec family tree. Thousands of practical housekeepers have gone on record that the *previous* OHIO models were the last word in electric cleaners.

And now comes Model-5 with many improvements, dictated by the needs and suggestions of women who manage homes. Three points of superiority stand out in the new OHIO that should be remembered, even if you lose sight of the other important features.

First, the self-starter feature. Lower the handle, and the motor transmits a dizzy whirl to the dust-extracting fan; raise it, and the motor stops. No ruinous running on one spot when you are called to the phone. No propping against a chair or in a corner—the OHIO *stands alone*, both literally and figuratively.

Second, the gently revolving brush (not motor-driven) which brightens the nap, and picks up hair and lint and ravelings as only a revolving brush will.

Third, the tremendous air-pull. The motor is not slowed down to accommodate a brush, but applies its full force to the suction-fan. The new OHIO has not only great suction, but a direct, streamline air-way—gulps the dust instantly out of the thickest rug and shoots it, without unnecessary lifts or turns, straight into the bag.

Another important feature of the new OHIO is its light weight. It is so light that even a child can easily carry it from room to room, or upstairs and down. Thus comfort and convenience are combined with cleaning efficiency. There are many other reasons why the new OHIO is the cleaner for YOU. The little booklet, Good Housecleaning, tells you what you should know before buying any cleaner. Send for it.

The "OHIO Man" is not a mere Salesman

The OHIO man is, first of all, a gentleman. He has had special training on how to clean and care for rugs and upholstery with the least labor and will show you how. And you are not obligated one bit to buy until you get good and ready. Let him demonstrate the new OHIO right in your home on your own rugs.

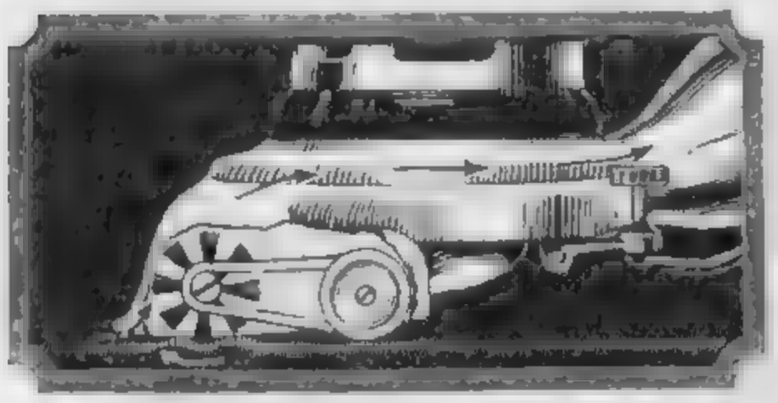
OHIO TUEC

The Cleaner with the Self-Starter

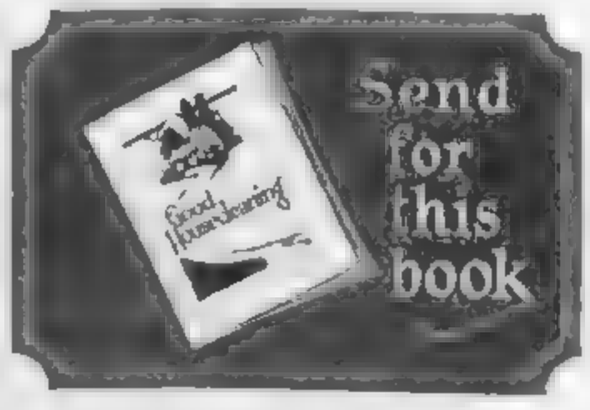
THE SELF-STARTER

Make very sure that the cleaner you buy has a self-starter. It's so convenient to raise the handle and have the motor stop—to lower it and have it start. No switches to think about. The OHIO is as simple as a broom, but as powerful as a March gale, turned inside-out!

Here is the rug-sparing brush that moves only when the cleaner moves. It gets the lint, hair and threads, and the powerful air-pull gets every last bit of dust and dirt, no matter how deeply it has been driven into the rug or carpet. The brush also freshens the nap, without fraying it.



This is not a catalog. It's a booklet that tells you what you ought to know before you buy ANY cleaner—and forestalls regrets later. It tells you how to get more done with less effort. Your copy is waiting for you. Where shall we send it?



The United Electric Company, Canton, Ohio

Since 1909

In Canada, The United Electric Co., Ltd., Toronto

Also makers of TUEC Stationary and TUEC Swimming-Pool cleaners. A few valuable dealer and distributor franchises are available. Also opportunities for high-grade "Ohio Men."

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Built as Women Wanted it Built

(Continued from Page 118)

We got out of the motor at a spot that has always appealed to me as the most superb view in the world—just a little beyond the tomb of Cæcilia Metella on the Appian Way. Back of us stretched an avenue of cypresses, black with oncoming evening, at the end of which loomed the dim dome of St. Peter's; to the right the Campagna rolled straight out to the sea; to the left the Sabine Hills rose, skeleton-like and amethystine; and directly ahead Rocca di Papa sprang up against a deepening blue sky, with each pane of glass in the tiny village afire with rays of the setting sun. It was that quiet hour just before night comes on, yet tremendously dramatic in a seemingly artificial arrangement of lights. The sky was full of pageantry; the atmosphere alive with vibrations that seemed to be voices—one of those moments when the great past of Rome rushes up about you, magnificent, articulate.

I watched the financier's face, interested in the enthusiasm shown in it. It surprised me to find that he, supposedly interested only in the commercial opportunities a scene afforded, had fallen under the spell of ancient Rome.

"Isn't it wonderful to stand here," I exclaimed, "and look out over a scene so vibrantly filled with events that have made our civilization! Think of the things that have taken place along this road! It was here those magnificent caravans passed on their way to and from the East; it was here that Spartacus and his followers were crucified for attempting freedom; it was along here that Peter, fleeing from Rome, met Christ and went back to suffer the same fate as his Master. And over there Zenobia lived a prisoner, brooding on her past glories; and there Hadrian built his country palace; and there Cicero conducted his summer school; and there Nero was forced to screw up his courage and face death; and there Julius Cæsar rendered homage to the gods for granting him victory over Gaul!"

The financier said nothing; his glance, following the long line of broken aqueducts, showed the concentration of deep thought.

"Yes," he said finally, "it really offers great opportunities. Why, do you know, it wouldn't be any trick at all! A little patching done here and there to those aqueducts, a few hundred feet of iron pipe connecting them, and you'd have a water power that would make hundreds of factories spring up overnight! Instead of deserted fields and ruins, and those dismal cypress trees—given over to poppies and stray sheep—this would be a land of the full dinner pail!"

The Red Cross in Italy

By the end of 1916 it was fairly clear that the end of our neutrality was in sight. February of the following year brought the breaking of diplomatic relations, and by April we were at last in the war. From a strangely anomalous position the embassy suddenly became the most popular spot in Rome. Delegations from all over Italy called on the ambassador to congratulate him and themselves; our colleagues surged about us with open arms; bands and processions paraded the streets, stopping always before the embassy to make speeches and be addressed by the ambassador, who, by this time, was able to reply to them in Italian; and there was an amusing cabinet crisis during which the Minister of the Marine had to resign because he had said there was no use of thinking the entrance of the United States had ended the war; that we would never be able to send over enough soldiers to make any impression; that German submarines would see that they never reached Europe.

And then our Red Cross arrived. The first group of this organization—there were three before a permanent one settled in Rome—came about the end of 1917. The object of the visit was apparently to find out the needs of Italy. A second contingent arrived soon afterwards; and the third and permanent one, made up of a group of well-known business men, architects and doctors, came during the winter, when Italian morale was at its lowest. These last appeared on the Roman horizon with considerable—as the Italians said—*slancio*. They were a fine-looking lot, smartly uniformed and with an impressive air of efficiency. Even Francesco—always difficult to please—admitted they gave the impression of being *qualque cosa*. They were very soon installed in a large building, organized departments to cover the whole of Italy, and went to work in a way that had much to do with creating an impression of unlimited funds and capacity for undertaking and carrying out anything.

The embassy was at once bombarded by everyone who had a pet charity or needed financial help to continue work that had been going on for three years.

"I want to meet every member of your Red Cross," said a Roman matron, the second day after they had arrived. "Will you be good enough to extend an invitation to lunch with me tomorrow? Just telephone how many I must expect."

And as the lady was one of the dominating influences in Rome and one of the most efficient war workers, they were advised to accept the invitation. As a matter of fact, Rome and the whole of Italy received them with open arms, and a Britisher said soon after they arrived:

"There is no use of our organization remaining any longer in Italy. Your Red Cross is so tremendously rich that it makes our efforts appear entirely puerile. We are going to close up and let them handle the whole situation."

Although there are some who are inclined to criticize the management of the Red Cross, and cite instances of waste and inefficiency and make fun of the amount of swank that appeared in some quarters, there is no doubt in my mind that just those qualities were the most valuable from a psychological point of view—and particularly so in a country like Italy, which loves show and evidences of great wealth.

Building Up Morale

We ourselves may have been somewhat amused at the generous use of titles and uniforms and ceremony; but it was just what Italians loved, and it gave them the feeling that if we did everything in such a spread-eagle way we were undoubtedly the most valuable ally they could possibly have. Again, in Italy we had no soldiers; and for a long time Italians had to judge of what we could do solely by the Red Cross. One Italian frankly confessed that the style in which the Red Cross went about had more to do with bracing up the morale of Italy than anything that had appeared during the war.

The Red Cross became specially effective during the moral slump that swept over Italy after the retreat from Caporetto. I remember a lady coming to the embassy and saying she wished to explain to the Red Cross the greatest danger that was facing her country, a danger they could aid so much in overcoming. We saw so many people who had all sorts of schemes for ending the war that her statement was not taken very seriously until she began to describe her work among the wives of soldiers and to advance the theory that the discouragement and lack of morale at the front was due in great part to letters the soldiers were receiving from their families. She had gone deeply into these conditions and found that numbers of soldiers were receiving letters from their wives, beseeching them to return home and save them from starvation, telling them that they had absolutely nothing to live on; that it was practically impossible to obtain work, and that the price of food was beyond their empty purses. A number of letters were shown to prove these statements. One was tragic in its sinister suggestion that if the husband did not return soon his wife and daughter would be put out of their house and only one profession left open to them. The Italian government, through lack of funds, was unable to cope with this situation.

The Red Cross was quick to see that here was one of the most serious problems—one existing far away from the front and yet closely connected with it. It was easy to understand that no soldier is going to fight enthusiastically for his country when that country does not take care of his family, left without him. Committees were immediately formed to study this situation and furnish wives and children of fighting men with enough to live on—always with the understanding that they would write at once to their husbands and fathers and tell them that they were being taken care of and were once more safe and happy. This was probably the most effective work done by the Red Cross in Italy; and surely it reached the very heart of Italy's greatest problem at a time of desperate crisis.

Almost every suggestive and practical plan that was submitted by Italians was

ATWATER KENT

RADIO EQUIPMENT

"Look, Ben!

"HERE's the equipment you want. This is part of my new radio set. Did you ever see anything more beautifully made?

"You should have heard the set over at Hayden's house last night. They have a stage of radio frequency amplification, a detector and two-stage audio amplifier with this tuner and a loud speaker.

"WE had Boston and Fort Worth and almost everything between. Why, it was just like having entertainers right in the room!

"You know one reason I haven't been keen to have a radio set of my own was because of that stuttering and whistling. There wasn't any of that in Hayden's set. It was so clear that I was sold right then and there.

"YES, I knew you'd ask about the price. Well, just shop around as I have and compare values.

"I feel confident you will never be satisfied until you have ATWATER KENT radio equipment."

A circular describing the entire line of Atwater Kent radio equipment is yours for the asking.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
4939 STENTON AVENUE
Philadelphia

received sympathetically and immediately put into operation by the Red Cross; but another very successful work that was entirely of American conception was a custom we inaugurated of giving the soldiers departing for the front little packages of cigarettes and chocolate. They were merely trifling things; but the effect of a group of American women gathered on the dreary station platforms and distributing these packages to the soldiers individually was something new in Italian experience and, as one soldier expressed it, made them feel as though someone was actually thinking of them in another way than just as cattle being sent to slaughter. As the war went on and on, without any end in sight, an obvious apathy developed among Romans. Many large contingents of soldiers would leave without any sound of music or the waving of a flag or a single cheer. In this way it was that our fresh and undampened enthusiasm proved such a wonderful encouragement during those last eighteen months, when energy and patriotism were becoming deadened by ceaseless effort.

After the Red Cross came the Y. M. C. A., which accomplished its best work in 1918, when Rome was introduced to the diversion of seeing a real American cafeteria established in the center of town, where concerts and dances and lectures and meals were going on all day and all night. Our enthusiasm and energy became contagious; our apparently unlimited money made Italians gasp.

The most surprising thing to all of us in the embassy was that, with our entrance into the war, the importance of the Chancery and the amount of work to be done there dwindled almost into insignificance. In a few weeks the military attaché's office grew to large proportions and took an entire floor above the Chancery; the same change came over the naval attaché's staff; a commercial attaché's office, with numerous assistants, was established; the Bureau of Public Information took two floors of a large office building; and the development of Intelligence seemed to reach out and embrace everyone. We really felt very much out of it at the embassy. From having struggled along for three years with an inadequate staff, and worked from early dawn until late at night, we suddenly found ourselves left high and dry, with nothing really important to do.

Nightmare Holidays

It actually became so dull that we began to take week-end vacations; and up to that time I had been out of Rome only three times—three short and somewhat poignant experiences. The first time was a trip to Paris, where the ambassador sent me to carry some confidential communications to Colonel House, to whom I was instructed to describe conditions in Italy. I was in Paris only a day and night, and spent most of that time waiting to deliver the communications into the hands of a rather small man with very keen eyes, who received me reclining on a sofa, his legs covered with a fur rug. I had no chance to describe conditions in Italy; I was kept too busy trying to answer questions the existence of which hadn't occurred to me before. It was like going through a diplomatic examination all over again. I have often wondered if Colonel House employed this same method of attack in the various consultations he was having at that time with world premiers; though I must admit that the same evening, when we met again in Mr. Sharp's house—a small dinner to the French premier, Briand—he was somewhat less relentless in his questions. However, this may have been due to some extent to the fact that Monsieur Briand did not speak English.

My second trip was to Milan, where I went to make an address at the opening of an American chamber of commerce. As usual, the ambassador had been invited, could not go and sent me to represent him. Though I tried to get out of this by pleading that I had never made a speech in my life—not even a recitation at school, always playing hooky those days when scheduled to speak—he refused to send anyone else, and said it was high time I learned how to make a speech if I intended to make diplomacy a career.

"That's all most diplomats do. It's what's expected of them—to talk and talk and talk and never say anything. This is an exceptional opportunity for you to begin."

I spent the whole week before the horrible ordeal in preparing a speech, having chosen a subject about as fitting for the opening of a chamber of commerce as for a political meeting—the irresistible charm of Italy. At any rate, I was delighted with the way I had handled the subject, and spent days learning my speech by heart. When I reached Milan and was met by a reception committee and taken to a restaurant where two hundred men had assembled for a banquet, every word of that speech left me as though it had never been thought of. Fortunately I had a copy of it in my pocket, and when I rose and faced two hundred pairs of eyes I knew the only thing to do was to pull it out of my pocket and read it.

I began in such a low voice that several voices across the room called out, "Louder, if you please!" This increased my distress, but not nearly so much as when the toast master pulled the tail of my coat and whispered, "Go on to the next page. You've read that one twice."

The third and last trip was to Venice—almost as cheerless an experience as at Milan. I had spent the day in the train, feeding my enthusiasm at the prospect of seeing Venice for the first time on imaginary visions of gondolas and wonderful palaces and music on the water in the moonlight. I arrived in a downpour, was led down slimy steps to a gondola that I only knew was there by feeling it, and peered out into absolute darkness. Not a light was visible in the whole place. I was told that I was on the Grand Canal; it might just as well have been Hudson River so far as seeing it went. When I reached a hotel, was conducted to a damp, dingy room lighted by a single candle and was given the comforting information that I would have to go out to dinner, as no food was being served in the hotel, I began to regret having left Rome.

News From Caporetto

An hour later I got hold of the consul and asked him to go somewhere to dinner with me—if such a place could be found in along narrow passages and across deserted squares and over slippery bridges—Venice was risking no chance of being seen by bombing airplanes—and finally reached a restaurant near the Piazza San Marco. We ordered dinner and soon forgot surroundings in a discussion of whether the Italians were going to be able to hold out against the tremendous Austrian offensive just beginning. So deep were we in this subject that perhaps half an hour had gone by when we suddenly realized that no food had been brought us. Upon looking up we found the restaurant completely deserted. Not a single waiter was in sight. We called, got no response and finally went out to the front door and found a mass of people surging about a notice that had just been posted up telling of the disaster at Caporetto and announcing the impetuous rush of the Austrian Army directly upon Venice.

I never got any dinner that night; in fact, I was only too happy to reach a train that was leaving in twenty minutes—the last train out of Venice for many weeks, which I just caught by employing four gondoliers to paddle me up the Grand Canal at motorboat speed.

Thus ended my third and last vacation during the war.

It was very mortifying to be caught in bed at the time of the Armistice. I shouldn't have minded so much if there had been something serious the matter with me, a major operation or something of that sort; but to miss all the celebrations just on account of a thorn in the toe—which proved a veritable thorn in the flesh—was a bitter disappointment. There I lay, propped up in bed, while good friends rushed in at different hours of the day and night to announce the capitulation of Turkey, the complete routing of Austria, the flight of the Kaiser into Holland, and at last the signing of the Armistice.

The ambassador came in this last day and sank down rather wearily in a chair and sighed.

"Aren't you celebrating, sir? Isn't the Armistice really signed? Isn't the war over?" I asked, surprised at his weary and unenthusiastic expression.

"Yes, the war is over. At least they say it is. But I'm wondering if the real trouble isn't just beginning. How under the sun is this old topsy-turvy world ever going to get straightened out again?"

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr. Richardson. The seventh will appear in an early issue.

Planning *for tomorrow*

IN addition to meeting your needs today, a part of the unseen service of your electric light and power company consists of planning for your needs of tomorrow.

Service must be ready whenever a new home, a new hotel, a new school, a new theatre, a new store, a new church or a new factory is built. And that service, once installed, must be at your command every second during twenty-four hours, every day, every year. No time off—no vacations.

Your company must anticipate the growth of your community by the continuous investment of new capital in generators and distribution systems.

That capital—$750,000,000 a year for the country as a whole—can be attracted to live communities that wish to grow and *will* to grow.

One million, seven hundred and fifty thousand Americans have invested their money to furnish electrical service to the country. Other thousands will join them and the plans of today will become the realities of tomorrow.

NATIONAL ELECTRIC LIGHT ASSOCIATION

$1000.00
INSURANCE AGAINST CHECKRAISERS

DETECTIVE
WILLIAM J. BURNS

William J. Burns, Director of the Bureau of Investigation of the United States Department of Justice, is the founder of the William J. Burns International Detective Agency which bears his name. Burns was born in 1861 in Baltimore and later moved to Columbus, Ohio, where his father was elected Police Commissioner. It was at this time that Burns, Jr., became interested in criminology, and has since devoted his life to it.

The organization that Burns developed stands back of every Super-Safety Insured Bank Check issued.

Why banks are now giving depositors insured checks

Thousands of crooks, amateur and professional, get over 50 million dollars each year through check frauds. Hardened professionals, petty crooks, preying on housewives, and dishonest employees making their first misstep—all trying to get your money dishonestly.

Numerous devices, patent inks and complicated methods have been devised. But the increase of this form of crime shows their futility. Today bankers and business men have come to use Super-Safety Insured Bank Checks as the only form of bank check which really protects.

Each of these insured bank checks is printed on the finest and safest paper yet devised. At the slightest attempt at alteration the paper fairly screams the fraud. It is apparent to anyone who looks.

But to make sure against the hardened professional who can devise a means of beating anything yet discovered, the checks are protected by a policy covering the individual depositor up to the amount of $1,000.

The bank gives this free insurance to every customer; there is a duplicate of the policy issued with each check book. And should there be any loss through alteration, "penstroke" increase or similar fraud, your policy protects *you and your bank* from loss.

In addition to this, each bank which uses these checks has the entire organization of the William J. Burns International Detective Agency, Inc., behind it. "Insured"—the trade-mark of positive protection—is printed on each check. And the warning "Protected by Burns." Would any crook try to raise a check so protected?

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A BUREAU OF INTERNATIONAL POLICE

(Continued from Page 18)

It is not proposed that the bureau should have a large collection of finger prints. It would obtain from every country the prints, photographs and description of every international criminal, and see that his movements from one country to another were duly reported; it would undertake to warn the police of the place to which the criminal was going, and forward photographic copies of his identification. The moral effect of such a procedure upon international criminals would be surprising. It would drive a large number of them out of business altogether.

Take, for example, one case out of many in my own experience. An Austrian courier had taken to evil courses, which landed him at Dartmoor under a sentence of penal servitude. He spoke half a dozen languages. Before his release he arranged with a well-educated English convict to go into partnership with him. The Englishman was to pose as a wealthy peer who traveled with a courier, and the two were to go from hotel to hotel on the Continent, robbing their fellow guests. Against a pair like this an international police bureau would be the only possible protection. If such men knew that a warning had preceded them they would be wise enough to take no risk.

The idea of an international police association is not new to the United States. For years past an unofficial body of this kind has been in existence, with an office in the state of New Jersey, but though it has done useful work among police officers in America, apparently it has not been recognized by the Government, nor has it made much headway abroad. The need of some kind of international solidarity has long been felt. Conferences have been held at uncertain intervals, with very useful results. The last one, which took place in New York City under the presidency of Commissioner Enright in 1922, showed the value of personal contact between the heads of police in different countries, but as these functionaries are continually changing, such conferences should be held at fixed intervals. A body of this kind would call public attention to the remarkable fact that the United States is almost the only civilized country that publishes no criminal statistics. Some of the states do produce statistics, but these are not prepared upon a uniform plan and are therefore useless for purposes of comparison.

Great Gain at Small Cost

Crime is a disease of society, and it is impossible to call a physician to prescribe for a patient unless he is made acquainted with the symptoms. If accurate Federal statistics were published year by year in Washington the actual growth of lawlessness would be measured; a comparison could be made between the different states, and the public conscience, which has not yet shown signs of awakening, would be stirred to action. The statistics of the most lawless states would be taken as a blot upon the community; sensible legislation and the strengthening of the police would follow, and the activities of the so-called prison reformers, who are apt to ignore the public right of protection, would be curbed. Public opinion might even be stirred to demand Federal legislation or concerted state legislation against the sale and carrying of firearms. If, as is almost certain, it should prove that there were fewer thefts of automobiles, fewer hold-ups and fewer crimes of violence in states that have instituted a state police force, a great impetus would be given to this valuable safeguard to social security.

The financial burden of an international bureau may be ignored. An annual contribution of, say, fifteen to twenty-five dollars for every million of population would probably suffice. Every state already pays more than this sum to support the International Penitentiary Commission, and the sum is too small to invite any criticism; yet the practical effect of an international police bureau would be far greater than that of the Penitentiary Commission, valuable though that body has proved itself to be. An institution that is worth having is worth paying for.

Let us see how an international bureau would work in practice. Its first duty would be to issue a weekly or monthly bulletin, printed in English and French or in English, French and German. This would be sent to the police heads of every contributing nation, and to no one else. It would give information about the constitution and the strength of police forces in every country, and whether they are state or municipal bodies. It would record any changes in personnel among the chiefs. Its leading articles would discuss the appearance of any new form of crime, especially among international criminals, and the police method adopted to meet it. New inventions that would be useful to all forces would be described in detail, and in this particular only it would open its columns to advertisement. Some months ago, in Vienna, I saw a very ingenious photographic camera invented by the official photographer to the police of that city. When taking the photograph of the scene of a crime the camera superimposed a scale upon the plate in such a way that a scale plan was no longer necessary, since the scale showed the exact distance in centimeters of every object in the field from the camera and from every other object. The invention had been in use in Vienna for some time, but it was unknown to any other force.

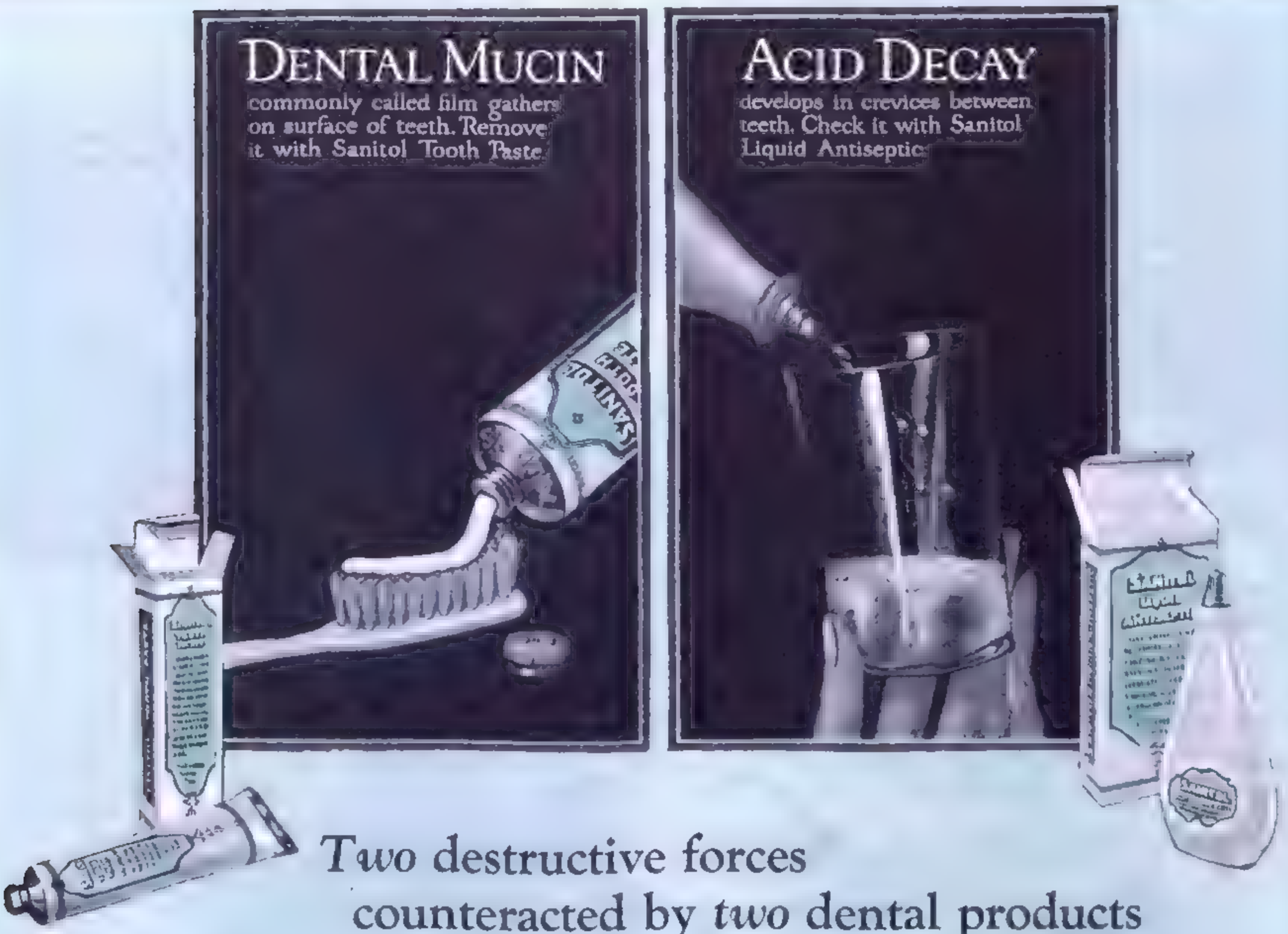
Methods to be Employed

The bureau would make the arrangements and prepare the agenda for international police conferences, and would suggest normal scales of police strength in proportion to population. At present there is no scale at all, and the cities of the United States are satisfied with a personnel that would be considered inadequate in every other country, although the high proportion of crime would suggest that the police require strengthening. There would also be a section for correspondence from chief police officers who desire to invite the opinions of their foreign colleagues. The best method of selecting and training detectives would be dealt with in some detail as a guide for the more backward forces, but no training school would be attached to the bureau. An appendix to the bulletin would contain the movements of international criminals. Specimens would be given of the documents connected with fraud, such as the Spanish Prisoner, and the commonest form of the confidence trick. The circulation of new counterfeit notes in any part of the world would be recorded to enable the police of the countries concerned to issue warnings to the banks. The conviction and sentences of criminals who operate in several countries would be published, and in the case of new recruits to the criminal army their methods would be given in some detail. Special information would also be given regarding white-slave and opium traffickers and their methods. In all such cases photographs and finger prints would be given if they could be obtained, and these would be printed on a separate sheet in order that they might be cut out and filed in any form of index or album that may be in use.

Speed is of the utmost importance in police procedure, and the bureau would not be content with the bulletin as a means of warning police forces. Organizations generally would be expected to give notice of the departure of international thieves from their territory by telegram, and the bureau would then be responsible for passing on the information by telegram to the forces immediately concerned. For this purpose an international code would be adopted, to save expense. A very practical code for telegraphing classification of finger prints has already been adopted in England, and this, or a modification of it, might be accepted in every country.

How would such a bureau serve the United States? Manifestly it would be impossible for the bulletin to reach every force throughout the country. The International would regard the Federal identification bureau in the United States, when that is established, as its correspondent, and this bureau would itself issue a bulletin to all the forces in the United States, selecting only such matter as would in the opinion of its chief be useful to the American police.

(Continued on Page 127)


DENTAL MUCIN
commonly called film gathers on surface of teeth. Remove it with Sanitol Tooth Paste
ACID DECAY
develops in crevices between teeth. Check it with Sanitol Liquid Antiseptic

Two destructive forces counteracted by *two* dental products

Dentists say, "USE BOTH!"

TODAY we know that not one—but *two* dread forces are continually at work destroying both beauty and very life of the teeth.

One works openly on tooth surfaces. It is Dental Mucin. Naturally white, beautiful teeth soon become overlaid with this ugly yellow deposit. Unless promptly removed, it results in tartar.

The other force is hidden—working out of reach of tooth brush in tiny crevices between teeth. It is acids caused by the fermentation of food particles.

So for white, beautiful teeth combat Dental Mucin or film. For healthy, permanent teeth check acid decay.

The Sanitol complete dental treatment gives you the necessary *double* protection.

Sanitol Tooth Paste contains glycerine and very fine dental chalk. The glycerine softens the film then the dental chalk completely clears it away. It restores the original, natural whiteness to the enamel.

Sanitol Liquid Antiseptic penetrates the spaces between teeth and washes out particles of food which act as a culture medium for the acid forming bacteria. This bacterial growth must be checked to save from decay the precious protecting enamel on the sides of teeth.

Besides imparting the most delightful feeling of refreshment and cleanliness to the entire mouth—Sanitol Liquid Antiseptic strengthens the gums and lends a fragrance to the breath. It is concentrated.

Try this *complete dental treatment.*

Try *both!* See special offer!

SANITOL

Tooth Paste *removes unsightly film*

Liquid Antiseptic *checks crevice decay*

Makers of the famous Sanitol Tooth Powder and other toilet preparations

MAIL TODAY!

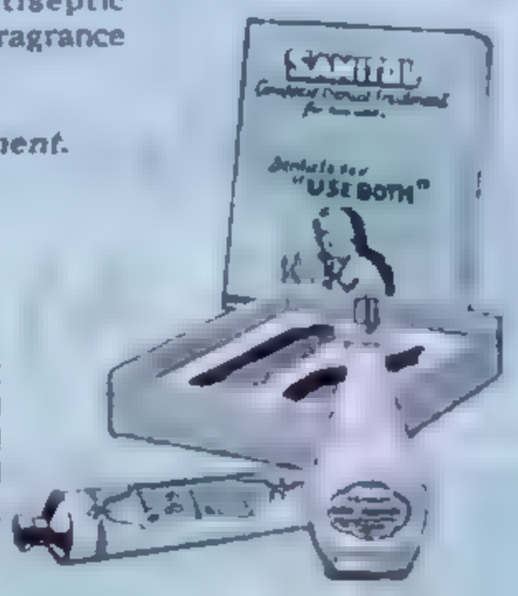
This coupon brings you

the Sanitol complete dental treatment (see illustration) which gives your teeth two weeks' protection from Dental Mucin and Acid-decay in this new trial package are generous sizes of both Sanitol Tooth Paste and Liquid Antiseptic. Enclose 10c in coin or postage. Mail to

Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Co., 404 South 4th Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Name _____

Address _____ 28



"GOOD TO THE LAST DROP"

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

HOW can a brand of coffee earn the calm, unshaken confidence of the experienced housekeeper?

Not by promises alone, nor by anything except unvarying flavor and goodness.

The many coffee-wise housekeepers all over the country who rely on the uniform flavor of Maxwell House Coffee can't look into our five plants and see how carefully we select their coffee, and how thoroughly we clean it, and how skillfully we blend it, and how well we roast it. Nor do they realize that all this artistry in coffee-making is the result of the experience of two generations of two families.

But they *do* know that from the very first time they served it, Maxwell House Coffee has lived up to its promise "Good to the Last Drop."

Your dealer sells Maxwell House Coffee in the sealed tins. Ask for it by name.

SOLD ONLY IN SEALED TIN CANS—CONVENIENT TO OPEN AND USE

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

Also Maxwell House Tea

CHEEK-NEAL COFFEE CO.

NASHVILLE, HOUSTON, JACKSONVILLE, RICHMOND, NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 124)

I can think of many ways in which this would be of immediate benefit. Take, for example, the case of a consignment of opium, cocaine or heroin; an immense quantity of these drugs is smuggled into this country on the person, or concealed in personal luggage in such a way as to escape the vigilance of customs officers. But if the police of New York, Boston or San Francisco had timely warning of the approaching arrival of European suspects they would warn the customs, and assist in the search.

I remember such a case in the first year of the war. Scotland Yard received a hint that a well-dressed young couple who had sailed to Shanghai the previous week had fifty thousand dollars' worth of opium concealed in cavities between the outer and the inner skins of the lady's trunks. A cable to the Shanghai police resulted in the discovery of the consignment, and the young couple spent an uncomfortable period in jail, to say nothing of the loss of their stock in trade. A notification from the bureau to the police of Buenos Aires that a party of young women intended for the white-slave traffic were on their way for Argentina would greatly disconcert their conductor on arrival. It is even possible that the bureau might furnish information of the source from which the bootlegger expected to draw his supplies, and when to expect them.

There is a constant influx into the United States of crooks whose own country has grown too hot to hold them. For the most part these are English and Australians, for the Continentals are afraid of the language difficulty. They are professional gamblers, race-course thieves, hotel thieves, bogus noblemen, confidence men, forgers and counterfeiters. Nearly all of them are known to the police of their own countries, and a little pressure on the part of the international bureau would induce the police to keep an eye upon applications for passports and make their intended journey known to the bureau. A common blank would be adopted by all forces for sending this kind of information to the bureau. In not a few of these cases an interview by police officers on the steamer would have the effect of frightening the immigrants away, always supposing that they succeeded in evading the attentions of the immigration officers, for no class is so modest and retiring in its disposition and habits. Though the foreign criminal may not bulk very large in the volume of crime in the United States, his example is bad, and the public has a right to be protected from him.

A Way to Checkmate Radicals

Even more has the public the right to be protected from the foreign radical propagandists. Supported by foreign money, they enter the country furtively with the set purpose of working on the emotions of the ignorant foreign workmen. This influence is obvious in every strike that has recently taken place in the United States where there have been riot and violence. Most of these men are personally known to the European police, who are in a position to give to the bureau timely notice of their departure for America. Sometimes their journey is eastward instead of westward. The journey of the two notorious radicals, Nuorteva, the Finn, and Louis Fraina, the Italian, from New York to Southampton in 1921 was not announced to the English police. Fortunately we had our own sources of information, and Nuorteva was detained on arrival until he could be sent to Moscow without passing through Finland, where he might have been arrested and tried for his life for the part he took in the Finnish Bolshevik revolution in 1917. Fraina took fright and left next day for Italy, where no doubt the Fascisti took care of him. In those cases the bureau in the United States would have notified the international bureau in Geneva. At present some European countries are like the United States—without an identification bureau covering the entire country. This was the case in Italy at that time, and the English police did not pass on the information about Louis Fraina's return, because they did not know to whom they should send it. The establishment of an international bureau would have the effect of setting up identification bureaus in all countries.

Besides the radical agitators, there are the international criminals, like the anarchists, I. W. W. men and nihilists, who do not travel only for the purpose of radical propaganda but with the direct purpose of assassination and sabotage. These men used to be the scourge of European police forces, and they may well become so again. The international bureau would keep a special index of such men and make it its business to know their whereabouts and their intentions through the police of their location. The knowledge that their movements were observed would, as in the case of the ordinary traveling criminal, often be sufficient to drive them out of business. Such men flock to a world's fair, a coronation, an international celebration in any part of the world, as vultures circle above a flock at lambing time, and the police who are responsible for the safety of the personages who are to attend the ceremonies are now driven to the haphazard expedient of temporarily imprisoning on some trifling charge all the known desperadoes in the place until the dangerous moment has passed. No policy could be more disastrous as far as the temper engendered in the men is concerned. If they come with innocent intentions they go away with murder in their hearts. An international bureau would prevent them from coming at all by making it impossible for them to obtain passports.

How to Get the Bureau Started

The prevention of crime is far more important to the community than the detection of the criminal after a crime has been committed, and it is in the prevention that an international police bureau would be felt almost immediately. Much would depend upon the selection of its first chief, who, above all, must be a practical police officer, and not a police crank. The crank has invaded every scientific and social body; he has wormed his way into police offices generally as a quasi-scientific expert from outside who has captured the imagination of some minister of the interior. His trail will be found clogging the wheels of practical work for years. The chief must also be a linguist and a student of the criminal problem in many countries. In his relations with the chiefs of police of many countries he must be a diplomatist, and he must have a general knowledge of the criminal law and procedure in every state. He must himself possess the quality of leadership, and be able to win the confidence of his staff as well as of his colleagues. Men with all these qualifications are not very easy to find.

Since the United States does not adhere at present to the League of Nations, the movement for unity must be initiated from some other country. Holland, the country to which Mr. Van Houten belongs, might well take the lead. Governments in these days are too fully occupied with affairs to undertake the initial steps, but the next international police conference might well pass a resolution demanding that the League of Nations receive an application from them. When the program takes a concrete form every police authority might seek the support of its government, and the scheme would then be in train. The sooner it is done the better for society, especially in the United States.

It is admitted by all authorities that the possession of firearms is one of the contributing causes to a wave of violent crime, but it is recognized that laws limiting the possession are useless unless they are universal. This is one of the first matters that might be ventilated by an international bureau. Some of the American states make the unauthorized possession of pistols a misdemeanor. This is not enough: it must be made an offense to sell firearms to unlicensed persons, not only over the whole of the United States but in Canada as well.

The splendid isolation that the United States is now enjoying in foreign political affairs is apt to be very inconvenient when it comes to quasi-police matters. Whatever those who control the foreign relations of America may feel about the advantages of isolation, sooner or later, whether they like it or not, they will be compelled in their own interest to join hands with the rest of the world.

HARMONY

By EDGAR A. GUEST

There is one room the children own,
A room where innocence may play,
Where every tint and color tone
Blends with the laughter of the day.
This makes the home we keep complete;
Without it even monarchs sigh,
But still those merry youngsters, sweet,
I vow no happier are than I.

Written Especially for
John Lucas & Co., Inc.

The next stanza in the Edgar A. Guest Series will appear in an early issue of The Saturday Evening Post.

HARMONY

If there was ever a time that selfishness was necessary, it was during the childhood of the race when a special spur was required to cause self-assertion—and hence growth. Lack of harmony is, of course, the material manifestation of selfishness. That nation, industry or person is wise whose conduct is regulated with a view to the rights of others.

As manufacturers of Paint and Varnish Products, sold thruout the civilized world, Lucas has endeavored consistently to follow the policy of just dealing. As a result, Lucas has many important customers who are the sons or grandsons of former customers; and in many cases, the workers in our institution are the sons or grandsons of former employes.

Write for The Book of Happiness

A valuable book by Prof. A. J. Snow, Ph. D., of Northwestern University, Evanston — Chicago, giving authoritative information on the selection of colors and color combinations, and for the first time explaining color reactions on human happiness.

In this book, Dr. Snow, a recognized authority in psychology, tells what colors are conducive to comfort, restfulness, harmony, etc. Write Department 14 for your copy today. It's FREE.

"Save the surface and you save all" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

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Paint and Varnish Makers Since 1849

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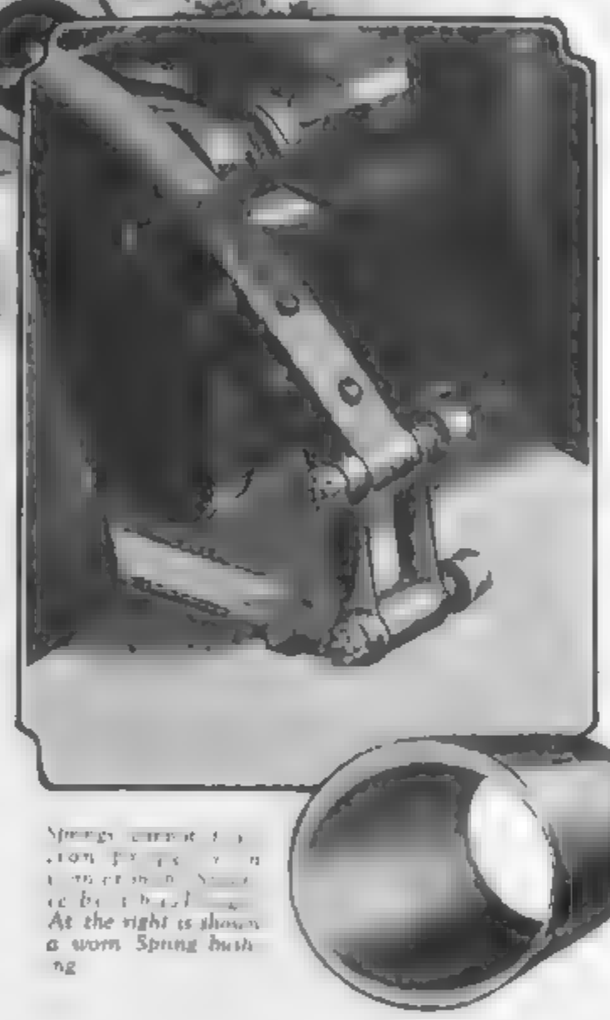


When the Piston-Pin knocks and the Spring Bolt rattles–

Your car needs Bunting Bushings

SMITH was particularly anxious to please a certain person whom he took for a cross country drive one fine Spring day.

But there was a clicking noise under the hood and a rattle under the car that worried Smith and annoyed his guest.

"What is it?" he asked the service shopman that evening.

"Why, it's a piston pin knock and a spring bolt rattle," said the auto doctor. "Your good car needs re-bushing."

"Do it quick then, and be sure you put in those Bunting Bushings," said Smith, "I don't ever want to hear such noises again."

"You won't, with Bunting Bushings in pistons and springs," replied the garage man, as he pushed the car out of the runway.

Smith went driving again the next Sunday. Subsequent events confirm his statement that the car ran so quietly that one could hear a whisper even on a very bumpy, and particularly abandoned road.

At the right is shown a worn Spring bushing

Automotive Jobbers

Bunting Automotive Bushings are made for every popular automotive vehicle. Write for stock list 11 showing Piston Pin Bushings and stock list 102 showing Spring Bushings.

Garage and Service Men

Any jobber can supply you with genuine Bunting Automotive Bushings. Leading jobbers have complete stocks at all times.

Manufacturers and Designers

Bunting "Ready Made" Phosphor Bronze Bushings for general machinery are carried constantly in stock in 268 different sizes at the Bunting factory and all Bunting Branches. Write for stock list 10. Prompt factory service on all special requirements. Pattern and tool equipment for over 10,000 different designs.

Mill Supply Jobbers

Bunting Phosphor Bronze Cored and Solid Bars are carried in stock in 31 different sizes. Write for dimensions, weights and prices

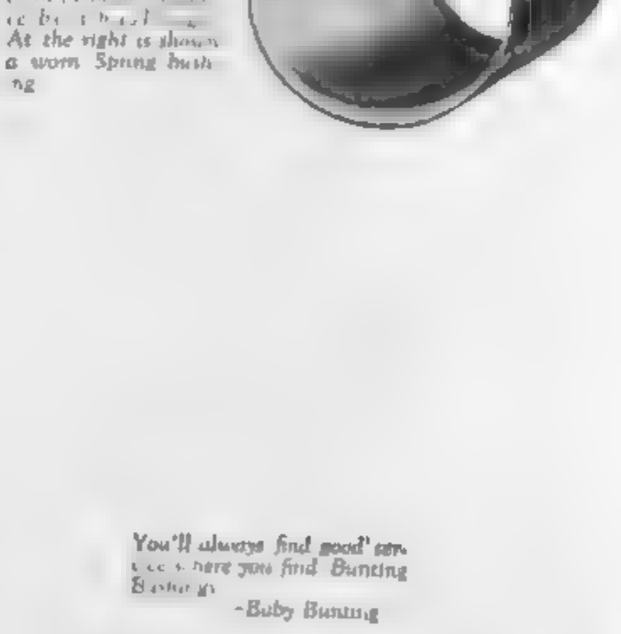
THE BUNTING BRASS & BRONZE COMPANY

TOLEDO · · OHIO

NEW YORK 149 West 45th Street Bryant 0844 | CLEVELAND 300 St. Clair Ave., N.E. Main 1091 | BOSTON 30 Oliver Street Main 3488 | SAN FRANCISCO 698 Second St. Cor. Harrison Douglas 8243 | CHICAGO 332 So. Michigan Ave. Wabash 9153

You'll always find good service where you find Bunting Bushings

–Baby Bunting



BUNTING BUSHING BEARINGS

THE DEATH WARRANT

(Continued from Page 9)

rate, a man with the sort of warning he'd had is calculated, it's only natural, to show signs of it. And what happened at the office isn't all. That evening, half past six was striking when the doorbell of a somewhat showy, expensive flat uptown rang sharply, then rang again. The flat, it happened, was the home of a former clerk at Cobb & Jessup's—by name, Ferd Daggett; and astonished at the bell's persistence, the master of the house rose and went to the door. A loud cry escaped him when he saw who stood there.

"Hullo, Old Stick-in-the-Mud!" he vociferated. "How in th' world did you ever get pried loose?"

"Cut out the dialogue, Ferd," directed Horace Bundy. "I've got a lady in a cab downstairs. We're going out to dinner, and I'm in a hurry."

"A lady? In a cab? Dinner? Lord!" murmured Mr. Daggett simply.

Horace Bundy ignored the remark.

"Tomorrow I want to see you in your office, Ferd," he said. "You're in Wall Street, aren't you?"

Mr. Daggett was, but that didn't mitigate his wonder.

"Say, what's th' big idea?" he queried.

"Business—important," Horace Bundy answered.

III

IMPORTANT business—yes. It was, at any rate, all that to Horace Bundy. Never in his life had anything seemed so important—so immediate, either—as the plan and purpose that engrossed him. The scene at the uptown flat—Daggett's—was but an incident. So was the scene in Jessup's office. The fact is, the day's jolt had done the trick for him. He'd be dead in thirty days, it's true; but in the meantime he'd suddenly come alive. His eyes at last were open.

Prudence—prudence and diligence. These are the means by which men get on, succeed—these, plus application, toil, loyalty, and so forth and so on. It was said so, it's certain, at Cobb & Jessup's. Cobb said it, Jessup said it. It seemed as true, too, as they said. They had succeeded, hadn't they?—that is, Cobb & Jessup. There was not the slightest doubt of it; they had. As for the others, though, their hired help—well —— But Horace Bundy didn't waste time on that. He'd begun to see things, it's true; but if his nose, too, like his eyes, had been opened and somewhere he'd smelled a rat, that's neither here nor there. The swindle of life, the petty, the pindling frauds in particular by which men in business pull the wool over the eyes of their hired workers, now that he'd awakened, no longer seemed to concern him. The main thing was money—money! It was money—nothing but. He must get it, that was sure.

True, he had tried always, as he knew, to do that; but as he knew, too, he hadn't. A couple of thousand dollars, his savings, was all he had. But never mind; a man, if he's prudent, thinks always of money. He thinks of how much he can scrape together to leave behind him when he goes. The bigger the pile the easier he feels about going. And that was Horace Bundy. He hadn't any money to leave.

Queer, this sudden vanity; though never mind that either. He knew now why he hadn't money. It was the same reason why, in other ways, he hadn't got on, succeeded. It was because all his life he'd been wrong.

"Wrong, yeah," he grunted; "dead wrong."

One thing, though, was certain: He'd decided he'd never be wrong again!

At nine promptly Cobb & Jessup's opens for the day. The morning following, that portentous moment rapidly was drawing near; and out in the hall the clerks were punching the time clock, then bustling inside to their desks, when the street door opened and Minnie Farrand glided in. Usually, though Cobb & Jessup's made no concession in the matter of overtime, Minnie arrived daily at the office a good half hour or so before this. This morning, however, something had delayed her; and hurriedly punching the time clock, she flung her hat and coat on a hook and darted inside to her place. As hurriedly she glanced around the room.

Horace Bundy's desk was vacant; he had yet to arrive, it seems; and removing the cover from her machine, Minnie Farrand busied herself with its mechanism. The inspection, however, was palpably idle and perfunctory. All the time her eyes kept leaping up from the typewriter and flitting toward the door. The look, too, in her eyes was curious. There was a glint of hardness in their depths, and her mouth also was hard. It looked somehow as if she were smiling ironically to herself.

The clock struck nine. Instantly the stir and bustle in the office ceased and the clerks bent themselves to their daily stint. Her eyes first on the clock, then on the door, Minnie Farrand watched. At times, still with that obscure gleam in her face, she glanced at Horace Bundy's desk. He hadn't come in yet. At half past nine he had still to arrive. At ten his desk was vacant yet; and her eyes on the clock, Minnie Farrand's look had begun to alter.

A faint frown clouded her eyes. It deepened as the hands of the clock crawled on to 10:30. At that instant Cobb's door opened and Cobb put in his head. As he saw Horace Bundy's vacant desk a scowl leaped into his eyes.

"Say," he said, "where's Bundy?"

Minnie Farrand answered.

"He hasn't come in yet, Mr. Cobb."

"What—what?" Cobb snapped noisily. "Half past ten and not here?" He himself had just come in; though that, of course, was different; and he was exclaiming loudly, "I won't have this! I won't have it!" when Jessup's door opened and Jessup appeared.

"Hey, you, come in here!" Jessup directed tartly.

Cobb withdrew grumbling, and the door closed.

Minnie Farrand was openly fidgeting now. It was now past 10:30 and she was looking worried. Then, just as the clock struck eleven, the street door opened.

The hall where the clerks at Cobb & Jessup's hang their hats and coats is visible from the inside office. So is the time clock in the hall. His hat on the back of his head, Horace Bundy sauntered in. Leisurely he hung up his hat. With a leer at the time clock, he lounged past it, not bothering himself to punch its dial. He had not removed his coat, either, as usual; and still grinning he strolled across the room to his desk. The grin, however, abruptly left him as his eyes encountered the glance of the slender figure peering at him from the typewriter table in the corner. Minnie Farrand gave a gasp.

A stir, a little ripple of astonishment, was running through the room; and now it burst into sound.

"Hey, whatta y' know 'bout that?"

"Can you beat it?"

"Oh, mamma!"

"Say!"

The cause of the commotion was the apparition that had just burst upon their ken. Silently, however, his jaw only tightening a little as he crossed the floor, Horace Bundy ignored the outburst; and reaching his desk, he opened it and for a moment stood there.

A new suit appareled him. In contrast, too, with his usual sober, not to say subdued, almost melancholy attire, the suit was smart; it was even snappy. His scarf, too, was as startling—startling for him, at any rate—a satin tie of natty pattern and tone. The suit and scarf, in fact, gave him a look quite boyish, though that's nothing. Neither scarf nor suit was the product of any reckless, momentary whim, a fit of prodigality. As he'd figured, he owed it to himself. All he had left was a month, thirty days; and when the month was ended, himself with it, he was determined for that one occasion to look his best. That was why he'd bought the suit, the necktie with it; and with them, the silk shirt, the silk socks and the snappy new shoes he also had on. But never mind!

"Oh, mamma!" "Oh, I say!" "Getting married or something?" they were exploding, when there was a sudden noise, a crash.

The crash was Horace Bundy's fist hitting the desk in front of him. At the same instant he swung around, his jaw set, his eyes flashing as he faced them.

"Silence!" he ordered.

They were silent. It might be said they were dumfounded too.

"You listen, now!" he directed. "You might as well know now as later—I'm

Standards of Service of the New York Central

NEW York Central Lines in the six months ending March 1 carried the largest volume of freight and passenger traffic in their history.

Carloads of freight hauled totalled 4,741,178, a gain of 28 per cent over the same period a year ago, and of 8 per cent over the high record of three years ago.

Shipments were at times delayed, especially during the heavy storms of midwinter, but New York Central men kept the traffic moving, and New York Central had the locomotives and the cars to carry the load.

Since the termination of Government operation New York Central Lines have expended more than $115,000,000 for new equipment and $32,000,000 for new rails.

To increase the carrying capacity of this system, which hauls a tenth of all the railroad traffic of the United States, extensive programs of capital expenditure have been inaugurated for additional tracks, larger engine terminals, improved passenger and freight terminals—and great projects like the Castleton Bridge across the Hudson River near Albany.

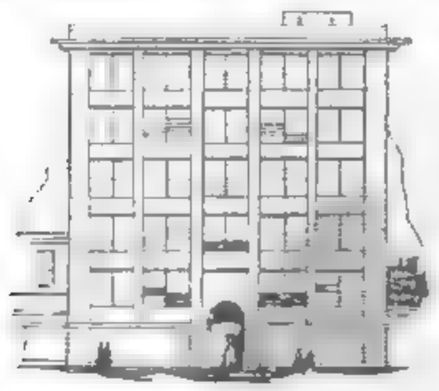
Maintaining New York Central standards of service in carrying millions of passengers and millions of carloads of freight calls for unrelenting effort day after day by the men who operate this far-flung transportation system.

The full attainment of these ideals of public service can only be achieved through the coöperation of the public authorities having jurisdiction over railroad finance and operation—constructive regulation that will encourage the investment of new capital in the upbuilding of railroad facilities.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

BOSTON & ALBANY – MICHIGAN CENTRAL – BIG FOUR – PITTSBURGH & LAKE ERIE
AND THE NEW YORK CENTRAL AND SUBSIDIARY LINES

You don't rent an



when you need only a

Are you any less business-like when it comes to

HEAT

Perhaps you're paying for 24 hours of heat—when you're using only 8. Or you're heating an entire building—and using only a room or two. Or there are days when the sun comes out, and your heating plant keeps right on competing with Nature.

You ought to look into *unit* heating—*heat* where you want it and *when*, heat as accurately controlled and as economical as electric light.

"Gasteam"

Steam Heat with Gas

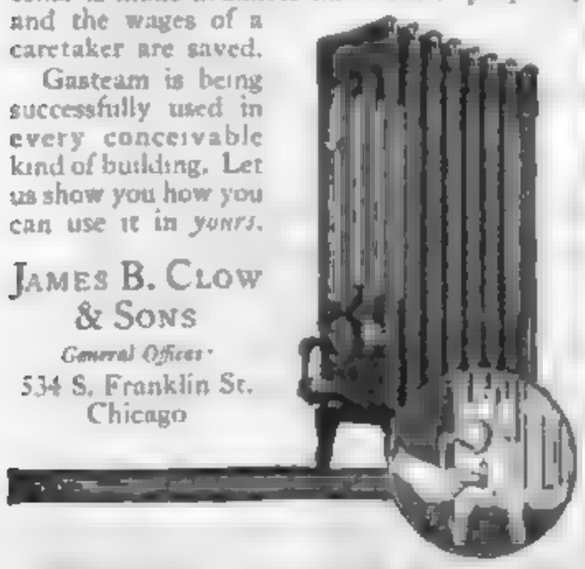
Gasteam is the "pay-as-you-enter" heat. No space is wasted and no capital is tied up in a fuel pile.

Also, it accurately mirrors the weather, each radiator is a complete steam-heating plant in itself, and is individually controlled. That means a flexibility which is economy.

Gasteam is clean and convenient. There is no soot or odor. And the atmosphere has a humidity difficult to secure with other means of heating. This is good for furniture and merchandise, as well as humans.

Business men find another advantage in Gasteam—with no boiler or elaborate piping, the cellar is made available for business purposes, and the wages of a caretaker are saved.

Gasteam is being successfully used in every conceivable kind of building. Let us show you how you can use it in *yours*.



JAMES B. CLOW & SONS
General Offices
534 S. Franklin St.
Chicago

CLOW

Sales Offices Everywhere

running this office. I'm boss here! I've been made manager of this concern, and from now on there's going to be no funny business! Some of you may think I'm sort of a joke—you've thought so, maybe; and if that's the case, if you still think so, all I've got to say is you've got another think. You'll take orders from me, and you'll carry out the orders or I'll know the reason why! Now, is all that understood?" he inquired, his jaw stuck out. "If it is you'd better get to work!"

They got to work. Silently, a hushed, startled wonder in their look, they turned to their desks. The hush still brooded over the office when Cobb's door opened and Cobb's head popped forth. Cobb was beaming pleasantly

"Hullo, Horace!" he greeted effusively. "Got a moment to spare?"

"In a minute," mumbled Horace Bundy idly; "as soon as I've seen my mail."

"Tha's all right, take your time," Cobb replied; and he added, "Me and Jessup's goin' out to lunch at the club this noon, and we thought mebbe you'd like to join us."

"All right, Joe," answered Horace Bundy carelessly.

There was another startling crash. This time it came from the typewriting machine in the corner. Clacking in violent staccato explosions, it sounded like a burst from a machine gun—that or a boiler shop. Over it hung Minnie Farrand; and under her breath, her eye glittering as she struck at the keys, Minnie was saying something to herself. What she said, though, was inaudible. It was lost in the stir that again ran like a ripple through the office.

IV

THAT day at Cobb & Jessup's was destined to be remembered. Something had happened, that was certain. It was something, too, as startling as it was unmistakable.

For years Horace Bundy had sat there in the Pine Street office, a mere clerk, a sort of cipher, remarkable if at all only for his cautious, careful ways and a mild, not to say mouselike manner. Because of it he long had been outstripped. He knew the realty business—few knew it any better; but habitually self-effacing, and daring nothing because of this same daily trait of prudence, again and again he had seen himself shouldered aside by men far less equipped or able. Now, however, there was a change—an abrupt, sudden change. The worm had turned. Horace Bundy had asserted himself.

It was queer, to say the least. What was queerest, too, was the way he took in doing it. It was as if no longer cautious and prudent he flung prudence and caution to the winds. If they didn't like it, that was their lookout, not his; it was nothing to him. The indifference he showed was what seemed to turn the trick too. It had worked, at any rate, on Jessup; and through Jessup it had worked also on Cobb. It had worked on the others as well. That was why, no doubt, that behind her machine and under the barrage of noise that emerged from it Minnie Farrand exclaimed fitfully to herself. She'd guessed, maybe, the cause of Horace Bundy's sudden conversion, his reckless indifference; but though she had, that hadn't abated her emotion, whatever it may have been. Then, in the midst of it she stopped short. Her breath held, she glanced across the room.

A telephone stood on his desk. The hush following his abrupt outburst still hung like a pall about the office when he took the receiver from the hook. In a sharp, snappy voice he gave a number to the operator.

As he got the call, then spoke again, once more she started.

"Hullo! That you, Daggett? This is Bundy. Say, how's our old friend Pete doing now?"

Pete? No one among them knew Pete, whoever he might be; but one and all, they knew Daggett. He once had been a clerk at Cobb & Jessup's; and why he no longer was a clerk they also knew. Like Minnie Farrand, they looked up sharply, wonder in their faces. But that Pete, the object of Horace Bundy's inquiry, was no wise in a condition to cause him worry at once was evident.

"That so?" he grunted, the grunt ending in a chuckle. "Guess I'll take on another hundred then."

A gasp came from Minnie Farrand.

Rising hurriedly as Horace Bundy hung the receiver on the hook, she glided into the outer room. A moment later she reappeared, a morning paper in her hand; and seating herself behind the desk, she furtively opened the paper to a page at the back. A double-banked column of figures and numerals appeared there; and, a troubled wonder in her look, she scanned the page, her eye flitting uneasily from column to column.

Then in the midst of this, she heard her name called crisply; and guiltily laying down the paper, Minnie Farrand picked up her notebook and pencil.

"Take a letter," directed Horace Bundy. "Jakes & Jamison city dear sirs yours received and contents noted. In reply would say "

"Horace," said Minnie under her breath, "Horace ——"

"—— in reply —— What say?"

"Horace, are you dealing—dabbling in stocks?"

"Yes," said Horace flatly, continuing: "—— in reply would say ——"

She interrupted again.

"You know what happened to Daggett, Horace. He lost his place. You'll lose yours if they find out."

"A lot I care," he grunted.

She gave another gasp.

"You don't care!"

"Not a rap! I've got a reason," he snapped, adding: "—— in reply would say the price for the property is flat. You can take it or leave it."

"Horace!" she cried.

"Yours truly —— Got that?" he concluded.

She did not reply.

The trouble darker in her eyes, Minnie Farrand rose and returned to her desk. There, for a long moment she sat staring blankly at the machine, the cloud of doubt and pain in her slender face deepening still further. Once or twice her eyes wandered, appealing, to the desk across the room; but the alert, brisk figure seated there seemed too absorbed in what he was doing to find time to look up at her. As if indifferent, callous even to her and her plea, he kept on working, and a film for an instant swam into her eyes. Then her jaw all at once set itself, and with her head back, her face hardening, she stuck a sheet of paper in the machine and once again fell noisily to work.

But that, as he'd said, he didn't care was evident. There were other evidences of that. One of them was over in the club at luncheon.

Cobb, his air and manner as easy as he could make them, leaned across the table. He was talking to Horace Bundy; and Jessup, a cigar in his jaw, was listening attentively.

"It's this way, Horace," Cobb was saying: "Jessup and me, we're thinkin' of opening an office uptown, and we're talkin' of letting you be in charge. How does that suit you, now?"

"All right, I guess," answered Horace Bundy; adding, as idly, "If there's enough in it, of course."

"Enough in it?" echoed Cobb, a little startled. "Why, we've just doubled your salary, haven't we?"

Horace Bundy nodded indifferently.

"This is different, Cobb. If I go uptown I want a share of the commissions too."

"Commissions!"

Cobb was exclaiming it again when a kick under the table cut him short.

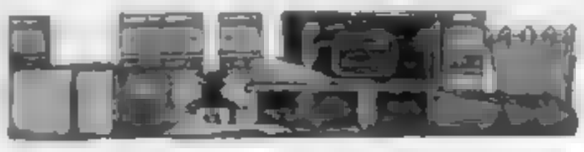
"Say," said Jessup with a laugh, "I guess we'd better lay the cards on the table, Horace. Own up now! Those fellows, Jakes & Jamison, have been making you an offer, haven't they?" If they had, it was news to Horace Bundy, though he refrained from saying so. But Jessup seemed to take it for granted. "It's this way, Horace: We know you and you know us; so I guess it'll pay us to keep you satisfied. I guess, too, we can do as well by you as those other fellows. Now, what d'you say to 5 per cent of the net?"

Five per cent! If Jessup yesterday had made him any such offer the doctor uptown might have been spared the need of telling what he'd told him. Horace Bundy might have dropped dead then. Now, however, not even that 5 per cent could stir him.

"Make it 10," he said.

"Done!" cried Jessup.

Nodding negligently, Bundy rose.



"Excuse me a moment," he said as negligently; and leaving the table he went out into the club's hallway where a stock ticker clacked and chattered in a corner. With his cigar cocked at an angle and his air professional, he ran his eye along the tape. A lot he cared, or seemed to care, that the partners were watching him.

"Look!" exclaimed Cobb. He gave his partner an energetic nudge. "That's why he's laid down the law to us. He's dabbling, playing stocks, and he's made a knock-out in the market!"

"Bosh!" grunted Jessup. "A fellow like him would never dabble. He's too wise."

"It's something, anyways," Cobb rejoined; and he added: "We gotta treat him right, Jim. If we don't we'll lose him."

"Sh-h-h! Look out!" warned Jessup.

A flush heightened Horace Bundy's color and his eyes were bright when he returned. The two at the table watched him narrowly.

"How's th' market?" Cobb inquired, making it casual.

Horace Bundy gave a shrug.

"The market? Oh, all right," he answered nonchalantly.

"Takin' a little flyer?" queried Cobb.

Horace Bundy gave another shrug.

"Just as an investment, Joe."

An investment? Investments mean money. Under the table Cobb kicked Jessup, and Jessup kicked Cobb in return.

"Yeah," drawled Horace Bundy; "this month I'm reinvesting everything I have."

The two kicked each other again.

Ten minutes afterward the clerks at the Pine Street office, already agog over the day's doings, were more than ever bewildered when the one-time butt of their jokes loitered in a good half hour late. Jessup had him by the elbow; and with his hat pushed back on his head, Horace Bundy was laughing and joking with the head partner.

Jessup gave a loud guffaw. At the same time he clapped his companion on the shoulder.

"Say, if you ain't a card!" he proclaimed.

Perhaps he was. Perhaps, too, the card himself realized it. He was grinning, at any rate, when he crossed the room to his desk; and still grinning, he had pulled out his chair and seated himself when he looked up to find Minnie Farrand standing beside him.

"Mr. Bundy," said Miss Farrand stiffly, "Jakes & Jamison phoned. It's about that letter you wrote them—the one on the Broadway property. They have been ringing you up every ten minutes since you went out."

"Let 'em rave," he grunted.

"That's what they're doing," she returned; "you quoted them a price $10,000 more than Mr. Jessup told you, and they think it's murder."

"It is," said Horace Bundy nonchalantly.

"Oh, well," she rejoined drearily, "they want to close, though that's nothing." Her mouth trembled, a sigh came from her. "When everything's coming your way why do you want to ruin it?"

He looked up sharply. Even he was startled at her tone.

"What d'you mean, ruin?"

His jaw fell, the sweat started on his face as Minnie Farrand spoke again.

"Daggett telephoned too. He called you just before you came in. Oh, Horace!" she cried, her voice a wail. "He says Pete, Mex Pete, has burst wide open, and for you to get over there just as quick as you can!"

Horace Bundy waited to hear no more. In a jump he was on his feet. The next instant he was out at the door.

"Horace!" Regardless of the others, the clerks now staring in astonishment, Minnie Farrand darted after him. "Horace, I've got something else!"

If Horace heard her, however, he gave no sign he did.

"Horace, the doctor ——"

Out in the street, his hat jammed down on his head, Horace Bundy was running.

V

RUIN. If it was that, as Minnie Farrand acutely had sensed, it was ruin, too, in a way she least of all had dreamed. The mere fever to gamble was not what had lured Horace Bundy to Wall Street. Gambling he detested. He recalled, too, the horror he'd felt the time he first heard Daggett was dabbling in stocks. He himself had warned Daggett. When Daggett,

(Continued on Page 133)

In Affairs of the Heart

R·S·V·P

In affairs of the heart choose well the courier that asks your question. R·S·V·P. *Her* answering *billet-doux* may subtly say the words you wait to hear.

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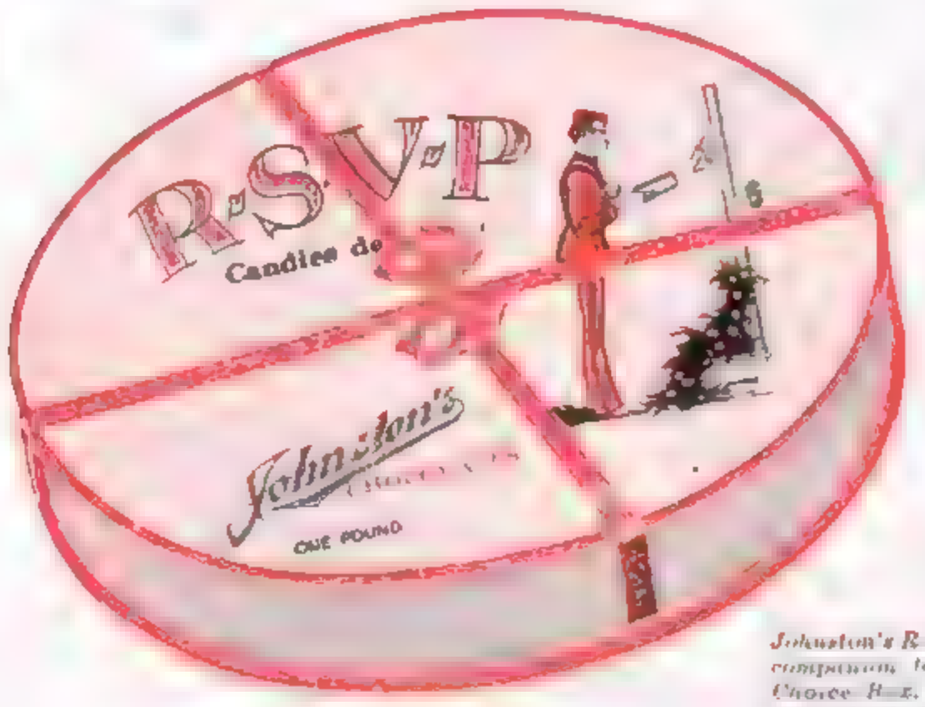

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(Continued from Page 130)

true to the warning, had been fired from Cobb & Jessup's, his repulsion had grown still stronger. A prudent man—or once so, at any rate—it was this very prudence, however, that had led him to follow in Daggett's footsteps. The long and short of it was that he'd done it for Minnie Farrand's sake. It was to provide for her when he was gone.

The night before when, desperate, he had blurted out his confession, a sober second thought had come to him almost instantly. He knew prudently they mustn't marry; with only a month before him it would never do. The knowledge, however, had made him only more desperate. He couldn't marry Minnie Farrand; and even if he did, he had little if anything to leave her. She still would need to go on drudging for a livelihood; and that was why, with the thought to goad him, he'd plucked up courage to face Jessup in his office. Jessup, of course, had caved; but though he had, the raise wasn't the chief thing Horace Bundy had achieved from it. It was the fact he hadn't been fired. Jessup hadn't fired him, as he'd been sure Jessup would; and if he had been wrong in that, why hadn't he been wrong in everything else? It was quite likely he had. One way or the other, though, money was what he must get; money to provide for the woman he couldn't marry. Hence, Wall Street.

There was a clock on the wall at Cobb & Jessup's. It was placed exactly so that when any of the employes looked up errantly from their work their eyes would be sure to see it. Slow, deliberate, solemn, it ticked on smugly. Two o'clock struck, then half past two. Each time the chime sounded in the office, the slender, silent figure at the typewriter desk seemed to shrink lower in her seat. Doggedly her hands beat the keys. Doggedly, her face set, she dragged the paper from the roll, put another sheet in its place. "Tack! Tack-tack! Tack!" tapped the keys. Her eyes, wandering from the machine, went to the clock, then drifted on across the room. It was more than an hour now since Horace Bundy had dashed out of Cobb & Jessup's. The clock's fat hands drifted on toward three. His desk still was vacant.

Jessup's door opened and Jessup put out his head. It was the third or fourth time he'd done it.

"Where's Mr. Bundy?" he demanded.

Minnie Farrand fibbed deliberately.

"I don't know, Mr. Jessup."

She knew well enough, though never mind.

"Huh!" grunted Jessup, scowling. "I want to see him, you hear?"

She heard. She seemed to shrink still lower on her seat. Then, just as the clock struck three, the telephone rang sharply. The telephone was on Minnie Farrand's desk, and at the first buzz of the bell she snatched the receiver from the hook. It was what she seemed to have been awaiting; and as the instrument snapped and spluttered and then a voice emerged over the wire, she caught swiftly at her breath.

"Yes, yes; Miss Farrand speaking. . . . Yes; what is it?"

"Quick, Minnie," said the voice. "This is Ferd Daggett speaking. Don't waste an instant. You get down here quick as you ever can!"

The gasp she gave was heard round the room. It shrilled with sudden fright.

"What is it? What's happened?" she cried.

"Horace," said the voice. "Hurry!"

The brokerage offices of Rooker, Burke & Co. are in New Street, on an upper floor of one of the big skyscrapers there. It was at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s that Ferd Daggett did his trading.

Three o'clock had struck; and though the market closes at that hour, ending business for the day, a little crowd of customers still lingered in the big room at the front. The list had closed feverish and spotty, with Mex Pete shooting off a display of fireworks unwonted even with that hectic, fiery specialty. However, it was not just this that seemed to excite the throng; and crowding together, they were staring toward a door at the back, the entrance to the private office of Buck Rooker, the firm's senior partner. Buck had just closed the door; and one and all the customers were exclaiming volubly, "Did you see it?"

"Hey, what's up?"

"Say, what hit the fellow, anyhow?"

No one seemed able to answer; and like sheep they were still crowding together, their faces wondering, when the door to the hall outside opened suddenly. Ferd Daggett appeared there, and the crowd parted as he hurried across the room. With him was a young woman, her face white and strained.

"This way, Minnie," directed Ferd.

The door of the private office closed behind them; and an instant later, through the glass, the men outside heard the girl give a muffled cry.

"Horace!" she ejaculated.

Horace Bundy lay outstretched on a sofa in the corner. His face was white, ghastly pale, and he was breathing noisily. As the girl, her own face pallid, sped toward him, he looked up and strove to smile. The smile, though, was frail.

"It's come!" he whispered.

She bent swiftly over him.

"Horace, tell me! What is it?" she cried.

He told her again—or tried to.

"The doctor—you know what he warned. My heart ——"

"Your heart?" It faltered from her, a gasp.

"Yes; you know, don't you?" he returned, once more trying to smile. "He said I had a month; he was wrong. I'm—I think ——"

Ferd Daggett hurried across the room. He had a glass of water in his hand.

"Here, take this, Horace," he said.

Minnie Farrand abruptly pushed Daggett's hand away.

"Horace Bundy," she said sharply, "you listen to me! Never mind your heart. What I want to know is, did you win or lose?"

They all cried "What?" Horace Bundy included.

"Answer me!" she snapped. "Did you get cleaned out or not?"

"I? Why," he faltered—"why, no! No, I didn't. I won, but ——"

"You won!"

"Yes; that's why I'm here laid out. It was the shock."

A guffaw came from Buck Rooker. Rolling a cigar between his jaws, Mr. Rooker had stood there looking and listening.

"A shock, I'll tell the world!" laughed Buck. "It's shock enough to jolt anybody. He caught Pete at the low—him and Daggett; and they pyramided all the way up to the top. Forty points! They've raked down thousands! Yeah," averred Buck. "I'd faint myself if I'd got away with murder like that!"

Minnie Farrand was gazing at him in wonder.

"Thousands?"

Horace Bundy put a hand to his heart again.

"Oh!" he gasped. "Oh!"

The girl made a sudden gesture to Daggett and Rooker.

"Please go; leave us a moment," she said.

Still chuckling, Rooker sauntered to the door; but Daggett lingered.

"We've sent f'r a doctor," he advised, at which Horace Bundy gave another gasp; but Minnie, again with a peremptory gesture, cut Daggett short.

"Go!" she directed.

As the door closed she turned abruptly to the figure stretched out on the lounge.

"Sit up," she said sharply.

"But my heart ——"

"Sit up! You're not going to die," she said.

Astonished, Horace Bundy sat up.

"Not die? What say?"

"Listen to me!" said Minnie Farrand. "This morning I went up to see that doctor—it was before I came to the office; and up there I learned the truth. You had indigestion, that's what you had."

He gaped.

"Indigestion? . . . But he told me it was my heart, the doctor did."

She gave an expressive sniff.

"I know all about that!" she retorted. "You had indigestion; it came from eating in all those cheap, dreadful quick-lunch places. I know, too, all about that doctor!"

He still protested.

"The doctor told me I had only a month ——"

"I know he did!" she laughed; "that's what he's been telling everyone, the quack!"

"The quack? What!"

She laughed.

"You went to him because you thought he wouldn't charge you much. You were too prudent to go to a first-class doctor—you thought it would be too expensive. Well, when I got there this morning the police had just finished raiding the place." She gave another laugh. "He'd been telling them all just what he told you—that they had only a month or so unless they let him cure them!"

She was still laughing, but Horace Bundy didn't laugh.

"You mean you knew? You knew I was going to live, yet didn't tell me? You let me suffer?"

His look was pained, and the laugh on her lips waned briefly.

"But don't you see, Horace?"

He didn't see at all. He rose slowly from the couch, his face painful.

"Why did you do that?" he asked slowly.

A dry sob came from her.

"It was for your sake, Horace. You always were so meek and mild, letting those people walk all over you. You were always so cautious and careful that you never got anywhere."

He still was gazing at her painfully.

"What's that got to do with it?" he inquired harshly, and she gave another little cry.

"Just what I say, Horace! This morning I meant to tell you; but when I saw how you were succeeding I didn't. As long as you thought you had only a month left you didn't care what happened. And as long as you didn't I knew you'd keep on showing your true self; I mean how able and successful you can be when you want to. You see it now, don't you? You do, don't you, dear?"

He didn't say so if he did. His mouth was open; he was gazing at her in wonder.

"Then I got scared," said Minnie Farrand; "you were going so far I was frightened. You were getting too brash, I thought."

"Brash?" The wonder still was in his face. He still was bewildered.

"Yes, brash—gambling in stocks and everything. I was afraid you'd get fired or something."

"Fired?"

He gave a sudden start. The look in his face altered, too, and he snatched his watch from his pocket.

"Say!" he said. "Say!"

It was her turn to look bewildered.

"What is it, Horace?"

He was hastily jamming his watch back in his pocket.

"Say, I gotta get a move on! A quarter to four! Good Lord! I'll get rats at the office!"

As he snatched up his hat she laid a hand on his arm.

"You don't hate me, do you, Horace?"

"Hate you? Of course not! We'll get married now—right away. Right off, Minnie!"

She gave another little cry.

"Right off? Not tonight, you mean?"

"I dunno—perhaps. Just as soon anyways as ever it's prudent!"

"Horace!"

"Come on! Hurry!" said Horace. "The office ——"

Daggett stuck his head inside the room.

"Everything all right?" Ferd inquired affably. As everything seemed so—or, at any rate, as Ferd seemed to assume it was—he sauntered in, grinning. "Say, Horty," he said, "what's th' card for tomorrow, old horse? Another little killing, eh? I've got a hot one, bo. It's a straight tip, th' inside dope, right off the stove like I'm telling you! See you in the morning, what?"

"Say, you!" said Horace Bundy. His face was purple; he was fairly stuttering. Daggett looked at him in astonishment. "Gamble? Again?"

"You mean you won't?"

"Say ——" But just as the explosion was about to burst Horace Bundy stopped himself. "Where's that check, the money I won?" he demanded.

Daggett had it in his hand. Horace Bundy took the check, examined it, then put it carefully in his inside pocket.

"Huh!" said Daggett disgustedly. "Last night and today you weren't so dead set against stocks—Wall Street! Not so's you'd notice, anyways!"

Horace Bundy was already at the door.

"Mebbe I wasn't. Yesterday and till now, though, I was a dead one. Now I'm not; and it's up to me to be careful, again. A man in my position has to be."

Minnie Farrand looked at him

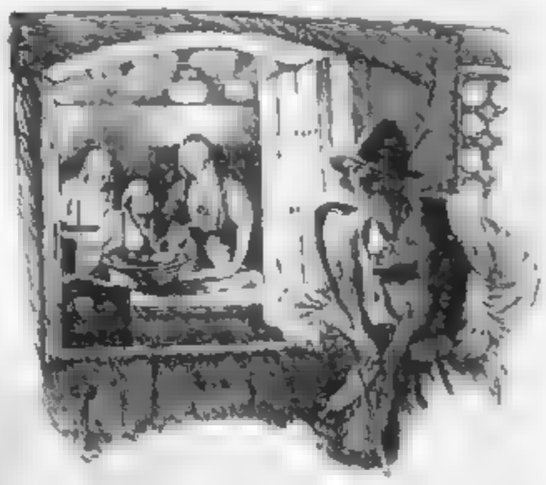
"Yes," she murmured, as if to herself, reflectively; "but not too careful"

"What say?" he inquired.

"Nothing, dearest," she answered.

Let them gossip —he stuck to his work

The neighbors of Daniel Peter used to shake their heads. "Look at him," they said, "just look—*always* in his kitchen—he'll starve his whole family yet wasting time that way." But Peter stuck to his experiments. And he won out!



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WHITE HEAT

(Continued from Page 23)

Bill Gier raised his head wearily as the phone beside him clattered. Then suddenly, as though someone had dropped an icicle down his collar, his backbone snapped straight.

"All right! All right! Don't worry now! I'll get him out for you! I'm going!" Bill Gier hung up. There had been great gentleness in his voice.

He vaulted the table upon which his head had rested a moment before, and he went through the office door a mile a minute; and above the roar of the mill that suddenly ingulfed him his apprehensive ear caught, coming from beneath the cupola tapping floor, a heavy, vibrant clang that made stark terror crawl between his shoulder blades. But he put on extra speed, and with a single leap cleared the whole flight of steps that led down along the outside of the mill building from the office to the level of the yard. He landed crouching, fell violently forward, rolled, turned right side up, gave a hard shove of arms and legs and was off full speed.

Clang!

No time to go back into the tunnel beneath the iron runners, where the dinkey ladles race, and where Lloyd Evan and his men, protected by thick masonry, were ramming through a small hole in the heavy brickwork the thick bar that knocked the prop out from under the cupola drop doors. Too far that way. The very next battering blow might bring the bottom down. Straight into the dump was the only road.

Clang!

Bill came to the depressed siding into which were run the cars which took the refuse of the dump. The top of a gondola came just even with the top of the cut, making an easy way for a man to step across it into the open side of the cupola dump. Planks laid across the cars made a bridge for the barrows wheeling cinder to them; made a bridge also for anyone who wished to cross the cut. Bill had already used it twice before that night. He knew just where it was. He sprang to the edge of the cut, stepped out. The shadow cast by the high cupola house was black. Bill did not realize until his foot was seeking purchase in the empty air that the Bessemer shifter had pulled the cut an hour since he last had used that little bridge. The cars were gone. The cut was empty. Bill sprang from one leg as best he might.

Clang!

Bill's chest hit with a sickening smash against the edge of the cut's far retaining wall. A knife went into his right side. He clutched, scrambled, climbed up the edge.

And now Bill Gier crouched desperately, eyed the small hole through which the heavy bar must presently come plunging. Around him, darkness, thinned palely by two arcs that clacked and gibbered in the roof above. No chance to make himself seen through that small hole in the masonry; no chance to make himself heard against the uproar of the mill. Beneath his feet his shoe soles charred and smoked on the hot slag as he poised, with muscles bunched, watching that little orifice. Above his head two semicircles of cast steel trembled to open, vomiting death. The thick steel bar that propped them up and shut had already been knocked far from plumb. Already loosened, the long crack that marked the drop door's joint sifted down an ominous powder of glowing fire clay.

On the other side of the thick shielding wall four burly men, ignorant of what the next surge of their bodies would bring about, sure only that the long, gloomy cubicle beyond the masonry was clear of life, gathered their muscles and took deep breaths.

"This time down she comes! Guide her straight, you Mud-Foot, back there at the end! Now, boys! Yo-he-e-e!"

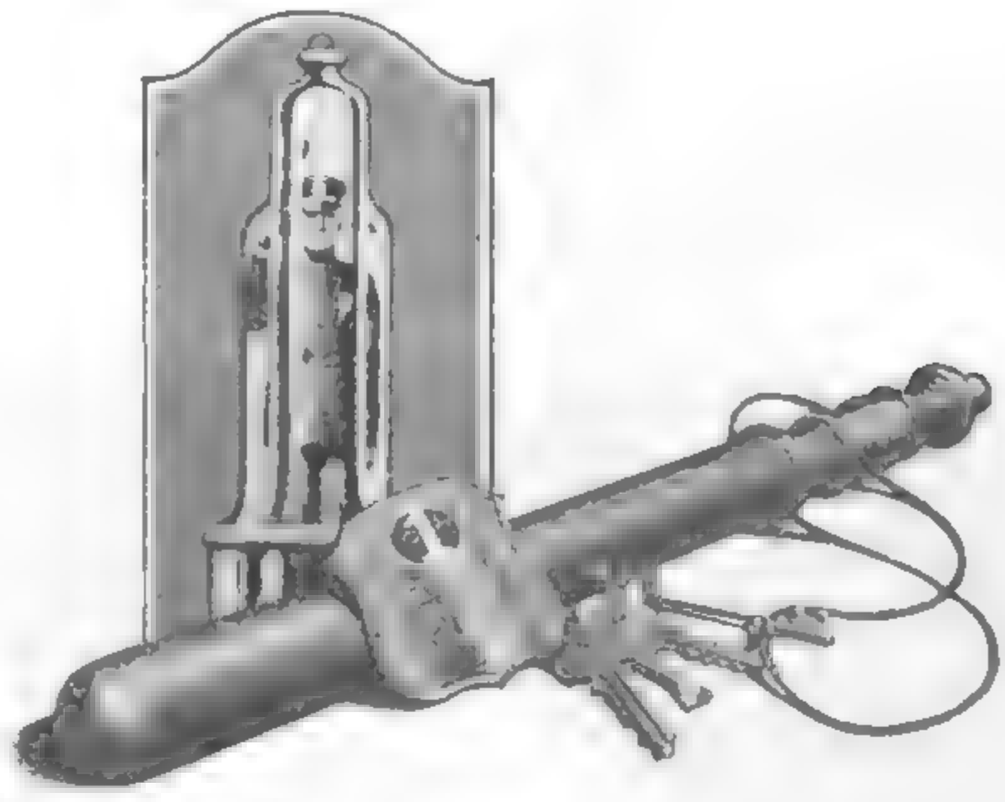
Crouched in the fetid murk, half blinded and half choked by the steamy reek of sulphurous acid, shoe soles a-smoke, foot soles a screaming blister, right side racked as though a poniard hilt stood out from it, watching the little hole in the brick wall, it is doubtful if Bill Gier, crouching there, tense and in torture, thought at all of the golden voice; or that for the sake of it calling wildly on the wire he was risking hideous death to succor one whom he utterly despised, one whom he might well have utterly hated had he been good at hating. Most likely Bill Gier thought only that the figure lying limp and helpless, moving a little, moaning a little, not a score of feet away from him, was a man. Most likely no great soul struggle shook Bill Gier as contesting emotions fought for the mastery of him. Soul struggles are for the higher intellects.

But big Bill Gier's big heart was filled to bursting with the simple mighty need for men to stick by men. And so, when the heavy bar came ramming through the hole, shooting straight and true to the leaning post that propped up fiery annihilation, Bill Gier, teeth bared, hands clawed, thews steeled, like a crazy tiger flung himself upon it.

The battering blunt end of it hit Bill's right side and drove that poniard, hilt and all, down into him. But on the other side of the brick wall three husky men sprawled flat, knocked over as the big bar in their hands leaped suddenly sidewise. There came no ring of steel on steel. Instead, Gier's body spun into the leaning prop. The strong bar hummed, vibrating: moved a sixteenth of an inch. The crack between the eager jaws widened a thirty-second. Another shower of fire clay sifted its glowing powder down.

"Mud-Foot, you poor cup custard, are you sick? If you don't guide that bar straight next time I'll step back

"Look!" Bellowed Lloyd Evan. "Two Thousand Dollars an Hour Going to Thunder Under Their Very Noses"



Off duty now~ back next winter!

THE Watchman of the Coal Pile, after a long, hard winter, is on his vacation. He earned it too, for he brought steam-heat comfort to thousands of homes that never had it before. He made the radiators in those homes silent, never-leaking, whole-hot, and coal-saving—and you know what coal-saving meant *last winter*.

But perhaps *you* don't know the Watchman, the No. 1 Hoffman Valve. Perhaps, last winter, *your* steam radiators banged and leaked and hissed, wasting coal and giving only half heat.

If so, right now, while it's fresh in your mind, have those inefficient radiator valves replaced by Hoffman Valves. Then you can forget your heating troubles for good.

and then the BAD-HEATING IMPS *better watch out!*

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IT'S a splendid time now, when you're having your heating system overhauled after the winter, to equip it with Hoffman Valves. Do it now! Next fall your heating contractor will be swamped, as usual, with hurry calls for Hoffman Valves.

A 5-year written guarantee

EVERY Hoffman Valve is guaranteed *in writing* to give you five full years of satisfactory service. The reason for this liberal guarantee? Simply because Hoffman Valves are designed and made as no other valve *can be. Every single valve is rigidly tested* before leaving the factory. They are *instruments of precision.*

Phone your Heating Contractor *to-day!*

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more heat from less coal

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Please send me the booklet "More Heat from Less Coal," which describes in detail how Hoffman Valves increase comfort and lower coal-bills.

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BRIGHTON-CARLSBAD
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Elegance and Comfort in Moderately Priced Pajamas

You will find elegance combined with real comfort in these Brighton-Carlsbad Pajamas. They are tailored through and through as carefully as your finest suit of clothes—no raw seams, no loose threads, no cheap buttons nor careless stitching.

Whether you prefer the popular percale prints, pongee, madras, or the luxurious oriental silks for spring and summer wear, you can get them in Brighton-Carlsbad.

But fine appearance and serviceable cloths are not the only good qualities of these garments. Comfort—real honest-to-goodness comfort—is here too. Because these pajamas are big and roomy in size, there is none of the tightness and binding that go with snug sleeves, small and poorly shaped armholes, skimpiness through the chest, or short seat in the pajama pants. And that also means longer wear because there is no strain to weaken the garment.

To enjoy new sleeping comfort, in good-looking, economical, tailored pajamas, ask your favorite store for Glover's Brighton-Carlsbad. You'll find a satisfaction in them that will grow constantly as you wear them!

If your store hasn't the style you want, write us. We'll see that you're supplied. Pajamas, $2.25 to $15.

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Dept. 43, Dubuque, Iowa

Children's Sleepers
Several splendid styles made to stand a child's hard wear. Cambric, crepe, pajama check, nainsook. Ages 1 to 10.
$1 to $3

Brighton-Carlsbad Nightshirts, too
Just as fine in every detail. Nainsook, muslin, pongee, sizes 15 to 20. $1.50 to $3.
(For boys, also)

Middy Pajamas
This over-the-head style has no buttons to fuss with. Pongee and nainsook
$2.50 to $4

Glover's
BRIGHTON CARLSBAD
SLEEPINGWEAR

Write for The "Nightie Book" It's FREE!

there and whang you one in the eye. Now, boys! This time for sure! Yo-he-e-e!"

Comes a great clang as steel meets steel and the thick prop leaps. The steel jaws gape with eagerness, and with a horrible retch there vomits down into the cupola dump a hideous spew of liquid fire and flaming slime and half-digested lumps of stone and semisolid metal. A flaming breath from the terrible regurgitation surges about through the long cellar for a minute, and finding escape at the open side sweeps up to the sooty eaves far overhead. Then the fire dies and the wide red splash on the floor begins to dull, and nauseous vapors, crowding to the draft, suck up between the slowly swinging drop doors under Number Three.

"Six pokes!" Lloyd Evan was bellowing. "Six pokes to bring down a cupola bottom!" Lloyd Evan and his gang were now back on the tapping floor. "Six! One-gutted men are getting scarce. Milksops are filling up the mills. Six pokes! Gi' me one man out of the days when the pigs were chucked into the cupolas one by one, by hand, and we'd bring a bottom down in two good man's-size whacks and then bite the ram in half when it was done. Six pokes! And four men on the ram! I can lick the other three of you here and now. I can lick any three of the new generation of steel men!"

And just then Lloyd Evan winced as he felt strong fingers clamp down on his biceps. Lloyd Evan whirled about.

"You're a big rum-soaked Welsh liar!" said Bill Gier.

Lloyd Evan stared. The unmistakable odor of singed hair came to Lloyd Evan's nostrils. He looked close. Gray flecks covered one side of Bill Gier's head where flame had curled the ends of his hair. And another stench, most sickening of all stenches, and one once encountered never forgotten, that of burned human flesh, was in the air. Men gathered.

"You're a goat-whiskered, mutton-guzzling, gin-licked Cousin Jack!" said Gier. "You find the gang all gone downstairs, and with your brains sold out to your belly you go ahead and drop a bottom without first going through that cellar to see what might be there. You can carry booze, you boast. They all do. If it only made a monkey out of you it wouldn't matter. But it spreads death to those that have to live and work about you. I lugged this out of the cupola dump just as the doors came down."

And as though he had for the first time become aware of it since he started in search of Evan, Bill lowered off his left shoulder a senseless form. In the scorched clothes that covered it great holes still smoldered like tow, their spark-rimmed circumferences widening, threatening to blaze.

"Turn a hose on him!" Gier ordered.

Then he straightened up. Pain flashed across his face. He struggled from a coat that had the back half burned away, and squatting stiffly, so that his body did not need to bend at the waist, he doubled up the garment and put it between Armand Forester's head and the steel plates of the floor. Then he rose again and turned toward Lloyd Evan.

"Quitting, eh?" snarled Gier, and he smashed the Welshman squarely in the mouth.

They heard about that battle at the rail mill—naturally. With a rolling-mill record in reach, the steel stopped coming down.

Some say the thing turned out the way it did because Lloyd Evan never got set. That first smash rocked him backward, and do what he might, the weight of him never got onto the balls of his feet again. Time after time he tried to make it, but each time was set back by the wild-buffalo charge of the old second line of defense. Were the men too close for charging, then Gier's fists, swishing from the knee, flailed a volley of uppercuts into Lloyd Evan's beard so savage and so irresistible that the giant melter's body was fairly lifted straight. Not once in that ferocious bout at arms did the older man get his body into a blow.

Perhaps it was a careful plan of campaign that brought Bill Gier through. But there are those who saw the thing who were strengthened in the conviction that there come times when a man is unbeatable; simply that. Times when a conflagration rages so savagely within a man that it must burn down of itself. Nothing can put it out. Regenerative furnaces that melt down broken steel pour out their finished stuff white hot.

Whoever may be right in theory, they who watched the battle saw, as an hour's end approached, Gier close, cease the savage attack that had been aimed at his opponent's upper works, to keep him on his heels, and shift to the mid-section. Perhaps Gier knew less agony as the ponderous fists of the melter got through to his damaged ribs. Perhaps he felt a weakening in the blows he stopped; he felt that the time had passed when Lloyd Evan could put all his body back of his fists; decided that a bellyful of booze was the pitiful and loathsome link in the otherwise glorious chain which he had set himself to break. Behind that banded shield of muscle into which Bill Gier now slashed, a normal stomach would have continued to function unhurt. But now, as Gier's merciless shots went home, the poisoned organs back of that superb wall of sinew surrendered, like a pestilence-ridden garrison might yield with mighty bastions still unbreached about it. A deadly nausea dimmed the living target at which the Welshman flung his wavering and uncertain attack; and Gier became aware that his own fists were no longer bounding back off tough, springy walls, but were sinking into soft stuff that yielded flabbily, pitifully like a sofa cushion. With a sort of sorrow for the cracking of this splendid thing that had opposed him, Gier lifted his attack five inches. One shot sufficed. It struck a yielding target just below the breast bone. Then Gier stepped back and dropped his battered knuckles to his sides. He knew that the paralyzing jolt had gone through to the great abdominal plexus. So he stood and watched. And big Lloyd Evan, lashing out harmlessly into a blinding blaze of agony, went down, helpless and writhing, but with a battle grin flashing whitely through his crimsoned beard.

For the first time in what seemed ages Bill Gier took his eyes off the man that now lay huddled on the floor beside him. On every side a ring of faces, strangely hazy, strangely out of focus, met his gaze. He swayed a little.

"Quitting, eh?" he snarled at the wavering ring. "Sure I'm quitting! Quitting this rotten game for good! To hell with steel! It breaks men! Sucks them dry of sap! Eats up the best ten years of them and kicks them out to make room for younger fodder!"

The ring of faces swam into clearer focus. He saw many men he knew—Haberline, Big John Devany, even Remour. Oh, yes, he remembered now! They all were out tonight to see the record fall. What did he care? He was through! To hell with them!

"Stick, if you want to!" he said to the ring of faces. "Stick and be damned to you! The meanest hunky of you has no kick against the fellow higher up. He drives himself harder than he drives you. Steel's got you all. You've left the draft-horse harness up the driver. Steel serve men? Sure—when it's made. But in the making, men serve steel. To hell with that arrangement! I'm through! I'm going to find a job where men come first!"

You're right, Bill Gier. Though you're too young to know it yet, men will some day reach the stars. And by that time, Bill, steel will be a myth, a hero tale, a prehistoric and discarded tool as crude as Tubal-Cain's first iron war club. Men are what count, Bill Gier. Men will race by, leaving steel æons back of them, lost in the dust and cobwebs of forgotten archives. You are right to hunt some other place to spend your youth and strength; some other industry pledged to a giant task, but where, in spite of mighty labors, men come first.

"I'm quitting," Bill Gier said. "Does anyone else here want to call me quitter?"

He swept a warlike eye around him. The stove-in hulk of the good ship Cousin Jack lay on the rocks before them. All took a survey of the wreckage. Nobody spoke.

Bill mopped his face. Then he glanced at the cloth in his hand and threw it away. As a handkerchief it made an unsatisfactory abattoir swab. He made as though to stoop for the spark-burned sieve that served him as a Bessemer war bonnet, but his hand flew to his right side. He kicked at the hat and the limp felt clung to his foot and arched in the air toward him. He caught it in both hands, dragged it with both hands defiantly down over one eye, glared once about the circle that still stood silent, and started the step that was to take another good man out of steel.

But that step was not destined to completion. Midway it halted.

"What I called you stands!"

Bill Gier turned wearily, put forth a weary left, drew back a weary right, tucked his chin down behind a wearily lifted left shoulder and shot a dim battle light searching out from under a lowered brow. Lloyd Evan swayed on sagging legs before him.

"When did a man ever keep from saying what was needful to be said for fear of one beating more or less?" growled the familiar voice. "What I said stands! Like the young Welsh knights at old Caerleon, you're starting off on a mad grail hunt, on a wild-goose chase for the thing at your very hand. Look about you!"

Wondering, Bill looked. And as he looked, and saw at length the mighty satire that steel was playing on its captains, he shouted with laughter; and old Lloyd Evan, his arm across the boy's broad shoulder, shouted along. So they stood, the two wrecks, clutching each other, roaring.

From end to end the long steel house was quiet. No whine of cables told of iron buggies leaping up to the mouths of the cupolas. No rumble of wheels on the steel beams overhead told of the hungry stacks being filled up. The iron runners had turned dull red. Dinkeys had ceased to shriek and clatter on the floor below. And down where the behemoth vessels had hissed, shaking their long breaths of flame, all was dark and drab. Steel molds stood still and stiff down on the ground floor, like a row of burly gobs called to attention on the way to mess, chesty and rigid, but with vacant insides fairly howling for chow. An hour ago, with the record in sight, this mighty mill had been a bedlam of roaring machines and men. And now ——

"Look!" bellowed Lloyd Evan through his swollen lips. "Ain't it rich! Two thousand dollars an hour going to thunder under their very noses! They come out here tonight to see to it that the world's record for blowing steel gets busted. Remour and Big John and Haberline! Look at 'em! Standin' here with their mouths hangin' open an' their eyes poppin' out for the best part of an hour, and ten sweet heats of steel, the very ten that loses them the record, lost! Lost to the world forever! Gone! Never to be rolled into rails as long as grass grows and water runs. And for why, Bill Gier? For watchin' a fight! An' who was fightin' that fight while the big stiffs let the whole damn mill shut down? What comes first in their poor thick heads, even if they have been hammered so dumb by steel that they don't know it? I'm askin' you!"

Lloyd Evan shoved out a battered hand. Bill grabbed it in a battered one. Bill's lips moved voicelessly.

"Men!" they said.

So they canned the whole outfit. Haberline the superintendent, Charley Care the turn foreman, Lloyd Evan the first melter, and War-Horse Gier. I know it sounds rough, but they did.

"I'll show 'em!" stormed Big John. "I'll show 'em, the mullet heads! Turning the cupola house into a prize ring, with the whole blasted Bessemer gang and half the rail mill cheering the scrap and letting the mill go down, and losing that chance at a record! I'll show 'em!"

You see, Big John was sore because he had seen only the last five rounds of the battle; and besides he had promised Mr. A. P. W. R. that record; and in order to show A. P. W. R. a front of some kind after that fall-down, it was up to John to snip off an extra large basketful of heads. So out they went, all good steel men and true. And perhaps it is not strange that out of the gang that skated down over the office steps on their ears there was not a one that failed to bounce up off the front steps grinning. Even Sam Haberline seemed to realize that he should give thanks that he had been kicked out of steel before it landed him at the funny farm; and he decided, with the rest of them, not to waste a lot of perfectly good time that he'd never have the use of again, bemoaning an injustice that was, after all, microscopic compared with the vastness of steel.

Bill Gier, with his slats still in a plaster, enjoying the grandest loaf of his life, got a letter. It said:

Dear Mr. Gier: We hear you are out of a job. A man named Lloyd Evan, who says that he knows you, told us. Evan has worked for us off and on for years, but has always drunk like a dromedary. Tanks up for a long dry spell when he starts. He's back with us and we're mighty glad of it. He says he's through with booze. Says men almost died because of his last toot; and that he got boasting about you, while potted, to a fellow named Forester and gave away a vital plan of yours. He says that you licked him and that you're a steel man. If you did, you are. Our open-hearth duplexing plant starts up in a little while and we need a man to take care of the Bessemer end. It's you. Can we look for you this week?

Yours truly,

A. WATKINSON JUDD,
President and General Manager,
Eastern Cupolas, Inc.

P. S. You'll find a lot of your Susquehanna friends with us. When they fired him, old Lloyd raided their Bessemer and brought the good ones along with him. He brought one too many, though. We have boys on our phone exchange.

The earnest young hero of the industrial story should, at this point, rush madly to the next train, so as to plunge at once eagerly into his new work; especially after that P. S. In the book there's nothing can keep the fighting young engineer away from Dolores' side

However, instead of hot-footing it to the railroad station, our hero stepped leisurely into a telegraph office—leisurely. Time, as the Wildcat would put it, was the thing he had nothing else but.

"Send it collect," were the stern words of our hero.

Twenty minutes later Mr. A. Watkinson Judd made a noise like the laughing jackass of song and story, shoved back his chair, whacked his astonished lady typist on the back and bolted into the office where Gwylm Stout, his brother in iniquity, spent an hour or so every month. It so happened that Mr. Stout had been sitting up with a sick blast furnace the night before; so he was in his office, asleep in his chair.

"Read it," said Albert, waking his partner with the noise of a sailor's hornpipe.

Mr. Stout blinked sleep from his eyes, read the news and joined in the dance. The yellow paper read:

What do you mean, this week? Be with you day after the series is over. Start duplexing without me at your own risk.

BILL GIER.

"Have we landed a Bessemer man?" puffed Gwylm as the hornpipe came to an end.

"The damfool yearling!" snorted A. W. J. in genial contempt. "Listen to him whinny, would you?" And he tapped the telegram with his knuckle. "I'll hitch a load to his collar that'll cut down his capering for him. Just wait till he comes prancing into this dump!"

In about a week's time, the Yanks having been properly larruped, and matters less vital to the welfare of mankind, such as steel and the like, daring to rise from temporary submergence, Mr. William Mortimer Gier came prancing into that dump.

The dark rims that edge the eyelids of the cleanest millman's face were gone, and he had a sweet William in the lapel of his coat, and was positively yearning for some big dock walloper to look at it and ask him if his underwear were embroidered. When he walked, his heels bounced up off the floor and he smiled at a beautiful lady he had no business to smile at, with such an amazing display of good will and white teeth that she put down a question mark for a period three times hand running, and finally had to get up and needlessly poke about in a filing case to steady her hand.

An efficient young man greeted Mr. William Mortimer Gier. If a young man can be too efficient, this particular young man was. At least so thought Mr. Gier. No; Mr. Judd was not in today; but Mr. Stout was expecting Mr.—ah—Mr.—oh, yes, Gier;. that was the name. Would Mr. Gier have a seat? Mr. Gier assured the efficient young man that he would do that thing. The scenery was fine. The scenery had just returned from the filing case to a chair so situated that Mr. Gier could glimpse a dimple at the near corner of the scenery's mouth, and the tip of its nose and the curve of its eyelashes. The scenery was fine, though distant. It was a rosy world, however. Mr. Gier sat down, secretly wishing for a pair of binoculars. But he hadn't been seated long before he was wishing for the Lick telescope. For as he sat there regarding the landscape, the door through which he had entered opened, and there floated across his vista a vision that stirred up such ardent and rapturous cardiac gymnastics as are vouchsafed to men not more than once or twice in a lifetime.

With a glorious free sway of wide, flat shoulders and the unstudied stride of a boy,

AND NOW IN *EVERY* CITY
the selected few demand it

THERE is hardly a gift that has so much personality as a box of candy. It somehow represents the giver, carrying with it a bit of one's own character and taste.

Some years ago a new candy was put on the market in a small way. A few boxes were sold. And then a remarkable thing happened. Calls began to come in. They came in increasing numbers. People were telling their friends, were giving the new candy as gifts.

Since then, the demand for Romance Chocolates has steadily increased until now, by an enlargement of our kitchens, we are prepared to supply a nation-wide demand.

Your confectioner or druggist has Romance Chocolates—thick chocolate coatings over meaty nuts, luscious fruits, or cream centers—all compounded from the finest ingredients. They range in price from 80c to $1.50 a pound. Cox Confectionery Company, East Boston, Mass.

$1.00 *a pound for* ROMANCE SELECTIONS. *If your dealer can't supply you, send us his name and address and $1.00 and we'll send you one prepaid.*

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Made of finest imported spring steel, scientifically engineered to utilize space in ring groove (one under each ring) between piston and ring. Centralize pistons; maintain perfect alignment of ring face with cylinder wall, enhancing permanent power and oil tight seal. Installation of complete sets eliminates piston slap and excessive oil pumping.

Renew worn, slappy automobile, truck, tractor, light plant, marine motor and stationary engines at trifling cost.

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PEORIA, Dept. W, ILL.

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Berkley Rankin Co., Chicago, Detroit, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, New York
Bernard Kohler Co., Philadelphia, Pa
Blish, Mize & Silliman Co., Atchison
Bowman Bros. Ltd., Regina Sask., Can. Saskatoon,
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Lewis Motor Mart Co., Dayton, Ohio
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Master Sales Co., Omaha, Neb.
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Nelson Dean Gregg Co., St. Paul
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Phelps Grau Hdw. & Sup. Co., Milwaukee
Rappole & Robbins, Jamestown, N. Y.
J. H. & F. A. Selle Co., Columbus
Seig Co., Davenport, Ia.
Severin Tire & Sup. Co., Okla. City
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W. A. L. Thompson Hdw. Co., Topeka
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Washington Auto Sup. Co., Washington, Ill.
Western Motor Sup. Co., Minneapolis, Milwaukee
Joseph Woodwell Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

the vision swung across the office, with as lovely an English setter at her trim heels as ever turned stone at scent of gallant Bob White. The delectable pair vanished through a door which bore upon its frosted glass the simple device, Gwylm Stout, in square, sturdy, upstanding letters.

The world that Bill Gier had built up for himself out of golden telephone voices and dimpled mouth corners and the like exploded. With an elegant whang it went off and fluttered down about him in a shower of rose petals. Bill heaved a sigh. But Bill was an eminently practical young man. He heaved the rose petals aside and started in forthwith to fabricate for himself a new world. A comparatively trifling job at that, at Bill's age.

Let's see now. The first problem is this: How in the name of Helen of Troy could a girl be as flat-bodied as that and yet be all curves? Easy! No problem at all, but a fact. Look for yourself! In the day of this chronicle, fashion had just visited grief upon an appreciative masculine world; had lowered the curtain just as the masculine eye had learned to look at the passing show without blinking. But, heaven be praised, when a girl and a dog start out for a tramp the scantier habiliments of a bygone year may be recalled to service. Hair so black that it glinted with purple, like the sheen on a grackle's wing, went into the structure of Bill's new world. The back of that neck was as white as snow, the skin of most delicate tint; but she was an outdoors girl at that. That swinging stride and the setter dog spoke of tramps off the main road, over the stubble and into the hills.

Problem Number Two: To meet her without unreasonable delay; within the next three minutes, let's say. This Gwylm Stout, now, if he only had brains enough to come in out of the rain—to come in from his pottering out there in the mills. Like as not he was some lofty-browed, bandy-legged old pensioner, with shoulders nine inches across and a shape like seventy-two inches of pump water doddering about the yards, trying to get in the road of a draft of ore cars making a run for the blast-furnace unloading trestle. The place for executives was in the office. If he'd only get in before the lady got out there might be a chance for an ambitious young metallurgist to show that his education at Valley Tech had not been confined altogether to chemistry, mathematics and football.

And then, as he worked away at this nice new world, the door back of him opened again, and with a brisk nod or two of a close-cropped iron-gray head a male figure followed the trail of the lady and the dog. Bill caught the angle of a smooth jaw, steel-blue with the hue of a new-shaven beard. Bill heard a feminine voice drowned out by rapturous barking. Bill heard the slam of a door. Bill blinked.

Bandy-legged, eh, this lad Gwylm Stout, with shoulders nine inches broad? Doddering about on the tracks trying to get run down by an ore train hitting it for the trestle? Heaven help the yard shifter that ever ran into one of those shoulders!

Those shoulders! Bill blinked again. Bill's brain blinked. Somewhere before, some place, some time, the neatly clipped iron-gray head that topped those shoulders had meant something in Bill Gier's young life. That smooth steel jaw, in some guise or other—that jaw bore a message that was trying to get across to Bill Gier. That wide-legged tramp of feet! That back! Those shoulders! It always came back to those shoulders! Great suffering bobcats, no! And yet there was only one man Bill had ever known who had a pair of shoulders like that!

The blinking eyes of Bill's mind snapped wide open. His jaw dropped down. He gasped, and his whole frame went slack in his chair. Then he rose and started for somewhere. The efficient young gentleman who had greeted Bill rose too; stepped in Bill's way; interposed a protesting hand. Then he sat down, ker-wham! like that, in the chair from which he had risen. William Gier had a thing on his mind, and his mind at times, as we've tried to imply, could be very one-track. A gate interposed; a gate in a sort of fence that railed off the door which bore the unembellished device, Gwylm Stout. There was one of those trick latches inside of the gate. You reach under the lock and push up on a sort of a concealed doodinky, planned to discourage anyone impetuously inclined to rush in where efficient young gentlemen feared to tread. Bill gave a twist to the jolly little joker of a knob. It was solid. Here the scenery giggled. That was her mistake. If it hadn't been for that giggle Bill Gier would doubtless have hopped over the gate. As it was, he went through it; and that particular little trick lock will never again play its little joke in this vale of tears. Evidently Bill Gier was bound for some place. The door, Gwylm Stout, slammed behind him.

A marvelous silken-clad presence rushed at Bill, advising discretion in unmistakable terms; but getting a sniff of a hand that went carelessly out to meet the bared fangs, the lifted lips lowered and a long silky flag gave reassurance to those in the rear.

"Dog lover," wigwagged that infallible tail.

As you might suppose, there he sat, the steel-jawed old reprobate, with the flat-curved lady perched on his knee.

"Say," Gier burst out at the steel jaw, "what kind of an English setter is that?"

One heck of a question, we'll say. One heck of a question to shoot at a man who has his arm about a thing that you will continue to want more and more for the next hundred million years or so. No attention, you may be sure, was paid to any such heck of a question. Instead, that reprehensible pair stuck right to their billing and cooing.

"And you'll never leave me again?" the old Lothario was begging. "Never go chasing off like some hot-headed young scatterbrain and have me half dippy till I locate you?"

The young lady said nothing. A wise young scatterbrain evidently, who knew the value of suspense, and so worked it on two men at once. She said nothing, but put a finger against her cheek and pushed at it, deliberating an answer, no doubt.

"Mind you, I've promised never to go on another bust. And what I say I won't do, I won't do. You know that. My gosh, Polly, I might as well stay sober the rest of my days, for after years of painstaking search I've at last located a man that can lick me when I'm drunk!"

Bill Gier felt his legs sag. Still, he must be sure—dead sure. There was only one way. He would try it again. He took a big breath and straightened his knees.

"Say," he roared, varying his attack a little, his hand at rest on the lovely head at his thigh, "this is a nice Laverack you got here!"

That got him. Gwylm Stout looked up as though in surprise and anger; surprise to find that the sanctity of his office had been invaded; anger that one should misname such perfection in dog flesh. He glared dire wrath at the offender.

"Laverack?" he roared back. "You poor prune! She's a Llewellyn!" And the Welsh double L went off in his mouth like a monstrous bubble of steam in a mush volcano.

Bill Gier reached out a hand, made a motion as though to step forward, grasped at a chair and sat down. When Bill lifted his cheek from the head of the beautiful bird dog his emotion was conquered. But Gwylm Stout, that wise old Cambrian owl, had departed on silent wing.

Bill looked at the girl.

"He's a man," said Bill simply.

The girl nodded gravely.

"And I was judging steel by John Devany."

The girl was silent.

"He'll treat men like men," said Bill. "He knows the feel of steel in his hands. Say, listen here," demanded Bill, his tone changing, "you stop that! You'll wear out the hinge in your neck. Quit nodding your head like some Christmas-yard goat and say something to me. I never could be quite sure on the phone if your voice cords were viola strings or clarinet reeds. Which are they?"

The girl raised a broad, slim shoulder and laid an ear against it in unmistakable mimicry. She grinned like an imp.

"Me, I dinno," laughed a five-thousand-dollars-a-concert, mezzo-soprano voice.

Bill Gier's heart took a jump that stretched the adhesive that still was stuck to his ribs. Here was a scout! No thing to be won with a chestful of flowery phrases; no thing to be won by leaping from train roof to aëroplane. A thing to be won by buckling down, digging in, breaking hames! The surging hot blood of war-horse youth steadied. Romance paused tiptoe and decided to stay where her lure is sweetest and mightiest, just out of reach, unattainable. In steel the odds are too great for any man long to go it alone. Yet one who is only his mate will not offer a man the backing he needs. She must be a help-mate. Those two little words, teamworking together, form one that would make the whole beautiful English language worth while.

Bill Gier swept a glance over the lovely girl before him that made her blush to the base of her throat.

"Maybe," Bill suggested naïvely, "you like me some day li'l' bit, huh, Babuschka?"

Once more Babuschka shrugged.

"I t'ink I be li'l' bit 'frait for you, Boss Bill," she laughed.

A shiver chased up Bill's back. Show me the man who won't fall like a truckload of billets for the beautiful idea that he's boss and that the women are a little bit afraid of him.

"Wassmatter be 'frait for me?" Boss Bill wanted to know.

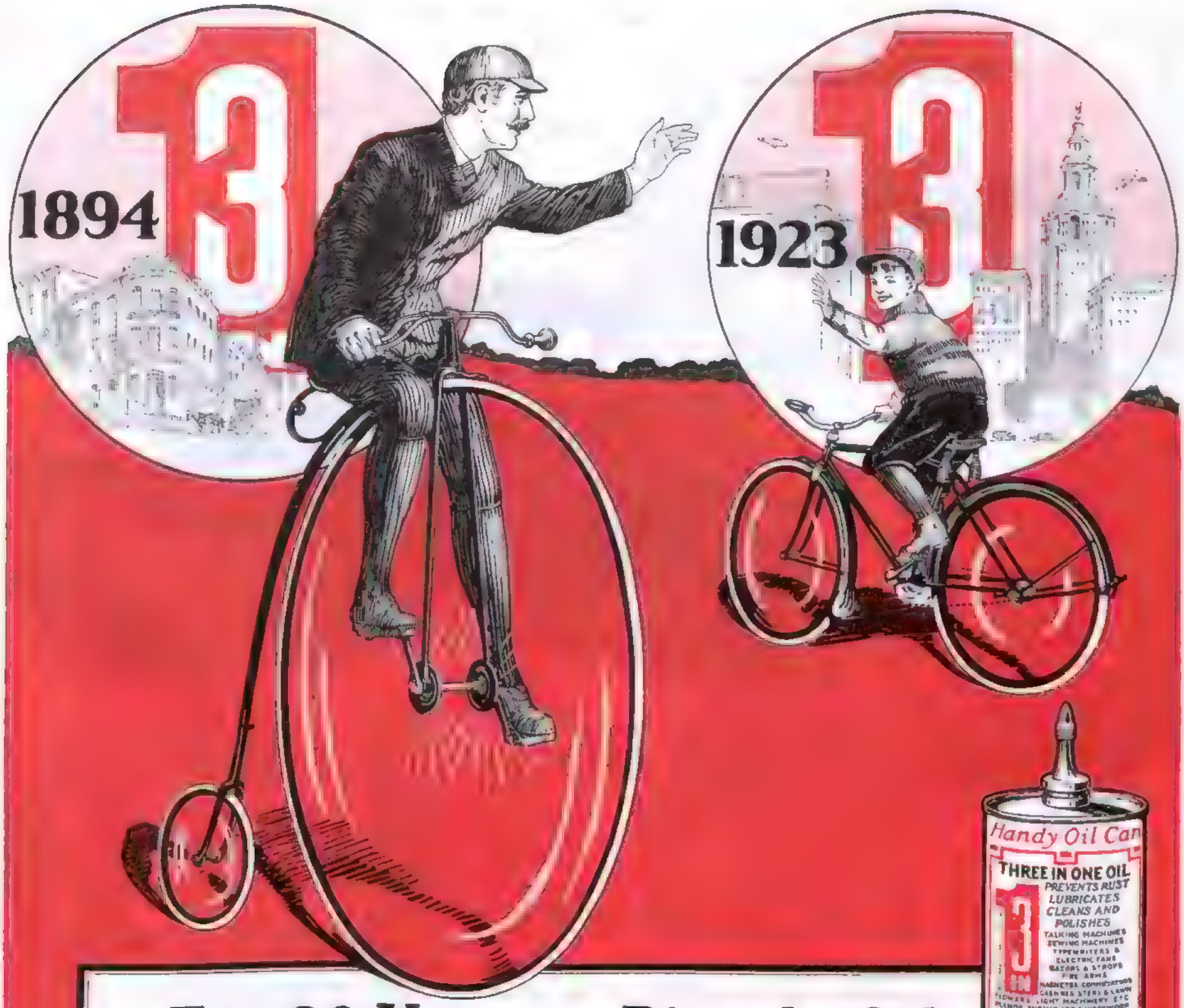
"One day," Babuschka explained, "you knockn hal outa 'Batizski; 'nother day you knockn hal outa my fella; nex' time you knockn hal outa my onkle; mebbe by'm by you gon' knockn hal outa me!"

They were both laughing like kids when the door opened. Gwylm Stout's head poked in.

"Hey, you," growled the gruff voice of Lloyd Evan, "can that stuff! The open-hearth boss is ready to start duplexing and he wants to see his new Bessemer foreman right away. Cut loose from that skirt, Gier! In this little steelworks men come first!"

(THE END)

Outlet Lake McDonald, West Gateway to Glacier National Park, Montana. In the Background Mount Stanton



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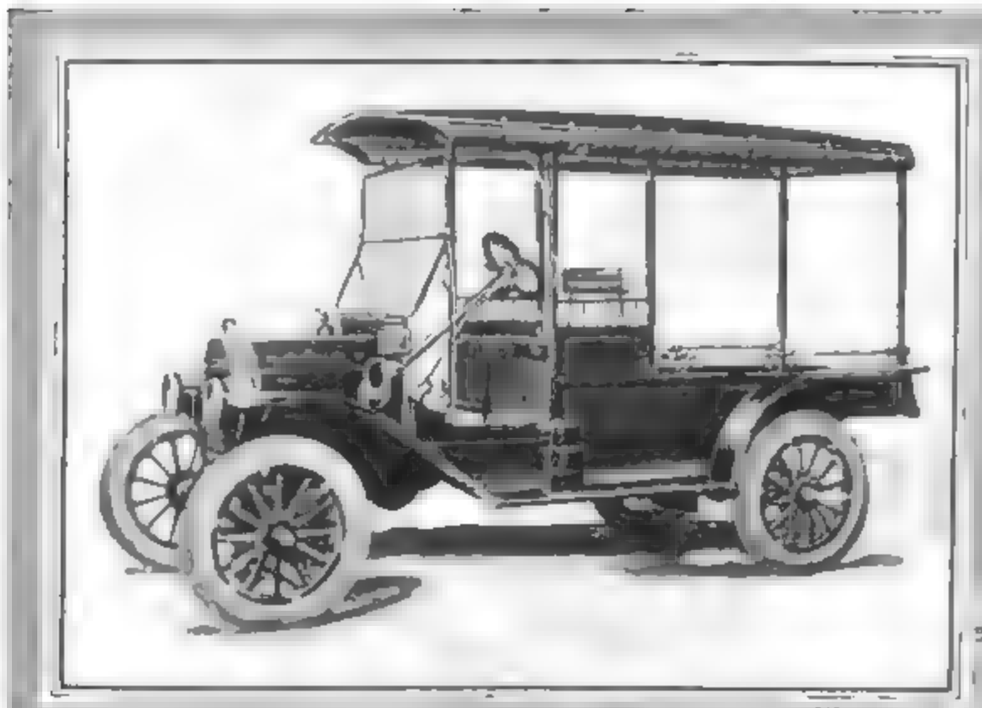
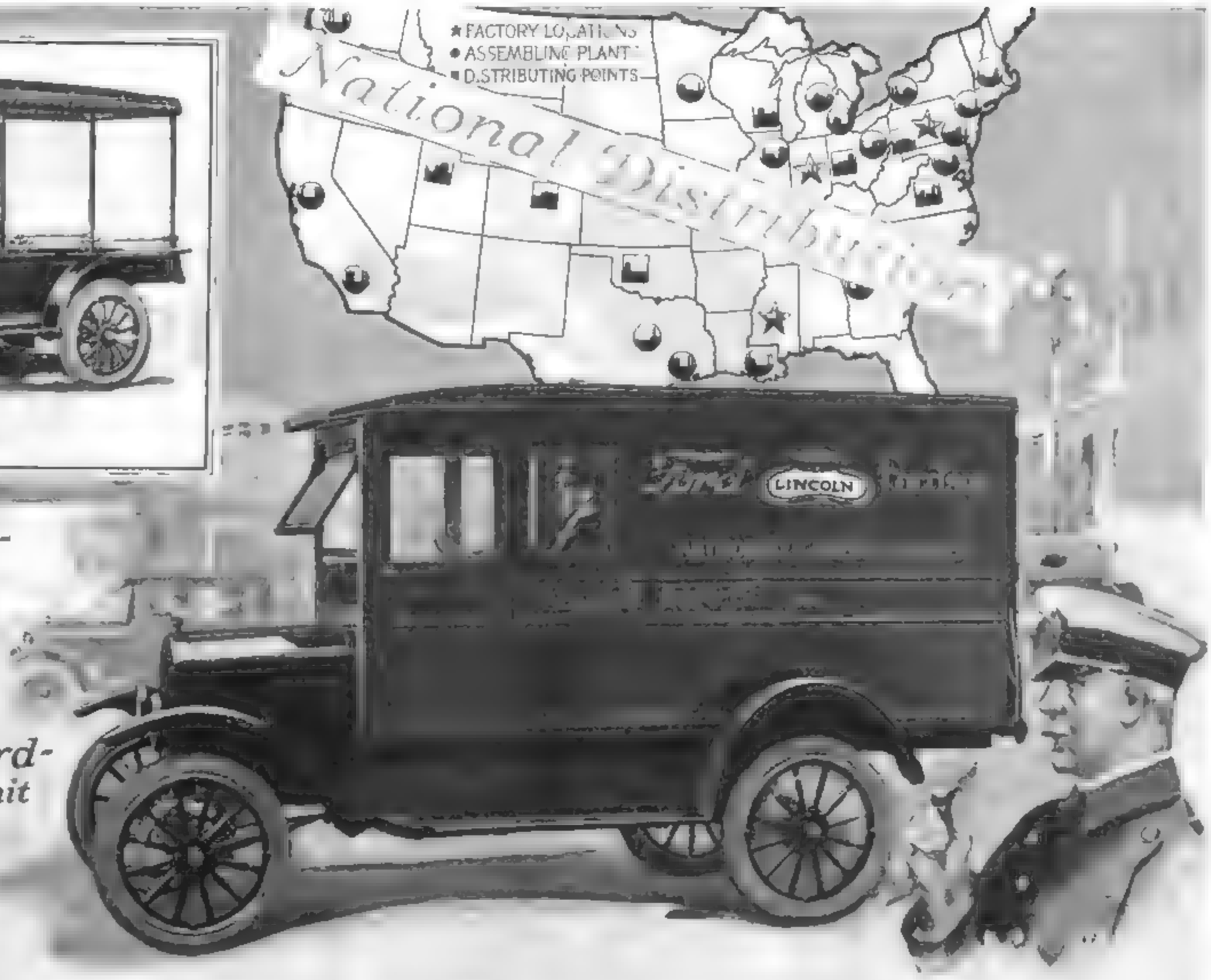


The Original Ford-
Martin-Parry Unit



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Martin-Parry Bodies are sold by reliable chassis dealers everywhere

Martin-Parry

Largest Commercial Body Builders in the World

A STANDARDIZED LINE OF THIRTY-EIGHT COMMERCIAL BODIES FOR EVERY BUSINESS NEED

SO-SO

(Continued from Page 15)

"Good." Blood snuffed his cigarette briskly. "Good," he repeated. "That gives us a basis—a working basis upon which to approach the subject I want to discuss with you. A not particularly happy one, I am sorry to say. Two years ago when I came into this organization I found a business that was letting the world march by. It had been operated mostly as a family proposition for two generations. The elder Deviston passed the business on to his son, and that son two years ago passed it on to me for management. Both were old-fashioned men and conducted an old-fashioned business. Naturally it was inefficient, totally lacking in progressive thought, and it was only a question of a few years until dry rot would have laid it to rest forever. Mr. Deviston realized this as he realized that he was far too sick a man to manage his heritage—if I may call it that."

The little man nodded.

"Smoke?"

"No, thank you, Mr. Blood."

"Not at all. But resuming. The business called for blood transfusion: new blood, Denny; young blood. I was selected; and the rest you know."

"Yes, Mr. Blood."

The general manager found himself wishing that the old fellow would quit staring so intently—quit repeating "Yes, Mr. Blood." For a moment he thought of an old faithful collie facing the final anæsthetic only with bewilderment.

It made him nervous and he decided to cut the thing off short.

"With Clarkson out of the way our total number of customers increased 103 per cent.

"With a modern office manager our accounting and general office force has been cut nearly in half. Gross business, as you know, has increased practically 300 per cent. Under the old régime, Mr. Denny, your work as a sales correspondent was no doubt preëminently satisfactory. But our selling methods have changed. Our customers have changed. And though it distresses me beyond words to say it, we must have as correspondent someone who talks the language of modern business."

The little desk clock on the table fairly clanged through the minutes. Through the closed door came the busy hum of the large office.

Ages afterwards the little man arose upon uncertain limbs and ran a bewildered shaking hand across his drooping mustache.

"You mean ——"

For a brief second it was hard even for efficiency to find the necessary words.

"I am sorry. Yes."

Just a dry choking sob.

"Very sorry, Denny."

The little man straightened and Blood saw that his eyes were wet.

"Deviston ——" he began hoarsely.

Mr. Blood shook his head gently. "No," he said. "There is no appeal there. I am the head here. I have a copper-riveted contract, and that contract isn't up for nearly a month—when it probably will be renewed. No use bothering Mr. Deviston a sick man."

The width of that room seemed endless.

At the railing Mr. Denny felt a soft pressure on his arm. It was Miss Macklin.

"It was rotten!" she whispered. "It was monstrous!" Quickly she slipped a folded sheet of paper into his trembling fingers. "Take this with you," she commanded softly. "It won't make any difference to you—now, but it will give you more satisfaction than it is going to give Blood when he reads it."

With a bewildered nod Mr. Denny reached for the gate—and found it open the last silent tribute of the red-headed boy. For the general office, down that lane of

At the Railing Mr. Denny Felt a Soft Pressure on His Arm. It Was Miss Macklin. "It Was Rotten!" She Whispered

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Colorado—The Nation's Playground. Every out-of-doors sport in glorious sunshine and invigorating mountain air. A scenic paradise. If you are interested in getting the greatest variety of recreation and enjoyment in a limited time at a reasonable cost—see Colorado.

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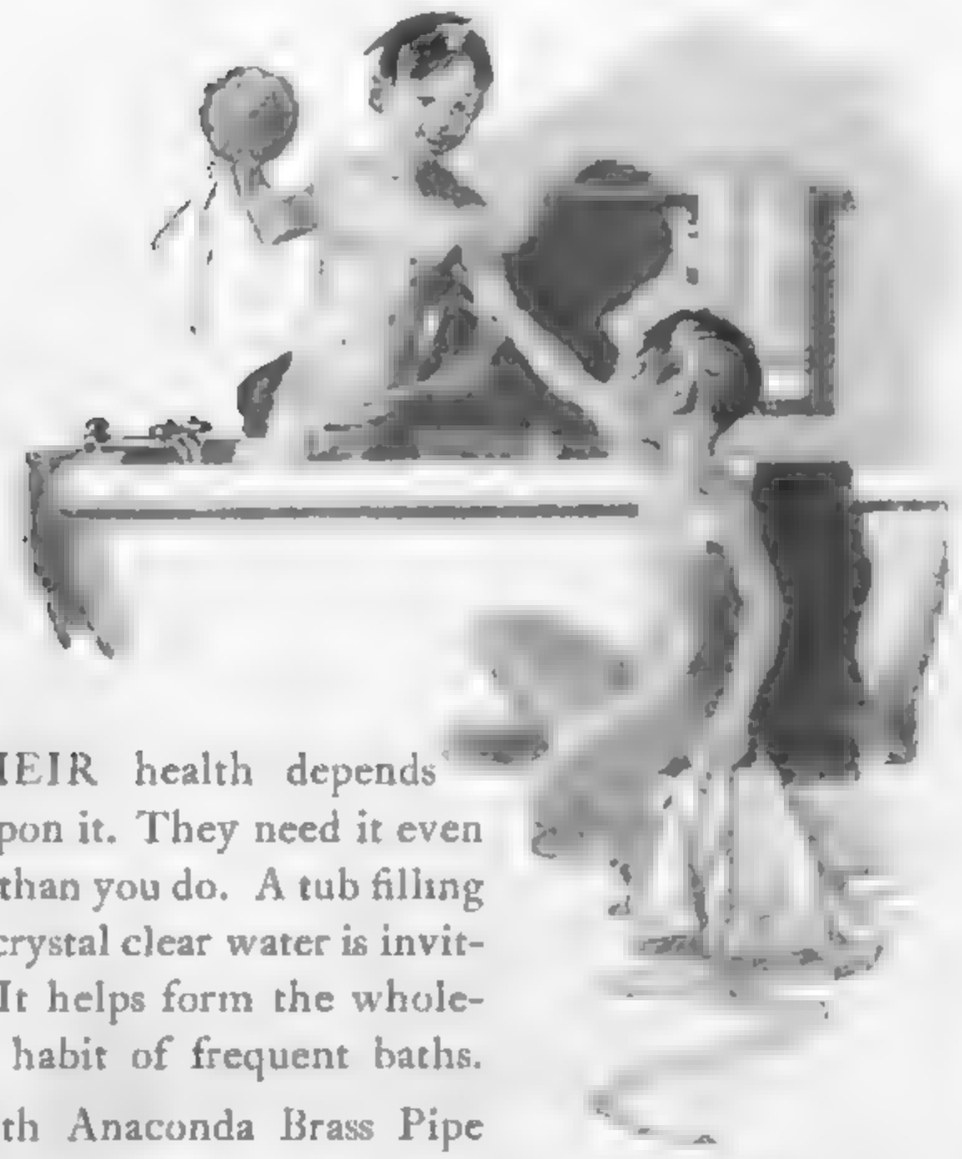

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sympathetic faces, he managed a heroic though twitching smile.

"

IN THE whirl of five-o'clock traffic Mr. Denny moved mechanically. It seemed a world apart, a world peopled with jostling happy phantoms hurrying for trippers and crowded interurbans. Force of habit guided his uncertain steps. The habit of twenty-nine years! It came to Mr. Denny in a dull far-off way that he would never travel the same path again. The language of modern business. Slithering lights flashed perilously close as he stepped off the street corner at East Ninth Street. A bull-throated policeman bawled him back into the waiting crowd. A pale youth tittered.

Newsboys shouted unnoticed in his face. The first promise of spring in the air suddenly seemed cold and damp. The huge steel skeleton of the new Union Trust Company loomed ahead, a dark honeycomb of fabricated steel. Without knowing why, Mr. Denny remembered the corner years before. A hotel had graced it—an imposing structure in those days. Specialty shops with dazzling windows. A moving-picture theater delivering crowds of chattering women to the street. Dumbly Mr. Denny wondered why little things past and present stood out so keenly. A big woman pushed him impatiently aside as she waded for the curb. She made him think of Emmy.

For the first time since Sammy had uttered his ill-fated message Mr. Denny felt the full impact of his tragedy. Emmy! Emmy with one of her sick headaches! A swirl of traffic turned him north on Twelfth Street, pushed him this way and that without protest. Poor Emmy! Brave as they made them! Always struggling against her infirmities with the gameness of a chronic sufferer. Silent about it too—or nearly silent. More flashing lights and hoarse bluecoated commands. With a start Mr. Denny realized he was moving in the wrong direction. North instead of east. Poor Emmy girl!

Back at Euclid Avenue he turned east. He must hurry. Emmy would be worried. Sometimes he stumbled because queer little pictures jumped out of the past and obscured his vision. Pictures of the first Deviston; the day they took him out of the shipping room; the day the second Deviston came into the office for the first time. Things like that! Poor Emmy! She was still wearing the watch the office had given him in commemoration of his twenty-five years of continuous service. What would she say?

Gradually the specialty shops of the upper avenue gave way to residences of a bygone day—huge square things of stone and brick, now used as boarding houses and auction rooms traveling under the guise of private homes. Gasoline stations. He stopped for a moment in the deepening twilight and beat his thin hands together.

"You buck up!" he commanded in a shrill whisper. "You quit being a baby! You think of her!"

At Thirtieth Street he remembered with a start that he had forgotten the paper. Emmy's paper. Happy for a moment in his remembrance Mr. Denny turned back two blocks to a tobacco shop. But the feeling soon wore off.

As he neared the little back water of Anderson Court his feet lagged in spite of his constantly whispered commands. What was he going to say?

Aladdin Terrace was also of a bygone era. But even through the grime of the rapidly encroaching city, window curtains were snow-white and rubber plants flourished. A chiropractor added a touch of professional dignity. His neat gold-lettered sign planted on a stick in the speck of lawn was rubbed in the extreme. At the seventh stoop Mr. Denny paused and fumbled for his latchkey. The fumbling was purely automatic. Faced with the critical moment Mr. Denny was conscious only of a dull steady throbbing above his eyes. Poor Emmy!

The long narrow hall was dark. At the farther end no light shone in the dining room. From a darkened doorway to his left Mr. Denny heard a long-drawn-out sigh. Peering in he saw the dim large shape of his wife lying on the genuine mohair davenport. The huge bulk of her blue quilted kimono filled it completely. One of Emmy's sick headaches.

"Henry!"

"Yes, dear."

"Put the hot water on."

"Yes, dear."

"You'll have to do the best you can. I'm I'm ——"

Still in the hall Mr. Denny managed some sympathetic rejoinder. Poor Emmy!

"And, Henry?"

"Yes, Emmy."

"Be quiet."

"Yes, dear."

Then as Mr. Denny tugged at his woven muffler the question he feared to answer came. Poor Emmy! It meant—with a heartsick drooping Mr. Denny knew that he could never think of all that it would mean. Poverty, surely, after a while. Who would want a man whom modern business had passed by? Old blood! And again—poor Emmy! He remembered a moving picture they had seen, he and Emmy. It showed an old couple riding over the hills to the poorhouse. How Emmy had cried!

"How were things at the office today?"

Mr. Denny removed his remaining rubber slowly. He was glad that the hall was dark. It would hide the tears as he told her. With laggard steps he moved to the doorway of the living room. Suddenly he found himself speaking—almost calmly—the time-honored words: "Oh, so-so."

"'

ON BRIGHT sunshiny mornings in early spring Mr. Denny had often envied begrimed drivers of coal wagons as they whistled their creaking loads along. They were outside! Moving! Seeing life, while he sat in a dark little cubby corner and wrote endless dreary letters. Or that was how it seemed then.

But today was different, even though coal drivers whistled and a rare warm April sun stirred sluggish blood. What difference did warm sunshine make to a coward? Little Mr. Denny demanded the answer vehemently of himself as he wandered along with the hurrying throng. Where was he going? What was he going to do? How was he going to tell Emmy? A legless beggar whined for charity and with a handful of cheap lead pencils defied the city ordinance against begging. Mr. Denny regarded the man with abject horror. The only bulwark between him and—and that—was a little savings account that would now begin to crumble away. He moved quickly onward.

Some time later with a start of horror he realized where his feet had carried him. Another moment and he would have been through the revolving doors and into the elevator, maybe even at his desk in the far corner. He turned and ran in the opposite direction. He felt almost daft.

He cut through an alley to the quiet of Prospect Avenue. He began to walk rapidly, east again—anywhere.

Some time later, time impossible to compute by hours, Mr. Denny found himself in a neighborhood of small shops and children playing in the streets. He felt suddenly tired and worn—and very old. A sign in worn gilt letters over a small drug store met his vacant stare. He stared at it for many minutes before he realized that the name was familiar.

ALSA B. GREEN
PURE DRUGS

Then he remembered. And the remembrance seemed to warm him. One of the oldest customers the house of Deviston had ever boasted. A steady purchaser up until nearly a year ago. An overpowering desire to talk to Alsa B. Green came to Mr. Denny. No reason, just an overpowering desire—like a starving man before a restaurant window. He opened the door to the accompaniment of a jangling little bell. From somewhere in the rear a man came out.

Mr. Denny gulped.

"Box of cough drops," he finally muttered. "Deviston's."

The man shook his head. "Not any more. Don't handle the Deviston line in anything. Not for nearly two years. Sorry."

Mr. Denny found himself eying the other aggressively. "Why not?" he demanded. "Isn't it a good line?"

Green, for it was quite evidently the proprietor, seemed surprised at the question. "Yes," he admitted finally, "only I don't carry it any more."

"Why?" The little word seemed almost to crackle.

"Why? Oh, just because."

Mr. Denny carefully placed his dime back in the proper compartment of his purse, turned, and then paused.

(Continued on Page 144)

HETTRICK

Tourist Tent $22.50

Khaki-Watershed

When rolled with jointed poles and packed in its Khaki-Watershed bag it is light and easy to carry on running-board, bumper or in tonneau as foot rest.

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Tents will be "standard equipment" on over 3,000,000 cars this season. Become our agent and get this trade.

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Hettrick tents for hunters, fishermen campers, tourists and sportsmen. Become our dealer!

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The leading stores of the country have sold Hettrick tents for years. They know Hettrick quality pays.

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After the farmer's crop is harvested sell him a tour with the Hettrick Tent. "The best vacation of his life for the least cost."

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Every car owner is a prospect for this tent. Pitch one of them at your station of display our agency sign. It will pay.

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You have handled Hettrick canvas goods. Don't miss the greatest opportunity of all. Hettrick tents for tourists.

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Many people want to buy tents at the same place they get awnings, etc. Don't lose this growing trade.

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Besides motorists this tent is being bought by fishermen, hunters for choirees, play and picnic tents, etc. Let them know you sell it.

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Write at once for our successful plan—get started *right*, right now

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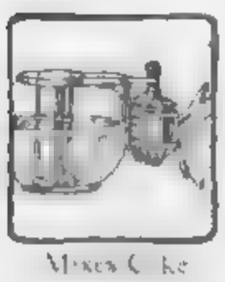
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Gentlemen: Please send me full details of how I can get a FREE Demonstration of the Home Motor without placing myself under obligation to buy.

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(Continued from Page 142)

"You—you wouldn't mind telling me why?" And then as the other appeared to resent his attitude: "I am interested because because I used to be with the company—once."

Apparently the other understood this.

"Long?"

"Twenty-nine years last—yes-s-s ——"

Mr. Denny stopped awkwardly. He had told the man he had been with the company once.

But Green apparently did not notice.

"Ever know O'Geary?"

A pleased little chuckle escaped Mr. Denny's lips. Did he know O'Geary? Well, say! Ate lunch with him every Saturday for over eighteen years. Know O'Geary? Huh!

"A real salesman, O'Geary."

Mr. Denny nodded eagerly.

"And an honest gentleman."

"All of that."

From the case before him the druggist produced two vivid cigars.

"Have a smoke," he invited cordially.

Mr. Denny accepted—gingerly.

"They fired him, I understand, because he was getting too old to make the grade."

The smoldering piece of hospitality dropped from Mr. Denny's nerveless fingers. Picking it carefully from the floor he managed to nod his head. A sudden thought came to him.

"It—that wasn't why you quit doing business with the company, was it?"

"No." The anxious light of hope died out of the little man's eyes. "No, I can't say that it was. It was something entirely different. A question of quality, you might call it."

Sudden wrath blazed in Mr. Denny's eyes.

"You're misinformed!" he said hotly. "The house of Deviston never turned out—even a bottle, sir!—that wasn't of the finest quality that time and money could procure."

"I wasn't talking about the quality of merchandise."

"What ——"

The druggist puffed placidly. "There's the human quality," he reminded.

"I don't ——"

"No, you don't—Mr.—Mr. ——"

"Denny."

"And neither did the Deviston company, I guess. It's like this: When O'Geary came around to see me maybe the teachers in the school around the corner were fighting coughs an' colds. Naturally my little stock of nose and throat sprays went scat. What happens? I think the spray business is some business, and I tell O'Geary to send me over two gross of them. Does he do it? No, sir! He just laughs at me. 'Green,' he says, 'there wouldn't be enough colds in this neighborhood in five years to use two gross of sprays. I'll send you over a dozen, and if you run out, which you won't, I'll get them over quicker than the patrol wagon.' And he's right. Get the idea, Mr.—er—er—Penny?

"Or again. Maybe it's a side line of novelties and candy. They go good in all kinds of drug stores. A smooth salesman has me going on it. But I don't sign up. No, sir! I tell him to come around next day. Then I call up O'Geary. Will he come up an' talk over a little matter with me? Will he? Sure Mike! Does his jaw fall when he finds out that there is no business in it for him? Not O'Geary. We talk the thing over, and O'Geary figures—not from the drug-store point of view but from the neighborhood standpoint plus my investment. Result, the smooth salesman gets turned down. Get the point, Mr. ——"

Mr. Denny repeated his name. "But still," he puzzled, "I don't quite get ——"

"You will in a minute. Well, now, they fire O'Geary. That ain't any of my business. The Deviston line is a fine old line. Maybe O'Geary is drinking or something else the firm don't like. I like O'Geary, but after all, business is business. Then the new man called. Nice-looking fellow too! What they call a high-pressure producer, I guess. Anyway he loaded me right. More stuff than I could sell in a year.

"Naturally when he comes around in a few weeks I don't need a thing and I don't feel any too good either, with the high-pressure stuff out of the way. He goes down the street to Wilson's. Wilson always buys on a price basis; that's why my sign reads, 'Pure Drugs.'

"Well, he talks price to Wilson on quantity. The quantity is the alibi. Now Wilson has the Deviston line too; and on a price basis that I can't touch. And what happens? All the business that I worked up on a quality basis in this line is gone. But the salesman didn't care. Why should he? Didn't he sell five times as much as O'Geary and add a new customer? Mister, that's why the Deviston line isn't on my shelves any more."

Mr. Denny nodded his head slowly. Something was stirring within him, something difficult to grasp. He held his hand out over the counter. At the door he turned.

"I wish that you would remember it," he said quietly; "it's Denny."

At the corner he crossed to a little park. The first benches of the season were already out. He sat down on the nearest one. The thing kept hammering through his head. Green and O'Geary! His eyes grew clearer. Without knowing why, he remembered the paper Miss Macklin had slipped into his hand as he passed through the gate. A nice girl. From the inner pocket of his coat he drew forth the sheet of folded foolscap. Drawing his thin knees together Mr. Denny spread the sheet carefully on the twitching surface. A balance sheet met his eyes. The balance sheet of The Deviston Drug Corporation!

He read mechanically through the maze of figures. But the last line jumped out of the picture and ran drunkenly across his line of vision. It was printed in red. For the second time in the history of the Deviston Drug Corporation the year showed an operating loss!

A playful touch of spring swept the sheet of paper from Mr. Denny's forgetful knees. The thing that had been hammering at the gate of his brain for the last twenty minutes broke through with a rush like roaring water.

Like many great men, Mr. Denny met the reaction from the strain of the past twenty hours in a homely, rather unheroic way.

"Cracky!" he said simply. "I'm hungry."

IV

DURING the next two weeks no busier mortal existed than Henry Denny, Esquire, of 33 Anderson Court, N. E. The task of visiting more than two hundred drug stores is not a particularly easy one, even for young limbs hardened to the exercise. Hard pavement, often treacherous with soft spring rain, grows harder as the day progresses. Apparently simple addresses turn out to be places entirely different. Sassy clerks! Suspicious proprietors figuring heaven knows what! Prohibition agents, maybe. Big stores and little ones. Some that seem to sell everything in the world but drugs. All demanding their toll of strength.

But Mr. Denny went at it eagerly every morning. Even as the day wore on, his opening question, "Any Deviston's cough drops?" was still cheerful. The result of each interview went into a notebook as soon as he was out of sight of the wondering or pitying druggist.

At three o'clock he ceased demanding Deviston's cough drops for the day and went back to his little office to complete his notes and compare them with the results of the previous day. His office—it tickled Mr. Denny to call it that—was the bench in the little park near Alsa B. Green's drug store. On rainy days it was necessary to change the base of operations to the lobby of some downtown building where he could stand and figure unnoticed in the general bustle. Mr. Denny was feeling better. Walking had tinged his thin cheeks with blood. During the haunting periods of doubt when he wondered if, after all, he could put it over—whether they would see—he sustained his sagging spirits by painting a mental picture of the scene when he told the whole story to Emmy, to beg forgiveness for deceiving her, and whisper of his vindication. His and Emmy's! It would be the really big night of his life!

And he was going to put it over. The expression was foreign to Mr. Denny, but something was developing within him that demanded new forms of expression. Something that made him move faster, almost think faster. It helped him in the moments of heart-sickening doubt—but not so much as the picture of Emmy, of course. How could it?

He formed the habit of thinking of Blood without awe. Wasn't Blood only a kid in comparison? At lunchtime he was ravenously hungry. He found that the constant exercise made his head sweat through to the band of his little gray cloth hat. For the first time in ten years he had

his hair clipped close. The result made the straggly mustache seem unnecessarily large. The barber suggested a trim crop. Mr. Denny assented.

The result almost scared him. Even Emmy noticed the change in his appearance.

"Don't you go making an old fool of yourself," she warned.

His wife's remark made Mr. Denny blush.

"Shucks," he said. "Don't you be foolish. What's any other woman to me? Huh?"

Emmy sought a large nut candy from the box on the floor beside the davenport.

"They're in the paper every day," she said calmly.

"Shucks!" scoffed Mr. Denny, but within himself he knew that he was guilty. Not as Emmy had joked—but guilty. But he would make it up to her. Poor Emmy!

V

TWO days later Mr. Denny did something that he had never done in the entire fifty-one years of his life. He walked into the office of a public stenographer in the Hotel Resolute and pulled out his bulging notebook. When he finished he had spent all but sixty-five cents of the extra week's pay Blood had given him at dismissal. The regular two weeks had, of course, gone to Emmy. With the girl paid, Mr. Denny felt like a man who has burned his last bridge behind him; who must go on, who cannot fail!

A trim maid answered his ring at the Deviston mansion. The house stood at the top of Cedar Hill, where its dining-room windows gazed out over the city to the gray-blue of the lake beyond. It was built of red stone and was very large. It was a monument to the elder Deviston as well as The Deviston Drug Corporation.

"Mr. Deviston is engaged."

Could he wait?

The girl hesitated. It was a business conference. Mr. Deviston rarely held them now. Colonel Harvey, the lawyer, and Mr. Rolin Deviston. Was it very important?

Mr. Denny had an idea. If Colonel Harvey and Rolin Deviston were here it meant that The Deviston Drug Corporation was assembled. Five years ago—two weeks ago—he would have turned and fled at the idea of facing any one of the trio. Today—maybe it was the funny way the cool air circulated about his head that made him reach for his remaining half dollar.

"I wonder if you'd let me scribble a little message on a card and send it in to Mr. Deviston. I think it would interest the other gentlemen too."

The girl still hesitated. "Is it important?"

For a moment Mr. Denny looked up into the girl's undecided face.

"Girl," he said solemnly, "it is the most important thing in this world."

And, despite the extravagance of the phrase, the girl believed it.

At the door of the library she stopped, undecided. Through the door came the voice of the master of the house, pitched in the peculiar treble of the chronically ill. "Damn it," he kept repeating, "it's funny. It's damn peculiar."

About to turn and lie to the little man, the girl remembered his eyes. She knocked timidly.

The same voice, irritated now, told her to enter. Three men were sitting around a big table which was littered with papers, which in turn were covered with ashes from the cigarettes of the master of the house.

"Well?"

Silently the girl handed over the card. Nervously Deviston adjusted his glasses and read the scribbled words below the name. Finished with the card he slowly removed his glasses. Finally he spoke.

"You fellows," he demanded, "do you believe in fairies?"

The colonel laughed.

"Why?" the other Deviston inquired.

He tossed the card on the table.

Both men leaned over the table and read the words scribbled on the card beneath the name of Mr. Henry Denny, 33 Anderson Court, N. E.

If Mr. Deviston will allow the writer five minutes he will be told why red ink appears on a Deviston statement—and why it will continue to appear there.

"Who is the fellow?"

Deviston answered the colonel's query with a reminiscent smile.

"He's a funny little old chap. Been with the house for nearly thirty years, I guess. Blood let him go last week. Told me he was sorry. Knew I disliked that sort of thing. Said it was necessary. Too damn old-fashioned. Too bad."

The colonel grunted. "Is it any use to listen to the complaints of a discharged employe?"

Deviston sucked his cigarette in silence for a moment. A yellow, twitching man of fifty-five perhaps. His eyes, however, functioned with the flash of an active man. Also—and it often passed unnoticed because of his other infirmities—a bit of twinkle softened their steel-gray depths.

"I suppose you're right," he admitted; "he arrived too damn pat to be true. But show him in anyway."

Deviston's first feeling was that of surprise. The old fellow looked as crisp and cool as the president of an old-line bank. Deviston found himself holding out his hand with no hint of patronage. The colonel, who had expected to grunt, found himself offering his hand, as did the other Deviston. They invited him to have a seat and a cigar. With a smile he refused them both.

Colonel Harvey turned his bulk from the table and faced the man.

"Now then, Mr. Denny," he said ponderously, "we are ready to hear why red ink appears on the Deviston operating statement. Shoot!"

Carefully Mr. Denny brought out his sheaf of typewritten notes. Carefully he went over the opening sentence which he had thought out in his little office.

"It is—it is all because of a man named O'Geary," he began slowly, "though my authority for saying this comes from another man entirely—the man who gave me the idea—a man named Alsa Green. He ——"

"What kind of gibberish is this? What the ——"

But Deviston cut the angry colonel short. "Shut up," he said amiably. "Go on, Denny! I remember O'Geary too!"

And Mr. Denny did. He was a man whom the old Denny would never have recognized, a man so dominated by an idea that the idea had raised him by his boot straps. Crisply he related the story of O'Geary as related by Alsa Green. Coldly he read aloud to them the results of his two weeks' investigation. In conclusion he said—and every word is etched on his memory to this day—"Gentlemen, there are two things which go to make up success in business. Both are quality. One is merchandise; the other is human. You can't sell quality merchandise on a price basis and be anything but a philanthropist. Increases in customers—doubling—tripling business—don't mean anything if a profit isn't shown. So much for that. Now then, if you sell a quality product, not on a price basis but on a fair margin, what becomes of your business? Gentlemen, the answer is O'Geary! Not salesmen that load, but salesmen that sell. Not just callers on trade, but trusted friends. That's all, gentlemen."

It had taken just thirty-seven minutes for Mr. Denny to plead the case of dry rot and fogyism.

For a moment nothing was said in the great room. Quietly Mr. Denny gathered together his papers, weak and almost helpless in reaction. Deviston arose abruptly.

"Wait for me, Denny," he commanded, and left the room.

The other two men moved to the window at the end of the long room and whispered earnestly. When Deviston returned the colonel swung about.

"We were just saying that maybe there might be something in this thing, Deviston. We might look up ——"

Deviston laughed.

"My dear colonel," he said with easy contempt, "that is just what we did when we appointed Blood. We wanted a colt—a high-spirited thoroughbred who could prance instead of plod; a thoroughbred who could energize the business of The Deviston Drug Corporation and make of it a modern up-and-doing business."

"And the thoroughbred has fallen down on the job"

The colonel said it heavily—like a judge pronouncing a sentence of eternal doom.

"Not by a jugful!" Deviston cracked out the words about the astonished colonel's head. "Not by a jugful!" he repeated vigorously. "It is we three who have been at fault. I knew it the moment Mr. Denny

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started to speak. I should have known it a year ago, I suppose."

"Just what ——" The colonel was floundering.

"Just this! We forgot the difference between a horse that plods and one that prances. We forget to give him a pair of blinders. Somebody who could advise without ordering—a sort of human bridle."

The other Deviston laughed. "A sort of business groom?"

"Not exactly. More like a stable mate. Get my idea, Harvey?"

The colonel nodded heavily.

"But we still have to find this—this assistant race horse—this advisory harness."

Deviston yawned, lit a cigarette. "Oh, that!" he said carelessly. "That was all settled fifteen minutes ago. Blood will be glad to see Mr. Denny as soon as possible."

The precious papers slipped to the floor as the colonel's applauding laugh boomed out. He tried to speak—to thank them—to assure them—he—he ——

"And now if Mr. Denny will do us the honor we will go in to luncheon. We can't keep him too long, colonel! Assistant race horses come higher than ordinary correspondents!"

And Mr. Denny was hungry!

VI

THEY faced each other over the same broad table. Without, rumors seethed up and down from typewriter to ledger and back again. Mr. Denny smiled gently and waited.

Blood held out his hand.

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Denny," he said pleasantly. "Mr. Deviston has told me the result of your meeting this morning, and the conclusions he has reached."

Mr. Denny nodded. "And you ——" he hesitated.

Mr. Blood grinned. It came to Mr. Denny as he noticed the grin that despite his thinning hair and his air of stiffness, Blood was only a boy.

"I'm glad," he said simply. "The way Mr. Deviston talked to me I think we're going to be real friends and show some real results—together."

Wet-eyed, Mr. Denny nodded.

And while the red-headed office boy knocked unheeded at the door the two shook hands.

VII

IN THE whirl of five-o'clock traffic Mr. Denny stepped out. It seemed a world apart. Newsboys shouted unnoticed in his face. Slithering lights flashed perilously close as he stepped off the curb at East Ninth Street. A bull-throated policeman bawled him back into the waiting crowd. Mr. Denny blessed him.

Emmy! For the first time since that memorable decision in the library Mr. Denny was able to give his thoughts undividedly to her. Oh, boy! The habit of twenty-nine years guided his flying feet. From the glowing window of a confectionery store inspiration darted out. Mr. Denny darted in.

"Ten—er—no, five pounds of the finest chocolate-covered nut candy you have," he commanded.

A moment later he was apologizing abjectly, a moist dime and five pennies resting in his palm. Inspiration saved him. He drew from his inner waistcoat pocket an ancient gold hunter.

"Would—would you hold this watch as security until tomorrow?" he pleaded. "It is worth very much more than the candy possibly could be—and—I need the candy for an urgent purpose."

The girl took the watch, shook it, opened it and smiled.

"I'll take a chance," she said.

Mr. Denny could have committed the one act of unfaithfulness in twenty-four years of married life—and kissed her.

Gradually the specialty shops of the upper avenue gave way to residences of a bygone day. At the tobacco shop where he bought the paper—Emmy's favorite evening paper—inspiration again sought him.

"Any new magazines with good love stories in, Harry?"

Harry had three, all with fine love stories. Mr. Denny took them.

"Pay you tomorrow night," he said. Emmy would be tickled.

It was hard to restrain from breaking into a trot as he reached the black little mouth of Anderson Court. It was hard not to shout the news from the street before the seventh stoop of Aladdin Terrace. It took him an age to find the keyhole.

The long narrow hall was dark. At the farther end no light shone in the dining room. From the darkened door of the living room Mr. Denny heard a long-drawn-out sigh. Peering through the gloom he saw the dim huge shape of his wife lying on the genuine mohair davenport. One of Emmy's sick headaches.

"Henry!"

"Yes, dear."

"Put on the hot water. You'll have to do the best you can."

Mechanically he put the large box of candy on the hall table and fumbled with his woven muffler.

"And, Henry?"

"Yes, Emmy?"

"Be quiet."

"Yes, dear."

Poor Emmy! He removed his coat with mouselike quiet. Also his rubbers.

Then: "How were things at the office today?"

Halfway down the hall towards the kitchen Mr. Denny halted. Suddenly he found himself speaking.

"Oh, so-so."

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The diagram shows most of the special features that make SUSSEX *Juniors* the ideal waist suits for boys and girls, but every detail—even down to buttons and stitching—that will lighten the load of Mother's mending basket is carefully incorporated into these garments.

Genuine bone buttons, because they are nearly indestructible and even though they cost four times as much as the usual imitations, are taped-on at the waist band.

The cloth from which SUSSEX *Juniors* (as well as *Seniors* and *Youths*) are made is "72-80 count" or better, because anything less strong will not give proportionate value.

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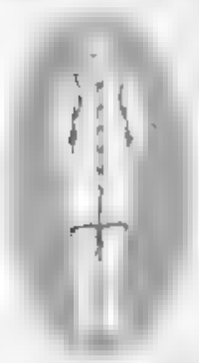
SUSSEX *Juniors* are sold by most dealers, but if you happen to strike one that doesn't yet have them, the value of these waist suits will justify your writing to us to find out where you can get them.



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PLEBE'S PROGRESS

(Continued from Page 11)

washstand with its crockery bowl and pitcher, one straight wooden chair and a standing locker, or wardrobe, that held his clothes were all that his room contained. Nor was this bare cell even a sanctuary. At any moment it was likely to be invaded by some ruthless tormentor bent on deriving entertainment at Marmaduke's expense. One night an impulse swept over him to abandon it all, to write home and ask permission to resign. He sat down and started to write.

Suddenly the door flew open with a bang. Before he even saw who it was he had kicked his chair back and jumped to his feet to a rigid attention, for his roommate would never have dared to enter any room in so vigorous a fashion. It was Spud Murphy, the particular bane of his existence at meals.

"What're you doing, Adonis?" he asked.

"Writing home, sir."

"Telling them all about the gay life here being one of Uncle Sam's pampered pets?"

"No, sir; I am asking for permission to resign."

"Oh, I see," Murphy softly replied. "Can't stand the gaff, eh?"

"I can stand anything!" Marmaduke hotly answered. "But I don't see the object in having to be insulted ten times a day!"

"You want to get hep to the right slant on this hazing business, Mister Satterlee," Spud said quietly. "Sit down there on your bed and listen to uncle. You plebes come here to the Naval Academy so fresh and so green and so ignorant that you are about as much use to the Navy as an umbrella is to a fish. You can go over to the Academic Building and the profs over there will teach you all you have to know about math and steam and English and what not. But there is no way in the world that you can get the true spirit of the Navy except through your daily life here in Bancroft Hall. It takes a hell of a lot of punishing to make pure hard-tempered steel out of pig iron."

The Reduction of Venus

"Right now, Mister Satterlee, you are nothing but a hunk of pig iron, so far as the Navy is concerned. You've got to be pounded and rolled and heated and cooled before you have the temper and strength to stand up to what the Navy demands of a man. If you haven't the backbone to take a little running now—or maybe a lot of running—why, you might as well trot on home to mother, for you'll never be able to stand the gaff in the fleet. What the Navy wants from here is men!"

Marmaduke's roommate occupied a cubicle similar to Marmaduke's, with a partition between them and a common door opening on the corridor.

Though his name was John Addison Kent, he had been promptly christened Venus upon Marmaduke's earning his sobriquet of Adonis. He weighed two hundred pounds and carried the irrepressible good nature that goes with being fat.

Gluttony was his besetting vice, and it was not long before the shrewd upper classmen taught him a lesson. He came into Marmaduke's room one evening and flung himself on the bed.

"Gosh," he gasped, "but I just caught the devil! Tried to sneak an extra cream puff out of the mess hall and Spud caught me. He took me to his room and made me shampoo myself with it. Then he asked me what I was famous for. I said, 'For not missing a day in Sunday school for five years.' So he says, 'Have you ever been sorely tempted, mister?' I said, 'Yes, sir.' Then he said, 'And did you withstand it?' I said I did, so he told me to take off my shoes, get on his bunk and show them how I'd wrestled with temptation. Gosh!"

He sat up and faced the future with disillusioned eyes.

"I'm to take off a pound a day until June." He made a rapid calculation. "I'll weigh forty pounds less than nothing by that time," he said drearily.

Daily Routine

The official Naval Academy Regulations were rigid ones. They covered every detail of a midshipman's daily life; and, to quote Venus, who often found himself in conflict with them, "They allowed a fellow almost as much leeway as a lifer at Sing Sing." Each midshipman took care of his own room, made up his bed and swept his floor. His shoes were shined by the colored janitor, or corridor moke; and except for a regulation haircut at the barber shop, that was the only personal service he received from any source.

Marmaduke's daily routine began when the sharp notes of reveille penetrated his sound slumbers. He leaped frantically from his narrow bed, and pulling all the covers over the foot of it he folded the mattress back double. This was the regulation procedure and was so ordered to kill any tendency he might have had to turn over and go back to sleep. It was hardly accomplished before an inspecting officer had flung his door open, swept the room with a swift glance and dashed on to the next room. The penalty for failure to be up and ready was to join the early-rising squad and report to the officer of the day a half hour before reveille for a period of one week.

After a cold shower Marmaduke and Venus hurriedly dressed and fell upon each other with whisk brooms. Their new uniforms of heavy woolen cloth had a fuzzy surface that gathered dust and lint and held it like a magnet. It was only by wetting their well-worn whisk brooms and brushing vigorously that they could achieve the state of spotless perfection demanded

The Interior of a Midshipman's Room

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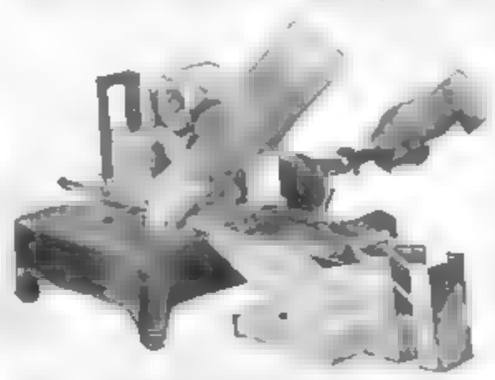
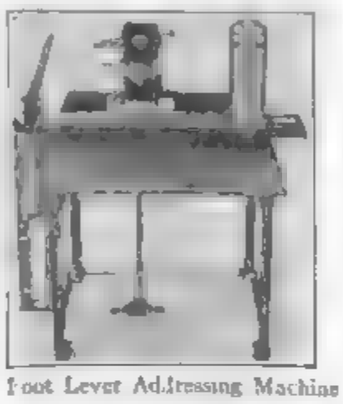
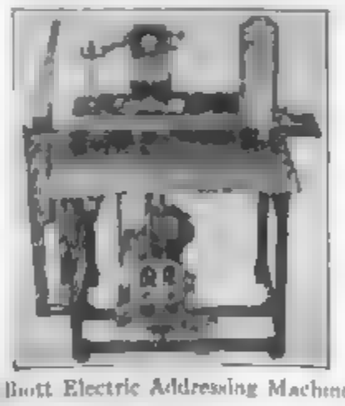


This is the $75 Elliott Addressing Machine



Elliott Foot Lever Addressing Machine $150



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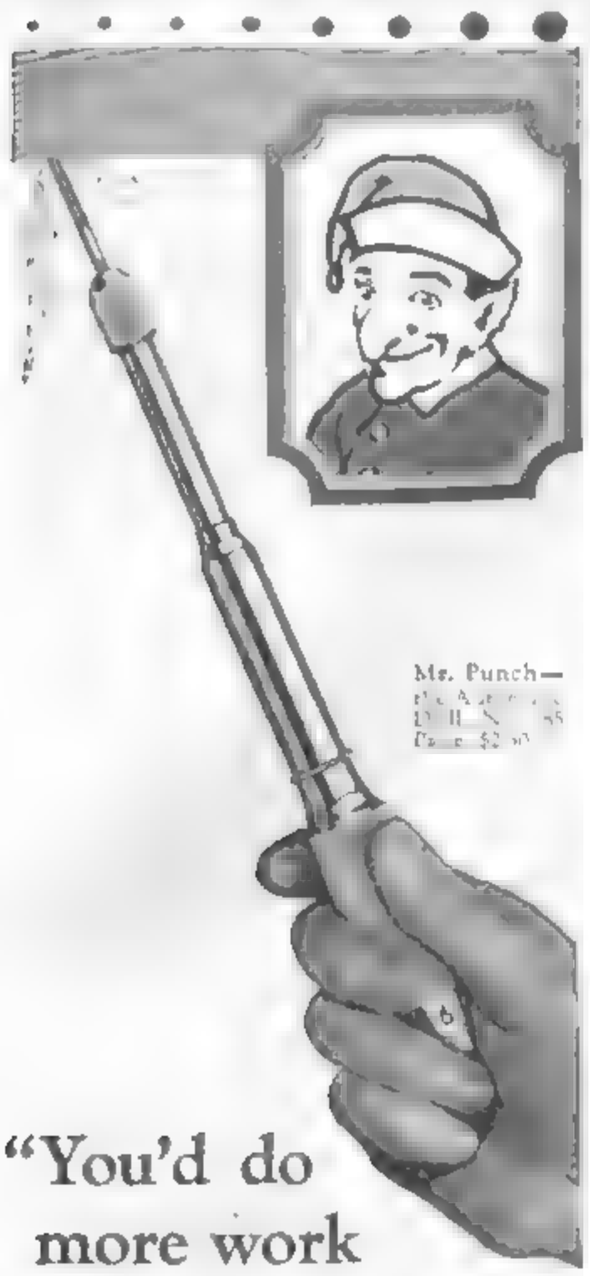
Mr. Punch bores eight different size holes



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says Mr. Punch

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at inspection. Fillyloo had hit upon the happy scheme of shaving his uniform with a safety razor but had been forced to go to inspection with the job half finished. The bright sunlight, falling across the dark expanse of his chest, showed the boundary line of progress and he was made to suffer grievously for his originality.

The ringing of a gong and the notes of assembly on the bugle sounded the call to breakfast formation, where, on arriving at their particular locations on the terrace, they fell into place and snapped to attention. Rapidly the ranks filled as the hurrying midshipmen arrived, until, with a mad gallop, a small group of late-blast dodgers slid into position just before the bugler blew the single blast that marked the limit of time allowed for a formation to be completed.

All during the formation the first classmen in the file closers were severely admonishing the plebes to "Get those shoulders back, mister!" and to "Pull your stomach up," until the plebes all somewhat resembled slim-waisted pouter pigeons. After inspection was over they closed ranks and marched to breakfast; but even during this march Marmaduke was not free from the unwearying attentions of his superiors.

"Wrinkles, mister, wrinkles!" the second classman who marched behind him would order; and Marmaduke, in response, would strain his shoulders back until the required five wrinkles appeared in the back of his skin-tight blouse.

A navy man rates everything. It is his noun, adjective, adverb and verb. The plebe at the academy rates zero himself, but is unmercifully rated.

Marmaduke soon learned that to rate a thing was to be entitled to it. To rate another person meant to be senior to him in rank. A rate is a law, or custom, or privilege, or obligation, as the term may apply. Each class adheres strictly to its rates. They are not written down in any book but are clearly defined, and violation of them brings swift punishment.

Shalt and Shalt Not

The strictest rate that plebes have to observe is to keep off Lovers' Lane, a winding strip of graveled walk across the grounds. This forbidden territory, which is not a lane and whereon lovers never tread, is distinctly a youngster rate. It is a plebe rate to turn all corners squarely, to carry a brace at all times, to answer "Sir" to every upper classman who addresses him and to do a number of other things that tend to make him reserved, self-effacing and, above all else, military in bearing.

Youngsters, or second-year men, rate a very great deal more than plebes, but their privileges are considerably limited. They cannot use the side doors to the building that are second-class doors, nor can they walk on Second-Class Walk, and running plebes at the table is denied them. The second, or junior, class has all these privileges but cannot enter Smoke Hall, the gathering place of the first class, who were in the days of Marmaduke's plebedom the only class allowed to smoke. All these rates are founded on tradition and custom, and some of them are of such force and long standing that they are recognized by and written into the regulations of the academy.

Marmaduke, to this day, from the habit acquired while a plebe, has an irresistible impulse to turn a street corner by advancing on it to the strategical point and then performing a geometrical right or left turn.

Classes filled his day until infantry drill, and at 6 30 the bugles rang out assembly again, and the regiment formed and marched to the evening meal. This was the time that the plebes received most attention, for it was the more leisurely meal of the day.

On one occasion Spud had learned that one of his plebes was the son of a high-ranking politician whose fiery oratory was the sensation of Congress.

"And do you possess any of your illustrious father's oratorical powers, mister?" asked Spud

"No, sir," earnestly answered the plebe.

"Ah, but, mister," Murphy urged, "you really should not let so great a family talent lie buried in yourself. Every officer in the Navy must know how to make a speech, orate freely. You may be called before a Senate investigating committee some day. Now suppose that you give us a two-minute lecture on the Whichness of What."

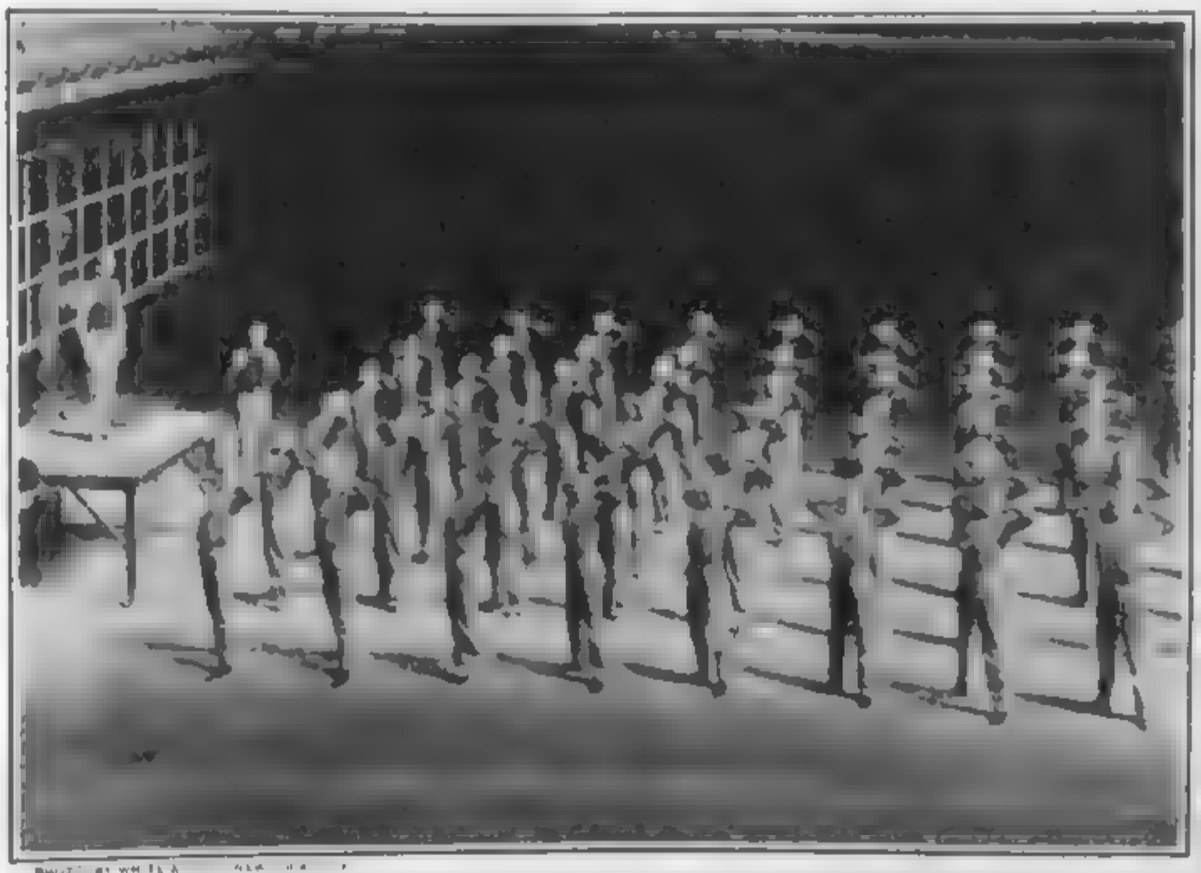
A Masterful Effort

The plebe cast wildly about for inspiration. As he moistened his lips for the third time Murphy sharply commanded him to proceed. Desperately he launched forth:

"My friends and fellow citizens, and those of you who are not my friends—I fear that there are many such here—I stand proudly before you tonight—no, I sit humbly between you tonight—and why should I not be sitting here between you tonight? Or why should I be sitting here before you tonight? And if so, why so? And if not, why not? And when and wherefore and wherever? And wherein as this day, time and place as heretofore or hereinafter mentioned I have heard the call of my people and must I answer? I ask you, must I answer? Yea, verily I say unto thee, thou and thine, his, hers or theirs, that I must answer. And what shall I answer? I repeat, what shall I answer? Gentlemen of the jury, there is but one answer, *sic semper tyrannis, nux vomica, pax vobiscum!* That, my friends, and those of you who are not my friends even unto the potentate who presideth over our festive board, is the sum and substance of that much mooted question, the whichness of what!"

"A masterful effort and worthy of your father's son," said Spud gravely. "Worthy, too, of the Senate when your time comes."

Now and then his attention sharpened to the real purpose that lay behind the unofficial discipline administered by the upper classmen. Marmaduke saw it employed in a different way. It is only natural that out of a group of several hundred boys between the ages of sixteen and twenty, recruited from the highways and byways of the nation, a certain percentage will be



The "Week Squad" at Drill in the Naval Academy Gymnasium

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lacking in the finer points of table etiquette. But the duties of a naval officer, the associations that he must establish and the prestige that he must maintain both at home and abroad demand that he be possessed of a high degree of culture and polish. Contrary to their usual methods these matters were handled with considerable delicacy and not a little sympathy. Pains were taken not to offend the corrected individual or to cast reflections on his early training, so far as that was possible; or else that correction was made under cover of a bit of good-natured persiflage that took the sting from it.

For instance, when a plebe left his spoon in his coffee the first man to notice it yelled, "Man overboard!" Or when he failed to place his knife and fork properly on his plate he was ordered to "Boat the oars!" If his elbows stuck out too far at the sides it was, "Rig in your booms, mister!"

But there were cases that required more careful handling than these minor discrepancies in deportment. When Marmaduke, glancing casually at one husky plebe out of the corner of his eye, saw him eating with his knife, he prepared to hear a storm break from the head of the table.

In a few moments Murphy's roving eye took note of the plebe's actions. He shoved back from the table and slid his chair down the aisle until he was behind the boy. Then he asked, so softly that Marmaduke, unconsciously straining to listen, could barely hear him, "Where are you from, mister?"

"Brady's Forks, Nevada, sir."

"What did you do before you came to the Naval Academy?"

"Worked in a copper mine summers, sir, and went to school in winter."

"Well, come around to my room tonight at 9:30, mister. I want to hear about life in the copper mines."

Marmaduke never knew what Murphy said to the plebe that night in his room, but he noticed that from that time on his table manners were considerably improved.

One afternoon during study hours Marmaduke heard the midshipman on duty on his deck shouting through the corridors, "All plebes report to the commandant's office and draw appointments!"

He dashed down and stood in line until he received an engraved document with a picture of a battleship at the top and a huge red seal at the bottom, flanked by the signature of the Secretary of the Navy. It bore the date of his admission to the academy and stated in high sounding and legal terms that with the approval of the President he was then and thereby appointed a midshipman in the United States Navy. Its delivery to him had been delayed for several months, due to its slow travel through official channels.

The Spirit of the Navy

The appointment, which he proudly thumb-tacked to the inside of his locker door, charged him to serve the Navy faithfully and well, and earnestly to obey all the laws and regulations thereof and the commands of his superior officers.

Marmaduke dwelt thoughtfully on the words "a midshipman in the United States Navy." And suddenly, with a sweep of emotion that thrilled him to the core, he realized that he was a component part—truly a small one, but still an integral part—of that glorious organization that keeps America's ensign flying on all the seven seas. And the spirit of the Navy, born on that proud day when John Paul Jones disdainfully answered from the deck of his sinking ship, "I have not yet begun to fight!" and fostered through the years by the deeds of such heroes as Lawrence, Perry, Farragut, Hobson and Dewey, entered into the soul of this callow youth, who had never even seen a battleship, and gave him the foundation whereon to build his character as a naval officer.

So Marmaduke found his resentment towards the upper classmen disappearing. He realized the truth of what Murphy had said and resolved to take the running he got without a murmur.

It was well he did, for at 9:30 that same evening he was hitched with two other plebes to a laundry basket in which Filly-loo was made to stand as a charioteer and compete against a similar vehicle brought down from the Fourth Battalion in an informal reproduction of Ben Hur's well-known triumph. Venus, garbed in a flowing bedspread, was mounted on a packing box to represent the fair lady for whose favor the race was run.

It was about this time, also, that Venus staged his one-man historical pageant of early life on the Mississippi River. This happened when, to a query from Spud as to how much previous seagoing experience he had had, he replied that he had traveled from St. Louis to New Orleans once on a side-wheel steamboat. So he was made to fill his washbasin full of water and sit down in it. Then, by pushing himself along the floor with his heels and splashing water vigorously out the sides with his hands, he simulated the stately progress of the Robert E. Lee churning majestically up the river. And to the delight of the crowd of upper classmen who had gathered, he made several landings alongside imaginary docks, turned and backed, blew his whistle, rang bells and sang several verses of Steamboat Bill. Marmaduke was made to follow close behind him with a pitcher of water, "to keep the Mississippi River from going dry."

The Human Phonograph

There was no drill on Wednesday afternoons, but Marmaduke did not enjoy the respite. He was so unfortunate as to be a member of the Weak Squad, which held a special gymnasium drill at that time. All midshipmen are given a strength test and must measure up to a standard that is gauged according to their heights. As Marmaduke was a tall, somewhat ungainly and not too broad-shouldered youth, he had been unable to pull the required number of pounds for his height and had consequently become a charter member of the Weak Squad in his class. So he spent much of his time in the gymnasium, pulling weight machines, climbing ropes and otherwise building up his neglected muscles. Venus was there likewise, working off his superfluous flesh; and the poundage that he lost, Marmaduke gained under the rigorous training. When Murphy discovered that they were both on the Weak Squad he supplemented their gymnasium training with a course of setting-up exercises every night just before taps, declaring that he was not going to suffer the disgrace of having two of his minions on the Weak Squad for very long. His system was a good one, evidently, for before long Marmaduke found his blouses too small in the neck and chest, while Venus' formerly tight-fitting jackets hung on his reduced but hardened torso like Mother Hubbards; and in the midyear strength tests both pulled off the Weak Squad with ease.

Though he bore up manfully under the running that he was receiving, Marmaduke did not enjoy it to any great extent. So Venus, who always came up smiling from his strenuous encounters with the upper classmen, endeavored to advise him.

"You want to kid 'em along," he said. "Don't let 'em scare you. Come back at 'em snappy!"

Marmaduke followed this advice the next Sunday afternoon with interesting results. Sunday afternoon, incidentally, was the plebes' worst time. Those second classmen who were on the second or third conduct grades were not allowed the regular Sunday liberty ordinarily granted to the second class. Getting over a certain number of demerits for one month put one on the conduct grade for the next month, with a consequent loss of privileges. The disgruntled midshipmen, who saw their more fortunate classmates hying forth for the town outside, usually vented their spleen on the luckless plebes. It was about 3:30 that four of them stalked into the salon of Venus and Adonis.

"Mister, we crave musical entertainment. Can you play a banjo?"

"No, sir."

"Mandolin, guitar, flute or a-cordeen?"

"No, sir."

"Well, what can you play?"

"I'm a bearcat on a phonograph!" boldly ventured Marmaduke.

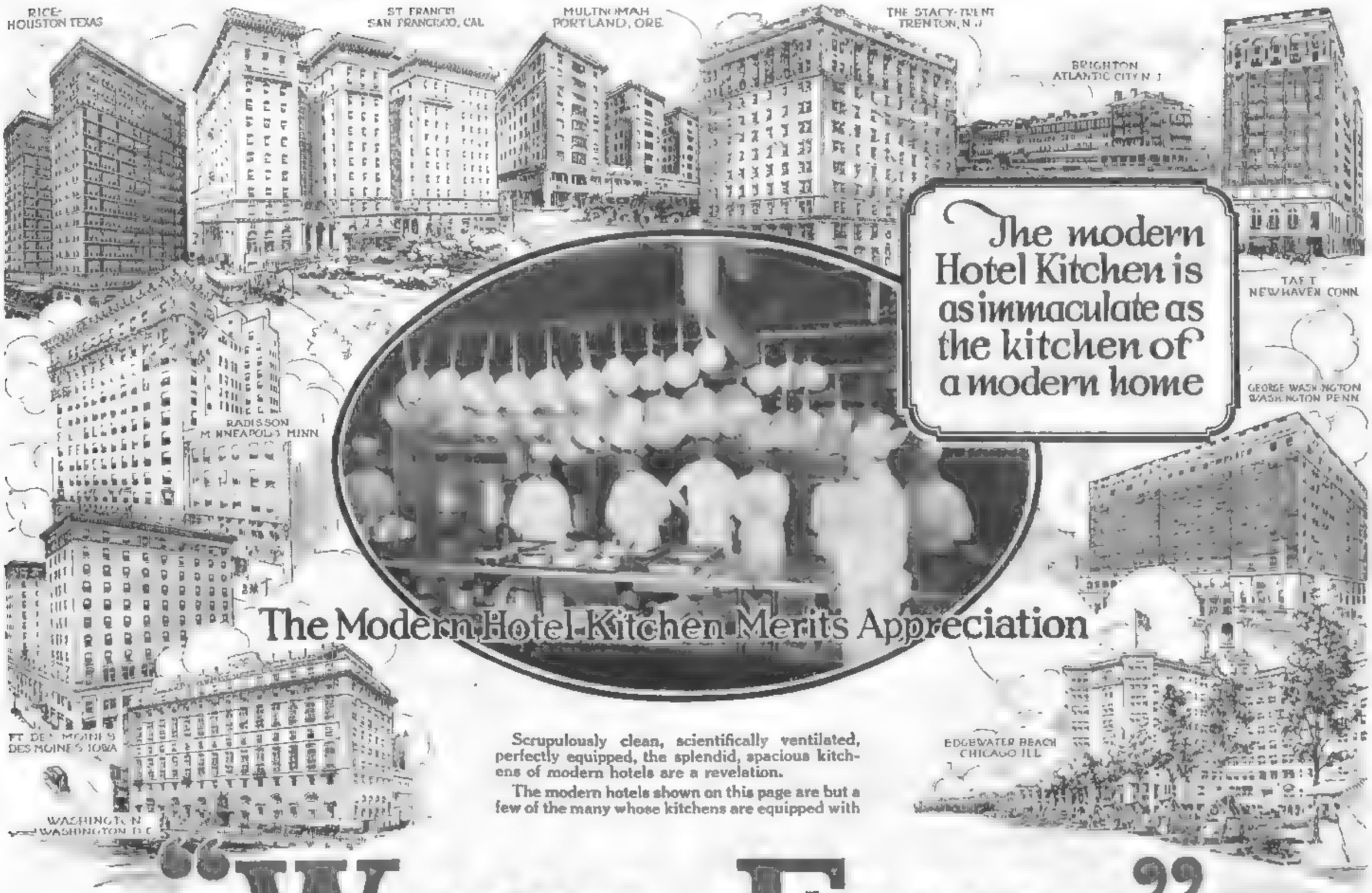
"Oh, you are, are you? And where is your phonograph?"

"At home, sir!"

"Well, now, that's too bad. We're just dying for some good phonograph music," the second classman burbled sweetly. "I suppose that you remember well the records you used to play back home. All right, get in that locker and close it, and every time I kick the door you change the tune. We must have our little phonograph in our home. And you, Venus, come sit by the music box and keep it wound up. Ready? Commence!"

So for nearly two hours Marmaduke sat in his locker, or wardrobe, and bravely

(Continued on Page 152)



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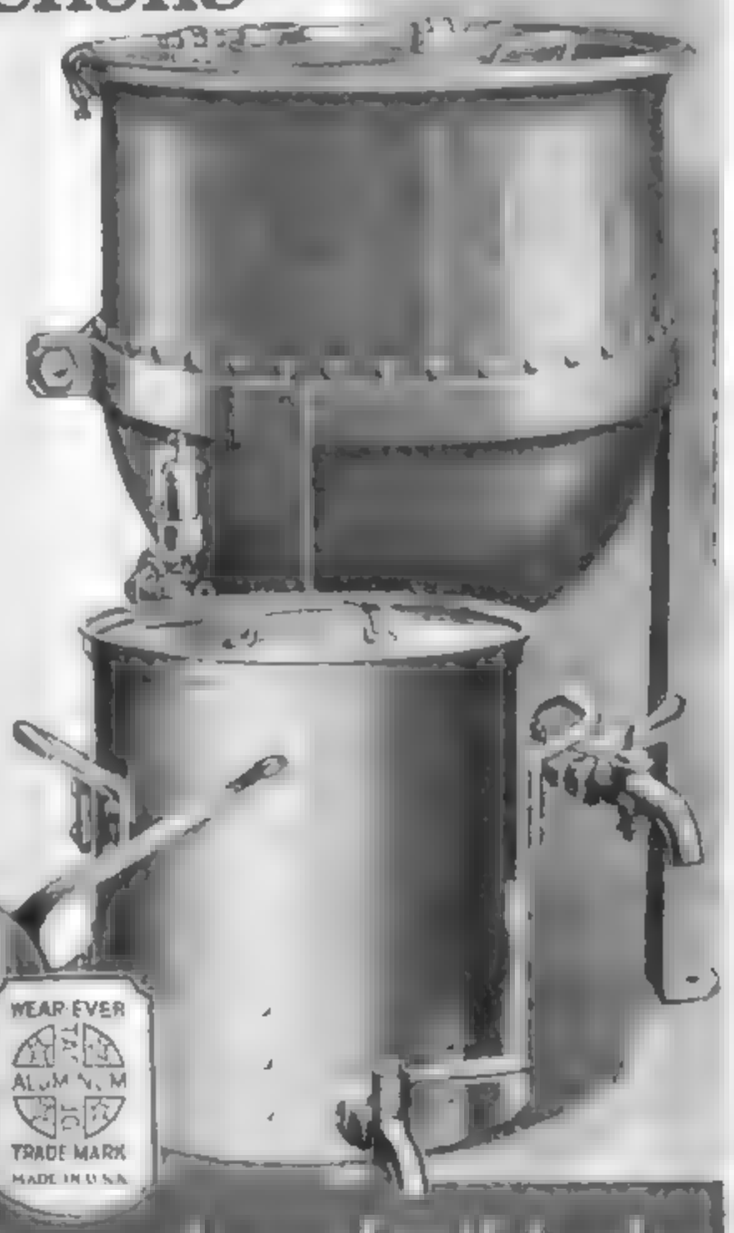

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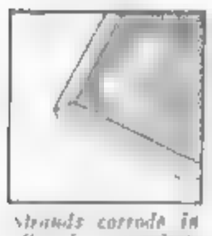
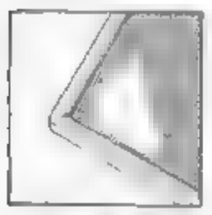


Strands corrode in alloyed screen cloth



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SEP 4-28

(Continued from Page 150)

sang until he could sing no more. His repertoire ran from ragtime to hymns, and he also gave several poor imitations of a jazz orchestra, a pipe organ and a piano solo, while Venus faithfully ground away at an imaginary handle outside.

"You see what your darn fool advice gets me!" Adonis stormed at Venus when they were alone again. But Venus only laughed at him as he tenderly massaged his aching arm.

Some of the rough spots that he encountered were smoothed out for Marmaduke by his spoons. They were the various upper classmen who exercised no hazing authority over him by virtue of the fact that they had shaken hands with him and thus obliterated class distinctions. Whenever an upper classman shook hands with a plebe he immediately lost all unofficial authority over him. All the upper classmen from his own state spooned on him as a matter of course. They were ever ready to assist him in any possible manner, and when he was in one of their rooms he was not subject to hazing.

The Army-Navy game came and went with the fever heat of excitement that preceded it and the terrible slump into the depths of disappointment that the Navy's defeat brought to the regiment. As Christmas drew near anxious hearts began to look fearfully towards the dreaded semi-anns, the examination that came at the close of the first term. The Christmas tree went up shortly before the holidays. It was a list of the midshipmen who were in danger of failing in their studies, and who, as a consequence, would be denied Christmas leave. Marmaduke rejoiced to find his name not upon it and so spent three happy days with an aunt in New York, as his home was too far away to reach in so short a time.

From this all-too-brief vacation, free from such tribulations as reveille, studies, drills and the activities of energetic upper classmen, Marmaduke reluctantly returned to the grind of academic life. It was about this time that the winter pie-racing season opened.

On every night that the dessert was pie a pie race was in order. This race was sometimes between all the plebes; sometimes between Murphy himself and some plebe whom he chose to compete against him; and sometimes between the champion of Table 37 and some adjoining table. To win the race it was necessary to get all the piece of pie out of sight, and whistle. Fillyloo soon became champion of Table 37, as he had a tremendous mouth and could encompass a wedge of pie at one bite. So Table 39, which claimed to have the champion of the mess hall, was challenged to come over and defend its claim.

Spud's Strategy Wins

Excitement ran high, and each table wagered all its dessert for three days on the outcome.

"If you beat that hungry-looking plebe from 39, Fillyloo, you can carry on for a week. Better get a shoe stretcher and spread your jaws. All you plebes want to root like the devil, because if he loses nobody at this table gets dessert for three days, and I'm a mean *hombre* without my dessert," Murphy warned them.

The time arrived and all was set. The first and second classmen moved quietly over from Table 39 near the close of the evening meal, and the two contestants were placed opposite each other at the middle of the long table. The championship belt lay between them. Each had seconds and managers, and there were three disinterested judges. The referee carefully measured each piece of pie with micrometric calipers and announced them identical to the thousandth of an inch. The plebes were allowed to relax and watch the show.

"Ready, 39?" called the referee.

"Ready!"

"Ready, 37?"

"Ready!" answered Spud, who was managing Fillyloo. He then whispered swiftly into Fillyloo's ear. Fillyloo nodded in an assured manner.

"Draw ammunition!" sharply ordered the referee.

Each plebe slipped his right hand under his pie like a shovel.

"Aim!"

The wedge tip of each piece of pie was brought to within an inch of the yawning cavity that awaited it.

"Fire!"

Fillyloo's opponent pushed his pie violently into his mouth, and, after chewing twice, began to swallow in gulps. At this point, however, Fillyloo faintly but clearly whistled. The strategy of Murphy had triumphed! He had practiced with Fillyloo in secret and had trained him to cram all the pie into his capacious mouth, and, without attempting to swallow, to push a hole through it with his finger to admit air to his lips. He then whistled with comparative ease and proceeded leisurely to chew and swallow the pie amid the plaudits of his backers and the howling protests of the delegation from Table 39. And the timekeepers announced in wonder and amazement, "Three and one-half seconds!"

Fillyloo had broken a record of long standing, and a new champion had arisen.

"All right, Fillyloo, you carry on for a week. All you plebes can carry on tonight," Murphy ordered.

Carrying on was a much coveted privilege that the plebes were allowed only on special occasions. It consisted of acting with the freedom and lack of restraint of a youngster. So with sighs of pleasure all the plebes dropped their elbows on the table and leaned back to enjoy once more the almost forgotten comfort of a chair back.

January was review month for the semi-anns, and the upper classmen let up considerably on the plebes that they might be entirely free to prepare fully for the coming ordeal. When it was over ninety-five of Marmaduke's classmates had been found unsatisfactory for the course and were forced to resign. Proportionate toll had also been taken of the upper classmen; and in all, over a hundred and twenty-five disappointed midshipmen packed their belongings and headed for home. This, in the Naval Academy slang, is termed bilging. Most of those who bilged owed their downfall to mathematics, for the courses in that subject at Annapolis are very difficult.

Salt Water Lore

When the smoke of battle had cleared away, and two or three days of rest had refreshed the weary brains of the regiment, they plunged into the second term with graduation but four months away. It was then that Marmaduke's seagoing education began.

One evening at dinner Murphy announced, "All right, you plebes, you'll all be youngsters in a few months and out to sea on your youngster cruise. Can't have you going aboard ship a bunch of landlubbers. So we'll organize a class in seamanship. Adonis, you learn the name and location of all the lights that a battleship carries. Fillyloo, you be able to box the compass. Venus, learn all the markings on a lead line. Cicero, you find out all about buoys and channel markers; and the rest of you plebes learn the specifications and distinguishing features of all the ships in the First Division of the Atlantic Fleet and the name of the captain of each ship. If you can't find it anywhere else, come around to my room and I'll loan you the books."

And so it went every evening for three months, until the plebes, some of whom had never seen a battleship, knew more about the Navy than a number of people far more intimately concerned with its upkeep. They also became well versed in naval history and traditions.

Fillyloo was the first one to hit a snag in this particular channel of historical research, for when Murphy asked "Who commanded our fleet at the Battle of Santiago?" Fillyloo promptly answered, "Admiral Dewey, sir," and sat on infinity for the rest of the meal for gross ignorance.

"Who were the three admirals of the American Navy?" Marmaduke was asked next.

"Why, there have been dozens of admirals in our Navy, sir!" Marmaduke brightly replied.

"There have been just three admirals of the Navy in our history, mister. Now, who were they?"

"John Paul Jones, Farragut ——"

"Enough! Under the table and find out by tomorrow!"

"Now, Cicero, where and by whom were these words said, 'We have met the enemy and they are ours'?"

"Julius Cæsar sent that word back to Rome when he conquered Gaul," the young orator replied in a confident tone.

"Oh, Father Neptune, save us!" groaned Spud in an awful voice. "The ignorance of you plebes is appalling! You'll be telling

me next that Hobson sank the Merrimac in the Erie Canal with a salvo of hot Frankfurter sausage. Get under the table, Cicero," he continued wearily, "and join that other young scholar down there. Take your plate with you; you're not coming up until two bells rings.

"Now, Venus, I'll give you a chance to redeem your class honor. Tell me, and tell me truly, when was the Naval Academy founded?"

And Venus, who had not the faintest idea as to the correct date, bravely answered, "Seventeen hundred and seventy-five, sir!"

This greatest of errors so outraged Murphy that he fired a roll at Venus' head. It sailed by his ear and landed in the soup of the first classman in charge of the neighboring table. In the intertable bombardment that ensued Venus slid quietly from his chair out of a cross fire of potatoes, rolls and other compact edibles that was in progress between Spud and his unintended victim, who had returned the roll with interest as soon as he had ascertained whence it came. But from that time on Marmaduke and his companions at Table 37 became assiduous students of naval history.

About time for the dessert to come on the table Spud called them all up, and fixing a stern eye on Marmaduke, he asked, "What's the dessert, Adonis?"

"Shiverin' Liz and goo, sir!" promptly answered Marmaduke.

"What kind of Shiverin' Liz?"

"Strawberry, sir!"

Shiverin' Liz turned out to be a huge bowl of strawberry jelly, and goo was the island of whipped cream that rode its quivering crest. It so happened that Venus had an all-consuming passion for this dessert, and when it came his time to help himself he took what Murphy considered as more than his share.

"You must be fond of Shiverin' Liz, Venus?" he mildly inquired.

"Er—yes, sir," Venus replied in confusion.

"Well, I'm not, and you'll eat my share and all that is left over, too!" Then he called down the table, "Pass up all the dessert that nobody wants. Our young human skeleton, Venus, here, will eat all of it." Then, with Murphy urging him on, Marmaduke's roommate ate the quivering gelatin until the bell rang for the close of the meal.

"Gosh, I feel like a mountain of quicksand!" he confided to Marmaduke when they were back in their room. "But I got enough Shiverin' Liz for once," he sighed with satisfaction.

Tyrants Turn Tutors

Two weeks in the hospital with influenza during March gave Marmaduke a welcome respite from the strenuous life in Bancroft Hall, but it set him so far behind in his studies that he failed the monthly examinations in mathematics and Spanish, or Dago, as the midshipmen term it. He struggled manfully during April to make up the deficiency, but the beginning of May, the last month before the final examinations, or anns, found him still far below the needed average in mathematics, although he had pulled up his mark in Spanish.

"Any of you plebes at this table unsat?" Murphy asked one night at the table.

Marmaduke and Fillyloo answered simultaneously, "Yes, sir."

"What are you unsat in, Fillyloo?"

"Dago, sir."

"And you, Adonis?"

"Math, sir."

"Well, you two plebes come around to my room tonight at nine o'clock. My roommate isn't good for much, but he's a shark in Dago. And I can help you out a little, maybe, in math, Mister Satterlee."

Spud's roommate, incidentally, was Long Jawn O'Malley, the company commander, or three-striper. Spud was the first petty officer of the company and acted as right guide.

When the two plebes reported to the room of the first classmen that night they were immediately put at their ease and each was taken in hand for an intensive session of coaching that lasted until taps. Neither plebe realized at the time that their instructors were denying themselves the privilege of a trip to Smoke Hall for their evening smoke. Smoke Hall was the only place in the building in which the first class were allowed to smoke. And they both left for their room with instructions to report back every night for a similar session.

"You plebes tell anybody who tries to run you in your rooms that I said you were to be left alone," their three-striper ordered them. "You are unsat and can't be bothered with any foolishness until after the anns are over. And you see to it, Spud, that they are not made to learn any stuff to recite at the table. That doesn't mean that you can carry on," he sternly warned them. "But you do your darndest and come around here every night, and I think that we can bat the anns for a row of coal barges. Good night."

The month of May was one of strenuous study for Marmaduke. He went over each lesson twice alone and twice with Spud Murphy at night, and to the surprise of his instructors piled up a high enough mark for the month to give him a faint edge of velvet for the examinations.

The scale of marks at Annapolis runs from zero to four, which is perfect. The passing mark is 2.5. Marmaduke came out of the annual examinations with a 2.52 in mathematics and knew that he was safe.

As he was copying his marks from the bulletin board Fillyloo nudged him and whispered in suppressed glee, "Knocked Dago for a two-six-eight! What do you know about that?"

Washed Whiter Than Snow

"Hey, what do you plebes mean by talking in the corridor?" Murphy's voice sharply interrupted them. "Don't you know that isn't a plebe rate? Hike yourselves around to my room and sit on infinity for five minutes. It's three days until you become youngsters, and I'll see to it that you catch hell in the meantime. Did you both pass everything O. K.?"

"Yes, sir!" they both joyously chorused.

"Make it ten minutes on infinity, then. You'll be getting too cocky to live with here soon!" he growled at them as they marched away in single file at the plebe quickstep.

"Can you beat it?" gasped Fillyloo when they returned to Marmaduke's room after doing the prescribed penance. "Treated us like long-lost brothers for a month, as long as we were unsat, and as soon as we pull out he slams us on infinity for nothing at all!"

Marmaduke wired home that he was academically safe and began making preparations for the coming graduation activities and practice cruise, which immediately followed. Already four grim gray battleships lay in waiting off the lighthouse at Greenbury Point. His room was a confused disarray of equipment for the cruise and the clothes and books to be packed and left behind. He was looking forward with great anticipation to the June ball the night after graduation, for it would be his first hop, as plebes are forbidden the dances at Annapolis. A girl was coming down to go with him, a girl he had never seen. He was dragging blind, as it is termed in the slang of the Naval Academy. The girl was the roommate of Venus' home-town flame, who was attending a boarding school in Washington. Marmaduke's heart was all a-flutter.

But plebe year was not over; most decidedly not, as they soon found out. With the anns off their minds the upper classmen turned to give the plebes a glorious wind-up to their year of bondage and they did so most thoroughly. The night before graduation was the worst. Marmaduke spent it, or the major part of it to his dazed perception, standing on his head in his shower bath with the cold water plastering his wet pajamas to his shivering frame and pouring into his upturned face in a miniature Niagara.

Shortly after taps a troop in bathrobes marched into his room and roughly ordered, "Get out and get under! We're going to wash you whiter than snow, mister, so that you can enter youngster year with a pure heart and a clear conscience. No, don't take off your pajamas; just get right under!"

Marmaduke had hardly changed into dry pajamas before another party arrived and the performance was duplicated. His third and last suit of pajamas went in the same fashion, and he was made to get back into his dry bed with the wet pajamas on. From then on he simply huddled within his raincoat in drenched expectation between his periodic baptisms until the rosy flush of dawn, when, as was the custom of years at the Naval Academy, the plebes dressed in working clothes and turned out en masse to put the first classmen under the showers in the selfsame fashion. It was the plebes'

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inning, and tradition decreed that the first classmen take it with good grace. This they did. Marmaduke led the crowd of plebes straight to Spud Murphy's room first. It was with a mixture of fiendish delight and a lurking fear that he could not entirely dispel that he flung open the door and ordered, "Up you come, in here! Get out and get under!"

From beneath his cover Murphy fired a shoe at Marmaduke and challenged, "Come and get me!"

With a whoop Marmaduke led his cohorts for the bed, and the struggling first classman was dragged from it and to the door of the shower. As they flung him beneath the cold stream of water Marmaduke ordered, "On your dome and hold it!" And Murphy, who, true to his training, played the game hard and straight, meekly stood upon his head while the water cascaded down his body. A second later his roommate, the mighty and awesome three-striper, was heaved bodily in alongside him; and, upon the order to do so, likewise erected his bare feet towards the ceiling in the full force of the cold shower.

All the plebes at Table 37 ate their last plebe breakfast sitting on infinity.

When Assembly blew at 9:30 for the regiment to fall in for the graduation exercises Marmaduke and Venus gave each other a final careful inspection, readjusted their cartridge belts for the dozenth time, squared their caps on their heads and with wildly pounding hearts grasped their rifles and double-timed out to their last formation as plebes. The first class were to march over in a body, and the second classmen, who were acting as company officers, wore their swords in a self-conscious, somewhat awkward fashion and shouted their commands in voices a trifle shrill from nervous tension. They did not neglect the plebes, however, and reminded them frequently and forcibly that they were still fourth classmen.

Graduation Ceremonies

As Marmaduke marched through the doors of the great armory he exultantly reflected that when once again he passed through those portals he would no longer be a lowly plebe, although at that moment he was fairly choking in the June heat in the effort to hold his head up and his chin in, while a belligerent second classman behind him was harshly demanding, "Wrinkles, mister, and lots of 'em!"

Then with a babel of shouted commands the regiment swung into place and the first class entered, all in beautifully starched whites, all looking soberly to the front as they marched steadily towards the seats they would occupy.

"Attention! Pre-sen-n-n-t umph!"

With machinelike precision, two thousand white-gloved hands snapped a thousand old Krag-Jörgensen drill rifles to the salute and the band sounded four ruffles and the National Anthem. Then the President, the Secretary of the Navy, the superintendent of the academy and the official party marched down the aisle of rigidly presented pieces and up to the rostrum.

Marmaduke heard little of the several speeches that followed, for he was too occupied with obeying such whispered commands as, "Get 'em back and keep 'em back, you plebes!" and, "What d'ye think that gun is, a crutch?" "Lean off it and hold it up right!" As he clasped the muzzle of his rifle close against his belt buckle in a perfect posture of Parade Rest, he presented a very different picture from the undeveloped youth who donned the uniform he wore for the first time some eight months past. Two inches broader of shoulder and infinitely broader of comprehension, with firm, well-shaped muscles that were no firmer than the composed, determined purpose that showed in his face, he proudly stood, a survivor of the ordeal, his worth proved and the first and hardest encounter won in this struggle towards his cherished goal.

No More Rivers

They were giving out the diplomas. Marmaduke dimly heard name after name called out and bursts of applause from the banked crowds of proud friends and relatives, who filled the lower seats and all the balconies in a mass of varicolored summer frocks.

"Midshipman Morrell!" An erect figure rose and strode briskly up to the rostrum.

"Midshipman Moran!"

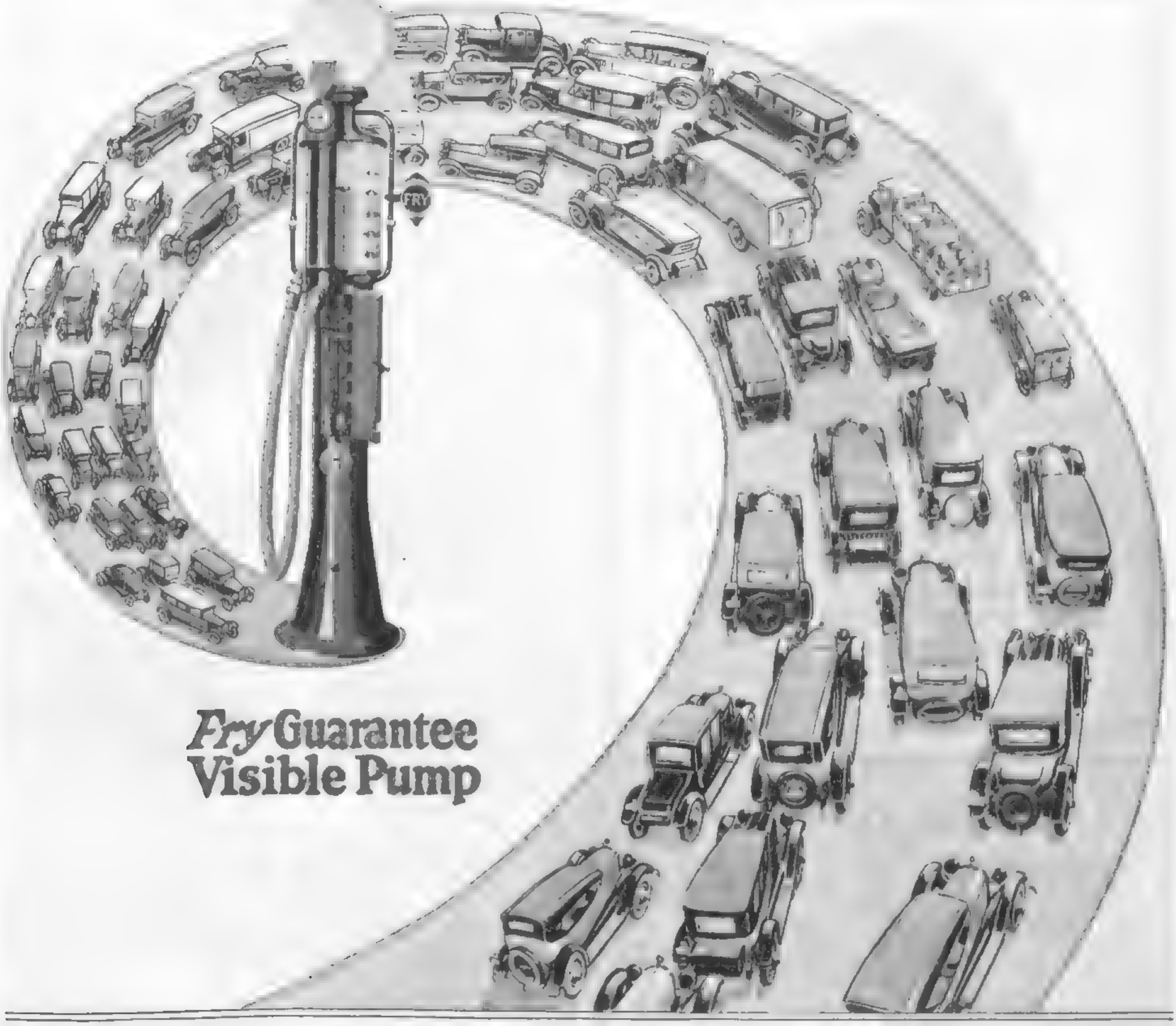
"Midshipman Murphy!"

Very far away he appeared to Marmaduke as he marched up, received his tube of rolled parchment and turned back towards his seat. His eye caught the plebe's, and a faint, rather wistful smile played around his lips. And suddenly Marmaduke felt a catch in his heart and a suggestion of dryness in his throat as he realized that the days of Spud's friendly tyranny over him were gone, and that the harassed vassalage of plebedom was a very happy one after all.

Graduation was all over, and the first class, now ensigns in the Navy, flung their old midshipman caps in the air and dashed from the armory, snake-dancing to the tune of No More Rivers. At the same time the several hundred newly made youngsters flung down the guns they had borne during the exercises, which, true to time-honored custom, the newly promoted second class picked up and put away. Then they snake-danced themselves down the sacred precincts of Lovers' Lane, chanting exultantly, "'Tain't no more plebes! 'Tain't no more plebes!"

And as Marmaduke felt that graveled walk beneath his feet while he swayed to the twists of the dance, he realized that he had at last found a solid foundation whereon to stand, and that no longer was he sitting on infinity.

Mist-Shrouded Summit of Mount Rainier, Washington, From the Tatoosh Peaks South of Paradise Park



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PROFESSIONAL YOUTH

(Continued from Page 14)

chests a large placard with "Look at me—I'm terrible" lettered upon it.

You cannot conscientiously feel that you have any working knowledge of what life among the Apaches is like until you have heard these boys repeat a few of their favorite selections. It comes out that one orgy after another is bogey for them and their regular bedtime is all hours, at the earliest. They confide that you could count on the thumbs of one hand the number of sober breaths that they have drawn since they got out of grammar school. Rather uncomfortably blood-chilling are the tales they tell of the crimes that they have committed when the beast in them was unleashed by the Haig boys; how they paid a hansom driver to let them climb up in his seat and take the reins, or went right up to a policeman and asked him how he got that way, or drove around and around the park in an open taxicab, singing Lord Geoffrey Amherst in harmony close to the point of stuffiness. You gather from the general trend of the conversation that the next step for them will be the gutter. It seems to be a hospitably wide-open secret that if it wasn't for them, bootlegging in America would be on the rocks today.

And it is little short of devastating to see how bitterly hardened they are to the effects of strong drink. You never in your life saw an uglier crack tendered than the old one about its taking more than one swallow to make a snootful. One high ball, and the boys get right up and do impersonations of Charlie Chaplin; two, and they have to be held back from going out and taking over the railroads. The person who got up the line about not knowing where the younger generation is coming to certainly worked the whole thing into a nutshell.

Some of the young ladies of Tommy's circle, too, make it their whole career to drive home to you the startling truth that things are not what they used to be when grandma was a girl. "Daring" is no word for them. You can't steal a look at them any time of the day but what they are being just as daring and modern and unconventional as it is possible to be and still stay out of Bedford. And just as unconscious of the effect they are creating as if they were doing it all before a camera too.

Girls Will be Girls

The funny thing is that if you took only a quick glance at them you would think they were nothing more than regular girls. They may run a bit to trick earrings, and it is evident that much of this talk about rouge and lip sticks has its foundation in fact; but there is nothing, really, that you wouldn't see right in your own home. They seem to be coming along pretty nicely with their inhaling, yet it isn't anything to write to the papers about. It has been several years since there was any cause for any grave alarm about tobacco's stunting their growth.

It is in their conversation that the girls get in some of their snappiest work. Bright as a dollar bill, they are, every one of them; and frank—well, there isn't a slang phrase that they would stop at. It is pointed out at some length in many modern literary works that there are few things sweeter and more wholesome than the girl of today's attitude toward sex. She just looks unflinchingly at the thing with those widely advertised clear eyes of hers, remarks, in effect, "So that's what all the fuss is about!" and calls it a day. And you can see from these friends of Tommy's that the rumor has not been exaggerated in the least. There is no unwholesome mystery about sex to them; in fact so healthy, so buxom almost is their attitude toward it that they seldom if ever talk about anything else. If sex should suddenly be abolished the girls could never make another sapient crack.

They just work those little curly heads of theirs to the bone striving to get a shock into every sentence. It is rough going, this living up to all their press notices, but the girls never fall down on the job. They are conscientious to a somewhat grave fault about giving their audience its money's worth in thrills; but then, it's in one of the finest little causes in the world.

So they do their stuff valiantly, running on just the way the heroines do in the prom-girl school of fiction—for, after all, who are they that they should make a liar out of literature? It is rather evident that for all their appearance of fresh—to put it mildly—youth, there are some pretty fairly sable pasts attached to them. They let fall with many an ugly thud hints of hands held and dances cut, and they don't mind how far out of their way it takes them if they can bring it to your attention that they have plumbed life right to the depths and are fully able to fill in the missing letters in the word "d——n." They watch hopefully for any signs of grogginess that their unconventionalities may cause in the listener, pausing eloquently after each of their most telling nifties, as who should say, "Hear that one? Pretty snappy work, eh?" It is more fun to listen to them chattering away so freely and frankly; it is all just as impromptu as the Passion Play.

If you want to be as good as hand in glove with the intellectual side of things, too, Tommy can give you the chance of a lifetime to take a look at the younger intelligentzia. He counts any number of clear-eyed young rebels among his intimates.

Nothing Left But the River

But I shouldn't, if I were you, go in expecting them to turn out to be regular little balls of fire. If at any time you entertained the idea of painting your district red they aren't really the boys that you would call in to help you out with the job. They are scarcely the logical persons that you would select for the post of trying out new steps on the table or holding up any silk hats to be kicked. They seem to be always rather low in their minds, and there is a general air about them as if the chambermaid had neglected to dust that morning. The farthest that they go in the way of whooping things up is to give an occasional short laugh of quiet contempt.

For you might just as well be all set, before you meet them, to find them pretty seriously displeased with the way things are being done. It is all very well for you to be apologetic and to beg them to give the world just one more chance to try to be a better boy, but it's no use. They are definitely off everything, and that's flat. You are given the choice between taking it and letting it alone, reading from left to right.

They are in an especially depressed state about America. They stack right up with its severest pals and best critics. The country has turned out to be a practically total loss—no art, no literature, no folk dancing, no James Joyce no appreciation, no native basketry, nothing; just so much real estate, inhabited by a lot of people who follow the comic strips, present automobiles to baseball players and keep conscientious track of what film will be shown at the local Bijou Dream the week after next.

The boys can't even drag much hope out of the thought that their brave little band of youthful cognoscenti will put the country on its feet. After all they are but a thin red line; and Babbitts multiply so rapidly. It looks really as if there were nothing much left but the river.

Almost any night you can see the young intelligentzia gathered up at Tommy's, a sort of intellectual Kiddies' Klub, you might call it. There they all are, tots in their waning twenties and early thirties—the cunningest age, I often say it is; just the time when they're into everything—kidding back and forth about poetry and art and sex until it's long past the time for the sandman to come. And you will find things will work out considerably prettier for you if, when they get fairly started interchanging good ones, you don't even attempt to put up your glove and intercept the talk. Just let it whistle on over your head, and maybe if you sit quiet you will be able to pick up something rather snappy to take home to the family.

And the kiddies seldom fail to toss off a few ideas that are guaranteed to knock you, if not cold, at least pretty uncomfortably chilly. They usually start off in lighter vein with some comical cracks at the aged. There is not much in this life that can win a snicker from them, but they do have to indulge in a rousing smile when they think of those poor old souls of forty-five and forty-seven trying to stagger along in the wake of progress. Yet they are a bit worked up over it, too, even

though they are the first to see its humorous side. You gather that growing old is something that people do just to be mean.

Some of the boys, in fact, take the thing so much to heart that they come right out and say their highest hope is that someone will be public-spirited enough to come along and shoot them before they reach forty. And it looks from here like a pretty good ten-to-three bet that they will get their wish.

But it is when they cease bantering and get down to the really deep stuff that they will open your eyes for you. Many a night will you spend tossing on a hot pillow after these little ones have shown up life to you as it really is. Disillusioned is no name for them; you might just as well go right ahead and call them cynical, for short.

It all comes out with a rush, once they get started. They come clean with the news that war is a horrible thing, that injustice still exists in many parts of the globe even to this day, that the very rich are apt to sit appreciably prettier than the very poor. Even the tenderer matters are not smeared over with romance for them. They have taken a calm look at this marriage thing and they are there to report that it is not always a lifelong trip to Niagara Falls. You will be barely able to stagger when the evening is over. In fact, once you have heard the boys settling things it will be no surprise to you if any day now one of them works it all out that there is nothing to this Santa Claus idea.

What with keeping up with the Hollywood society notes and with remembering to feed Fluff and Chum, the family brace of goldfish, I don't, myself, have much time for sitting and dreaming in the candle-lit gloaming. But when I do get a moment to myself I lavish it upon wondering what people used to get excited about before the present younger generation came along. Maybe it is not safe to trust in memories of departed youth, yet it seems that all this about things being so different from what they were when grandma was a girl is something of an overstatement. Where the boys and girls of grandma's day made their big mistake was in using the wrong kind of advertising. If ever a man deserved firing it was their press agent.

I don't know who it was that started the nation-wide publicity campaign for our present young folks. But you couldn't ask to see a sweeter job, no matter who did it. And all novel stuff too. Not a milk bath or a jewel robbery in the lot.

Getting Themselves Condemned

The commercial genius who began the grand work of selling this younger generation to the public went right ahead on the principle that, after all, there is but one sure way to get people talking—simply give them something to talk about; and then you can retire to the country estate and go in for raising double petunias, comfortably sure that your work will be carried right along for you.

One hearty look back at the way things were done in grandma's day convinced the publicity agent for the modern young that that was no way to crash into the news. It may have been all very well, but it never set people to gathering in little knots on street corners, talking the matter over in hushed voices. Then, according to popular folklore, girls were gentle and low-voiced, ready to faint at the drop of a garter, unable to feel really themselves without their flannel petticoats, given to modest white muslin dresses, with perhaps a bunch of daisies at the belt if they wanted to go in strong for sex appeal. The young men of the period were honest and noble and true, kind to the antique and the bedridden, and lips that touched lip stick should never touch theirs. Nothing could have been sweeter of course in its way, but it never accomplished anything notable toward getting them into the contemporary topics of the day.

Once it was seen where the boys and girls of ye olden days fell down it was virtually no trouble at all to get the current young out of the amateur class. All they had to do was to capitalize their goings-on instead of their virtues, and the thing was done. As soon as they could get themselves condemned by press and pulpit they would be all set. The only things they needed were a snappy trade name—"flapper" fixed half of that up fairly well, though they never did do the right thing by way of the male clients—and a couple of good catchy slogans, such as, "Well, I don't know what the young people are coming to, I'm sure" and "What on earth can their fathers and mothers be thinking of?"

There was nothing more to it. The business of being young ranked in American industries right after automobile manufacture.

And no one knows better than you yourself how prettily the drive worked. There has been nothing like it since the gold rush.

In the first place the news broke just at the right time. It was an off season, as you might say. Laddie Boy had barely come to his decision to take up a political career. There was nothing really worth while in the way of a war on the engagement pad—just a few bush-league events in the Balkans and the regular Turkish daily dozen. Hollywood was still regarded as one of those quaint little Western towns where men were men and women were women. The public was just about ripe for something to talk about after the children had gone upstairs to bed.

Then the incoming fashions helped the young people's cause along. Bobbed hair and short skirts were news items, and the you-just-know-she-doesn't-wear-them movement was budding into vogue. Rolled stockings appeared on every hand—there isn't the slightest need for being silly about it; you know perfectly well what I mean.

Women's clubs all over the country passed resolutions stating that they never in all their lives had seen anything like it, they declared they hadn't. People with a gift for looking on the bright side of things ascribed it to the general clutter left by the war and promised that everything would be all right as soon as business was able to come downstairs and sit up in an easy-chair propped up with pillows again.

Soft for the Tired Authors

And all the tired authors regarded the news about the younger set as being sent to them direct from heaven by special assignment. The market was all clogged up with stories about young A. E. F. lieutenants and beautiful Y. W. C. A. girls; stories full of such racy bits of army slang as "buddies" and "Sammies" and "Come on, men, it's the zero hour, so let's go over the top with the best of luck"; stories crowded with realistic word pictures of kindly old French peasants who refused to accept money from the grateful Yankee boys, and of privates who went about imploring a chance to die for their superior officers. It was like a day in the country for the overworked writers to fall on a nice timely topic, rough enough to have a widespread appeal, yet safely out of the asterisk class.

It is no news to you to say that they made the most of it. You couldn't pick up a magazine without finding a minimum of three stories founded on the scandalous doings of the modern young, all pointing the moral that things are not what they used to be when Madison Square was considered uptown.

As publicity it was so much velvet for the younger generation. And you have to admit that Tommy Clegg and his friends stood up under all the talk pretty gamely. They shrank from the blinding glare of the limelight much as Miss Pola Negri shudders back from it. If they felt from time to time that the service was beginning to slack up a bit they rushed right in just like one of the family and helped out by providing a little more advertising copy for the firm. You couldn't have wanted to see a nicer spirit of coöperation.

Even Constant Readers and Pro Bono Publicos got the idea of the thing and wrote indignant letters to their favorite papers, demanding that immediate steps be taken to do something about our boys and girls—put them out to sea in an open boat, say, or call out the militia and turn machine guns on them or give them some little hint like that.

The lurid doings of the younger set got into the circulating libraries, reached the footlights, eventually were taken up by the moving-picture scenario fitters. Unfortunately, by the time a national evil gets taken up by the movies in a serious way it is but tepid dog so far as its news interest is concerned. That is just the next step before it belongs to the ages.

But don't, whatever you do, utter any words of condolence to Tommy and his playmates on that score. For they still regard themselves and their activities as authentic front-page stuff.

The India for School Days

ROUGH weather and hard usage have no terrors for the India. It is the ideal umbrella for school children, with its sturdy, wind-proof construction and broad spread that shelters without cutting off the view ahead.

There's an India for young people, built just like the larger sizes in the India line. All have the distinguishing India features—ten strong steel ribs, flexible wind-proof tips and walking stick length for easy carrying.

ROSE BROTHERS COMPANY, Lancaster, Pa.

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Guaranteed

"The little umbrella with the big spread"

Indias for men, women, little folks and for travelers

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HOUSEHOLD EXTRACTS
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One package makes 80 glasses. If your dealer cannot supply you, send 25c and we will send postpaid package direct. Or, send $2.80 for carton of one dozen. Canada and foreign price 35c and $4.00 respectively.
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When baby's cry awakens you in the night, what a comfort it is to know you can have all the hot water you need merely by turning the faucet.

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LEST WE FORGET

(Continued from Page 4)

own, and those who are connected with other branches of the Government that have to do with immigration have either meritorious or worthless theories, on which they will speak for publication at any and at all times. Almost everyone plays a lone hand, and teamwork on immigration is as rare as Eskimo tennis players.

At any rate, when the House bill calling for 2 per cent quotas on the census of 1890 was brought out on the floor of the House for action, some of the members of the Senate Immigration Committee were suddenly galvanized into action.

The Senate committee has long been a stumblingblock in the path of comprehensive immigration legislation, owing to the fact that its chairman, Senator Le Baron Colt, is not in sympathy with strongly restrictive measures. Younger members of the committee, like Pat Harrison, of Mississippi, and Senator David A. Reed, of Pennsylvania, are constant and ardent fighters in the cause of restriction; but the action taken by a Senate or House committee is largely determined by the attitude of its chairman.

The thought that the House was about to pass a bill that was far more restrictive than the Three Per Cent Law sent influential senators scurrying over to see the House leaders. These leaders had it in their power to say whether or not the immigration bill should be allowed to come before the House for a vote, and they had stated that it would be allowed to come; but after the senators had talked to them they decided that it could not come up. The Senate would not agree to it, they said.

Consequently, on next to the last day of Congress, the House Immigration Committee brought out another immigration bill, calling for quotas of 2 per cent on the census of 1910—a bill exactly like the existing law, except that the percentage of aliens to be admitted was two instead of three. Instead of sticking by its more carefully prepared and considered bill, the House committee turned to another purely makeshift measure.

"There have been assurances on the part of those high in authority," complained Representative James B. Aswell, Democrat, of Louisiana, on the floor of the House on March third, "that the House committee bill would be put through the House and either concurred in by the Senate or sent to conference; but the days have gradually slipped by without action, and here in the last twenty-four hours of this Congress we find the splendid measure so glowingly eulogized by the House committee report, forty-odd pages in length, abandoned; and a new bill, not even considered or reported by the House committee, is proposed today to be thrust upon us, under suspension of rules, and therefore not even open to amendment, to be voted up or down, just as some one member introduced it."

Lack of Teamwork

But in the twenty-four hours that remained, the House didn't even get around to voting on the substitute measure. On March 4, 1923, the Sixty-seventh Congress passed into history, as all Congresses must, and the country was no nearer to a scientific and permanent immigration law than it was on May 19, 1921, when the emergency Three Per Cent Law went into effect. Unless some unforeseen contingency arises, the Sixty-eighth Congress will not come into being until December, 1923; and in the meantime the distinguished senators and representatives who will comprise that august body will be engaged in such peaceful pursuits as junketings, European tours, renewing old-home ties, and other matters far removed from the realms of legislation. Consequently, 1924 will be almost upon them before they again assemble to contemplate the needs of the country and to devote long weeks and months of unbroken study to the immigration problem. Since the temporary Three Per Cent Law will again expire on June 30, 1924, their unbroken study will have to be considerably more productive of results than it was from May 19, 1921, to March 4, 1923.

The object of these few remarks is not the casting of aspersions on the legislators who have failed to replace our temporary immigration law with a permanent law. Most senators and representatives, by nature of their positions, are professional arguers. Consequently the failure of the House and the Senate Immigration Committees to agree on a permanent law must be blamed on human nature, as well as on lack of teamwork.

The object of these remarks is primarily to remind all interested persons that the immigration problem is the same simple matter that it always has been, to wit: The United States is getting too many immigrants, and too many of her immigrants are bad ones.

The delay in providing the country with a permanent law has enabled the enemies of immigration restriction to get into the people's heads the idea that the Three Per Cent Law has cut the numbers of our immigrants to a negligible quantity, and that so many aliens are returning from America to Europe that the United States may almost be said to be in danger of being depopulated.

In the first place, the somewhat widespread impression that the United States, because of the Three Per Cent Law, can get only a little more than 250,000 immigrants each year is not correct.

Since 1880, because of the constantly growing influx of immigrants from Southern and Eastern Europe—immigrants who were able and willing to live on a pittance each day, and who were content to occupy crowded and filthy living quarters—the better immigrants from Northern and Western European countries have grown fewer and fewer because of their unwillingness to compete with the Southeastern European. This continued to be true during the first year of the operation of the Three Per Cent Law, with the result that the quotas allotted to the countries of Northern and Western Europe were not filled.

A Misconception Corrected

Gradually, however, the Northern and Western Europeans began to awaken to the fact that the percentage law was cutting down the numbers of the Southeastern Europeans who were going to America, and that they would not be forced to compete with them to the same extent. This awakening has resulted in a steady increase in the numbers of the better-class Northern and Western Europeans who are coming to America.

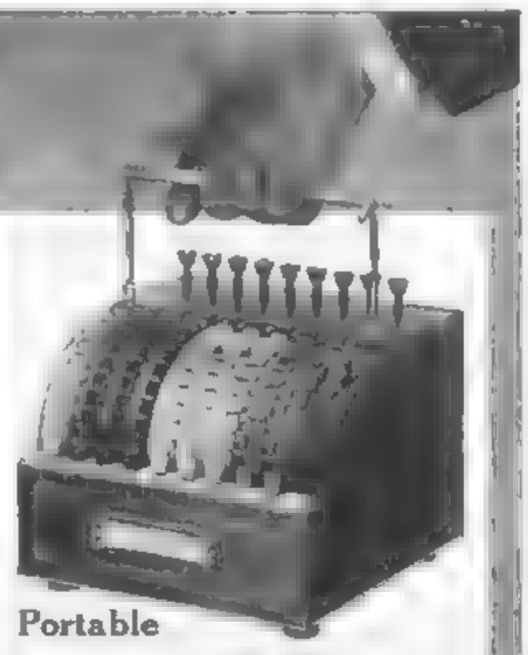
During the year that ended June 30, 1922, a matter of 243,000 immigrants were admitted to the United States under the percentage law. During the year ending June 30, 1923, because of the fact that the countries of Northern and Western Europe will nearly fill their quotas, the number admitted under the Three Per Cent Law will be over 300,000. And for the year after that—the year ending June 30, 1924—there is little doubt that the number to enter the United States under the percentage law will be 357,000, or the full quota from every European country.

It should be remarked in passing that the immigrants who are coming to this country at the present time from the countries of Northern and Western Europe are particularly fine types of immigrants. They are healthy, and they are producers; and for the most part they appear to be coming on their own savings. Instead of sinking at once into the slums and ghettos of large cities, as do the Southeastern Europeans, they scatter to the four corners of the country for the purpose of establishing permanent homes.

Immigrants who enter the United States under the percentage law are not, as many persons suppose, the only immigrants who arrive. In addition to the 357,000 Europeans who will come under the percentage law in 1923–1924, there will also be 125,000 immigrants from Mexico, Japan, China, the West Indies and British North America. In addition to these, also, there will be 25,000 more immigrants who are smuggled across our borders, and who, after entering American ports as seamen, desert their ships and become illegal residents. And as a final addition there will also be 50,000 aliens who, after the quotas have been filled from various European countries, must be allowed to enter the country because they belong to exempted classes.

Consequently the number of immigrants who will enter the United States during the

(Continued on Page 160)



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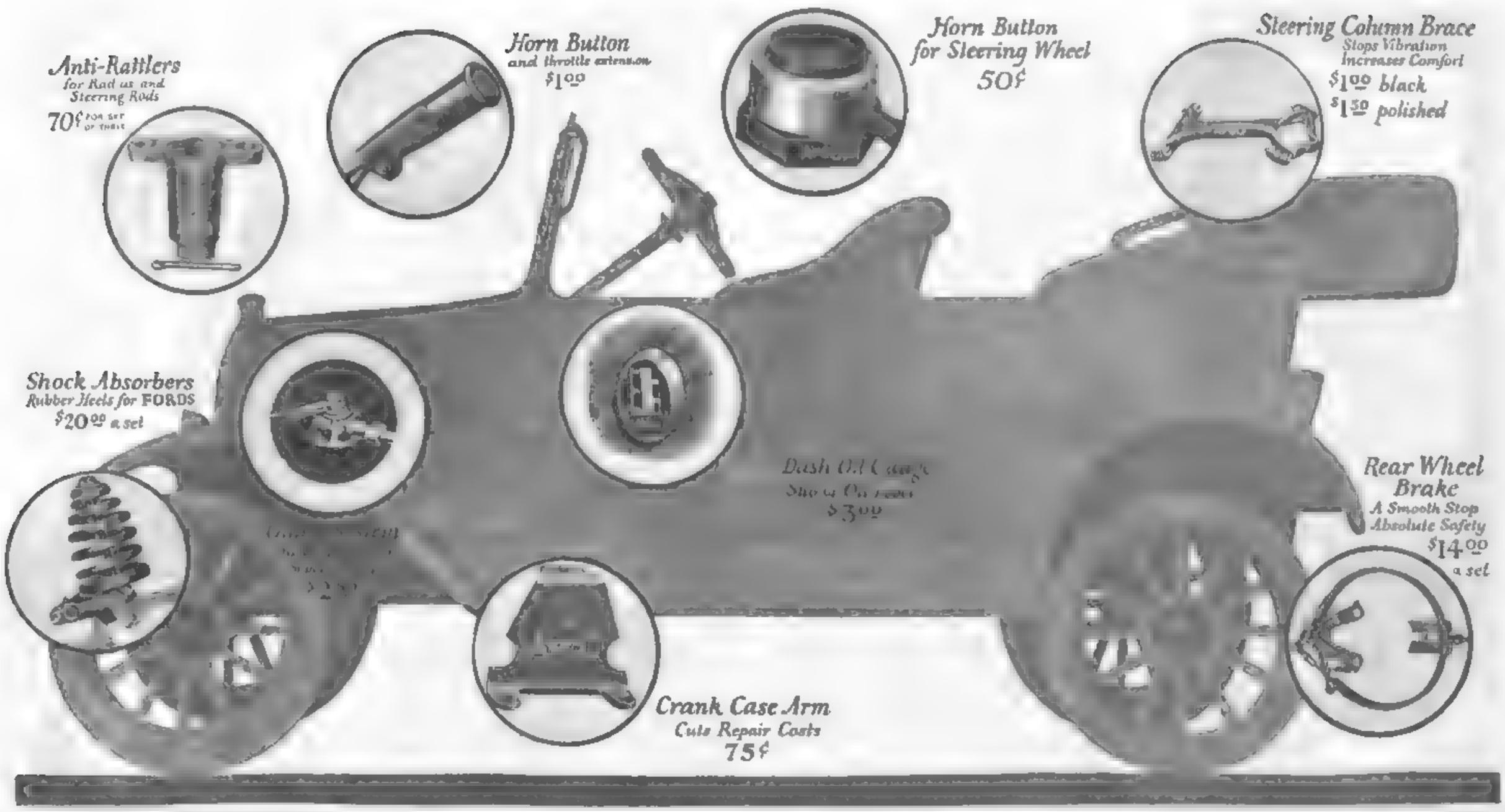

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THE EUCLID CANDY COMPANY
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SWEET LOVER

(Continued from Page 158)

year ending June 30, 1924, will be, at a conservative estimate, 557,000.

An army division at the present time consists of 20,000 men. Now, an army division, with its ammunition trains and other impedimenta, marching in columns of squads as divisions do in the field, is twenty-seven and a half miles long and takes thirteen hours to pass a given point, provided everything runs smoothly. Marching in line of columns and without ammunition trains, as a division appears when it parades on Fifth Avenue, it passes a given point in about three and a half hours. If, therefore, one year's immigrants under existing immigration laws were to be lined up in the same way that an army division lines up on Fifth Avenue, and hustled into the United States in a solid phalanx, they would be equivalent to more than twenty-seven army divisions and would occupy over ninety-four hours, or four days and nights, in passing a given point.

If a solid army of immigrants were to be seen marching into this country without a halt for four days and nights, every newspaper in the country would carry the story in the right-hand column of its front page, and a yell of protest against the invasion would rise from every corner of the nation.

Those who have been heard to lift up their voices during the past year, and cry with loud voices that our immigration has been cut down to such an extent that our civilization must soon come crashing down around our ears, would do well to take their pencils in hand and figure out what the natural growth of our present population will be in 100 years' time, and what the population will be if it is augmented by 1,000,000 aliens every two years. Under such conditions, barring famine, pestilences and destructive wars, the population of the United States in another 100 years will be nearer 300,000,000 than 200,000,000.

Net-Immigration Talk

During the past year there has been great talk of our net immigration from interests that were anxious to obtain the cheapest form of European labor. Their arguments, in substance, amount to this: If a European country, under the percentage law, is permitted to send 10,000 immigrants to America each year, and if 2000 aliens who originally came from that country leave America and go back home on any given year, then the net immigration from that country has been only 8000, and it should be allowed to send 2000 more immigrants to replace the ones who went home.

There are several weak spots in this argument. Aliens who return to their homeland are frequently individuals whose ability is above the average, as is demonstrated by their ability to earn and save a sufficient amount of money to enable them to get back home with a comfortable nest egg. About 50 per cent of the aliens who might be permitted to replace them under the present conditions would be mentally below the average, as has been proved by the investigations of competent authorities during recent years. It has been repeatedly demonstrated that persons who advocate the letting down of immigration bars are not concerned with the sort of immigrants that come to the United States.

Moreover, there are nearly 14,000,000 foreign-born persons in this country, over half of whom have never taken out naturalization papers. America melted down her immigrants very successfully prior to 1880; but since that time the melting has been negligible. The person who babbles about net immigration with the figures of our unnaturalized aliens staring him in the face, and in all seriousness suggests that every alien who leaves this country should be replaced by an immigrant over and above the quota, should have his head tapped with a geological hammer in search of hollow spots in the rock formation. It is no drain on the United States to have a few thousand aliens leave the country every year, when the melting pot is so crammed with them that it will be slopping over and dirtying the floor for an indefinite period.

The exodus of aliens to their homelands is growing rapidly smaller. Immediately after the war aliens were lured back home by thrilling tales of the great number of lire, marks and kronen that could be had in exchange for a dollar. They went, and invariably they regretted their going; for as soon as they reached their countries of origin they found that prices had risen so tremendously that their pocketfuls of lire and kronen didn't last long; and they also discovered what Big Bill Haywood, Emma Goldman and so many others hadn't quite appreciated while they were still in America, to wit: That the United States at its worst is better than Europe at its best. This knowledge has been gradually filtering through alien circles in America, with the result that a much smaller number of aliens will go home this year than went home last year; and next year the number will be still smaller. In another five years the net-immigration enthusiasts won't have an argument to their names.

Some three years ago the House Immigration Committee commissioned Dr. Harry H. Laughlin, of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, as its expert eugenics agent. Doctor Laughlin is a biologist who has been first superintendent and then assistant of the Eugenics Record Office of the Carnegie Institution since its foundation in 1910. His researches for the committee required more than two years of constant effort. The Carnegie Institution permitted him to undertake the work for the purpose of securing and analyzing facts that might be of use to the committee, and that was the sole purpose of the Carnegie Institution in making the investigations.

Doctor Laughlin's Striking Figures

"The Institution," to quote Doctor Laughlin's statement concerning the work, "has no ax to grind; it is not interested in cutting down immigration in order to boost wages; it is not interested in adding to immigration to lower wages; but it is interested in the farsighted view of immigration. That is, it believes that, besides being a very important present economic and social problem, immigration is essentially and fundamentally a racial and biological problem. There are many factors to consider; but from the standpoint of the future, immigration is primarily a long-time national investment in human family stocks. It will influence greatly the character, the natural abilities and weaknesses of the Americans of the future."

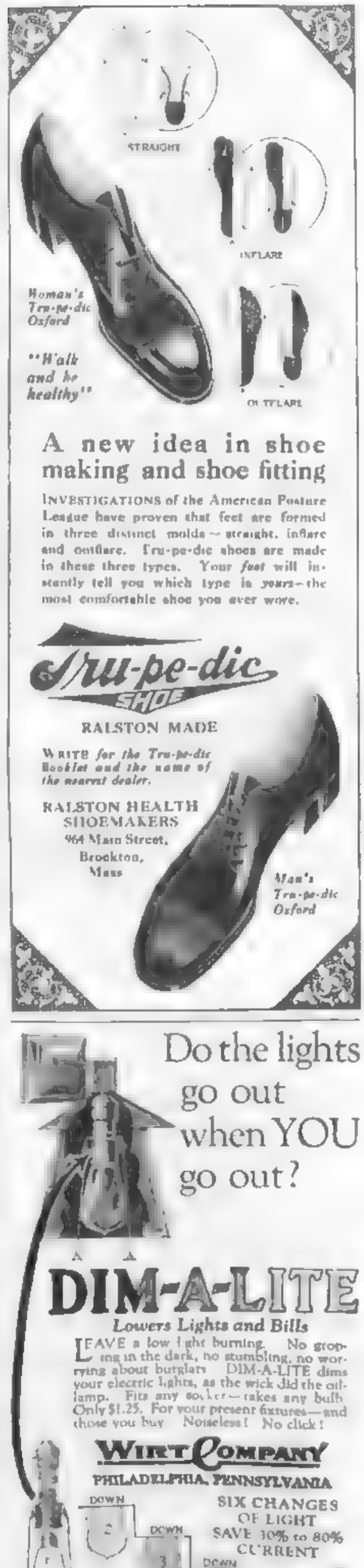
All intelligent attacks on past immigration laxities, and on the imperfections of the present immigration laws, are based on the knowledge that bad immigration and low-grade immigrants, thrown helter-skelter and by the millions into the mass of the American people, must of necessity lower the mental, moral and physical standards of the American people, and ultimately mongrelize them in the same way that various European peoples have been mongrelized. No view of immigration except the farsighted view is worth listening to. The American people have awakened to this fact in recent years, and that is why they boil with indignation over the old laws that allow the defeated, the paupers, the mental incompetents, the mongrels and the slum dwellers of Europe to keep pouring into America by the tens of thousands.

The people know that 1000 undesirables admitted this year will increase to many thousands of undesirables in fifty or 100 years' time. They know that 1,000,000 undesirables roaming foot loose in this country today may mean 20,000,000 of them in 100 years' time, and they want no more of it.

Doctor Laughlin made an intensive study of socially inadequate persons in 445 state and Federal institutions—the three most important types of social inadequacy, from the standpoint of those who are interested in the effect of immigration on the future of the American people, being feeblemindedness, insanity, and crime and delinquency.

He found that 44 per cent of the whole institutional population of the country were either persons of foreign birth or persons with one or both parents foreign born. His survey, it should be remembered, covered only those institutions directly maintained by the state and the Federal Governments. It did not include the many municipal and private institutions that exist in many parts of the country.

The cost of supporting these socially inadequate people of alien stock is so great that nearly 8 per cent of the total expenditures of all the states must be devoted to their upkeep in state custodial institutions. This figure does not take into account the very large amounts of money expended in the same cause by churches, lodges, societies of various sorts, and private charity. The cost to the Eastern states, where the new immigration bogs down in the large cities, is, of course, very much greater than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the cost to the Western and Southern states, which have not been overrun with Europe's offscourings to the same extent as has the East. The state of New York, for example, last year spent $4,500,000 for insane aliens in civil hospitals.

Most of the socially inadequate persons on whom the states are spending 8 per cent of their total outgo have never contributed one penny to the support of the states in which they lived. The taxpayers of the different states are obliged to support, at great expense, people that they don't want, that they never wanted, that they had no voice in admitting to the country, that will never be of any financial assistance to the states' taxpayers, and that will play a great part in lowering the future stability and mental average of the nation.

In other words, the United States Government retains the sole power to regulate immigration; but through lack of driving power, lack of farsightedness or lack of teamwork, legislators have not passed laws that will regulate it properly. Congress even refuses to appropriate enough money to equip the immigration stations with a personnel sufficiently large to stop defectives from entering the country. It refuses to appropriate a sufficient amount of money properly to patrol the Mexican border in order to prevent Europeans and Asiatics, half of them mentally low grade and all of them undesirable, from being smuggled into the United States; and it refuses to take care of the alien mental defectives that fill the state institutions. Therefore the states, their taxpayers and future citizens of the states must suffer

"The present cash outlay for maintaining social inadequates," declares Doctor Laughlin, "is, from the broader point of view, only one of the relatively minor costs of degeneracy. We found in several types of the inadequates that the children of immigrants fulfilled their quota"—that is to say, developed a definite number of inadequates per thousand—"to an extent several times greater than that fulfilled by their immigrant parents. Here the great responsibility of the Federal Government is to exclude inadequates and potential inadequates. The law, of course, attempts to do this; but our institutional survey has shown that the law needs strengthening and that the immigration service needs greater support and facilities in enforcing the provisions of the statute. If the Federal Government had to maintain all these inadequates at its own expense, there would be more poetic justice in the whole situation than is found now; but as the matter stands, the Federal Government has the authority in relation to immigration, whereas the several state governments have the responsibility and expense in caring for inadequate immigrants and the children of inadequates who have come into the United States through the Federal sieve."

Applying the Army Tests

Doctor Laughlin calls the attention of our legislators to an important principle that has so far never been applied either in the immigration laws or in their administration, but which, "in the interests of race conservation, should constitute one of the chief elements in future immigration policy.

"We in this country," says he, "have been so imbued with the idea of democracy, or the equality of all men, that we have left out of consideration the matter of blood or natural inborn hereditary mental and moral differences. No man who breeds pedigreed plants and animals can afford to neglect this thing, as you know. But in adding to our human breeding stock by immigration, this is what we do: We keep out fairly well the individually feebleminded immigrant; but, because we have ignored inborn quality, when the next generation arrives, children of immigrants make a very poor showing by being relatively very numerous in this particular type of degeneracy."

Members of the House Immigration Committee questioned Doctor Laughlin on the problem of sorting out immigrants on a basis of mental ability for admission to the United States. He pointed out that the Army intelligence tests showed that aliens who were examined in the draft fell into seven divisions. One and one-tenth per cent of them were rated very superior; 2.9 per cent were rated superior; 7.3 per cent were rated high average; 26.6 per cent were rated average; 16.5 per cent were rated low average; 30.8 per cent were rated inferior; and 14.8 per cent were rated very inferior. Applying this percentage to the total alien population of the United States, which is 13,920,692, 45.6 per cent would be rated as inferior or very inferior mentally. Persons with such mentality have the mental development of small children, and can never grow in brain power. They have no place in a country which, like the United States, is tending to become more of a pure democracy every day, subject to the judgment and whims of the masses, and regulated by legislators and executives who are chosen by the direct votes of the people.

If, by mental tests, the inferior and very inferior immigrants had been refused admission to this country, 6,347,835 aliens who are now living in America, free either to vote or to become the ancestors of countless future voters, would never have been admitted.

As regards the worth of the recent immigration from Southern and Eastern Europe as compared with the old immigration from Northern and Western Europe, Doctor Laughlin's investigations proved that the immigrants of the present generation which have been preponderantly from the South and East of Europe—show an incidence of insanity that is nearly three times higher than that of the whole population, which is descended largely from older American stock.

Nations With High Records

The countries whose immigrants produce the smallest number of criminals are those, declared Doctor Laughlin, "which have contributed most to the elementary foundation of the population of the United States, such as Great Britain, Scandinavia, Ireland, Germany and the Netherlands. Those immigrant groups that run high in crime are from the countries of Southern and Eastern Europe."

In this connection, the Bureau of Immigration has recently received an instructive report from a Southeastern European country that has sent great numbers of immigrants to the United States.

"More than half of the younger people spoken to were eager to go to America," states the report. "This was not surprising; but the strange part was the reply made to the question as to what sort of work they would do if they were successful in reaching the United States. Not more than five per cent seemed to have any idea of working hard and making an honest living. Most of them replied that they knew someone who had returned from America with a fortune made in bootlegging; that they had acquired the secret of making wine with chemicals without grapes; and they, too, would make a fortune in a short time and return to live happy forever after."

The findings of Doctor Laughlin and the Carnegie Institution confirm what all students of immigration have known for some time. They show that a large part of the many thousands who are allowed to enter the United States every year under the Three Per Cent Law are undesirable. The country needs and is determined to have an immigration law that keeps out undesirables. It is coming more and more to take the farsighted view of immigration, and to consider the results of a large and constant influx of alien peoples on the people of the United States in fifty and 100 and 200 years' time.

In hearings held early this year before the Senate Immigration Committee on a bill that proposed to base the percentage law on the census of 1890 instead of on the census of 1910, thus cutting down the number of immigrants from Southeastern Europe and increasing the number from Northwestern Europe, the chairman of the Senate committee declared that the question of immigration is an international question; that this country can only obtain unskilled labor from Southeastern Europe; and that America should not consider immigration solely from a selfish national standpoint.

To this Senator Reed, of Pennsylvania, made reply as follows:

"You say this bill typifies a selfish national standpoint, which is provincialism. Now, in the sense of being provincial between nations, I think the chairman is right; for if to look at this immigration from the standpoint of our national welfare is provincialism, then I not only admit it but I claim to be provincial.

"I agree with the chairman about the immigrants from Northern Italy. We have

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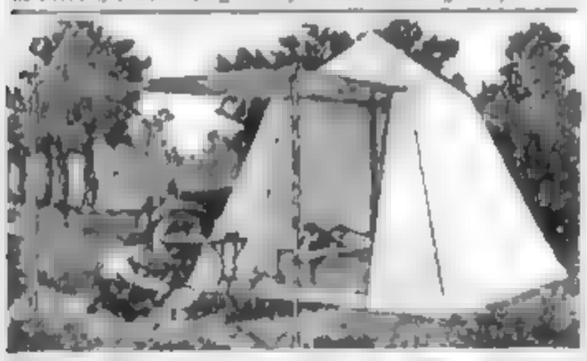

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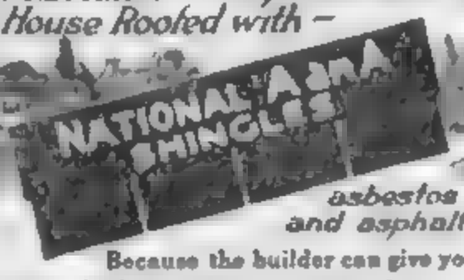

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many of them in Pennsylvania. They are an especially good class of immigrants; and if some special legislation can be enacted to admit them, I will cheerfully agree to it, because they are a fine people. I do not agree that the same judgment should be passed on the people of other Southern European countries. My experience has been that they are a poisonous element in our population; that they furnish far more than their proportionate share of the inmates of our prisons, and far more than their proportionate share of the inmates of our asylums; and I do not think there is any duty in Christianity or international fairness, or any other ethical concept, that requires us to admit people who are proven to be below the average of our population morally, mentally, and physically, too, where tests are made.

"The argument the chairman has advanced would apply equally well in favor of the repeal of the whole quota law; in favor of indiscriminate admission of immigrants from all Asiatic and European countries. It would apply equally well to bringing the figures up-to-date and basing them on the 1920 census which we now have. And we had those figures when we passed the extension of the quota law in 1921.

"The suggestion that we have to take in the Southeastern Europeans in order to get unskilled labor is, I think, untrue, and is proven to be untrue by the fact that those Northwestern European countries themselves draw their unskilled labor from their own countries. In Scandinavia and the United Kingdom native laborers mine the coal; that mining is done by the natives of those countries, and we can get them to do it here if they come."

Our Own Family Affair

The question of immigration to the United States is a matter that concerns the United States alone; and the fact that our legislators did not realize scores of years ago that it was a matter of deep and vital concern to the country is a striking commentary on their lack of vision. The countries of Europe adjust their emigration laws to their own needs. The English fill columns of their papers with arguments and suggestions as to ways and means of keeping their colonies Anglo-Saxon. The Australians are in a constant fever over what they call a White Australia, and over the necessity of keeping out alien strains that might mongrelize the continent. Italy arranges for seasonal movements of laborers to take up the slack in her labor supply. Rumania and Poland take steps to see that the emigration of their undesirables is expedited.

Many countries encourage emigration to America, not as an international matter but as a purely selfish proposition. They regard America as a great university for the education of their sons, who can send back money from their wages to enrich the homeland while being educated, and who can finally return to their old homes with the superior energy and *savoir-faire* they have developed in the more hectic atmosphere of America. Their interest in the effect the emigrants will have on America is nonexistent.

America must do her own worrying as regards immigration. The countries from which the immigrants come have no interest in America's future; and if America herself doesn't take steps to keep her people sound in mind and wind and limb, and free from degeneracy and mongrelization, no other nation will ever make any effort to do it for her.

It is as reasonable to say that the question of immigration is an international question as it would be to say that the question of the cultivation of a farmer's fields is purely a question of Providence. If the farmer doesn't keep out the weeds by his own toil, his crops will be choked and stunted. If America doesn't keep out the queer, alien, mongrelized people of Southeastern Europe, her crop of citizens will eventually be dwarfed and mongrelized in turn.

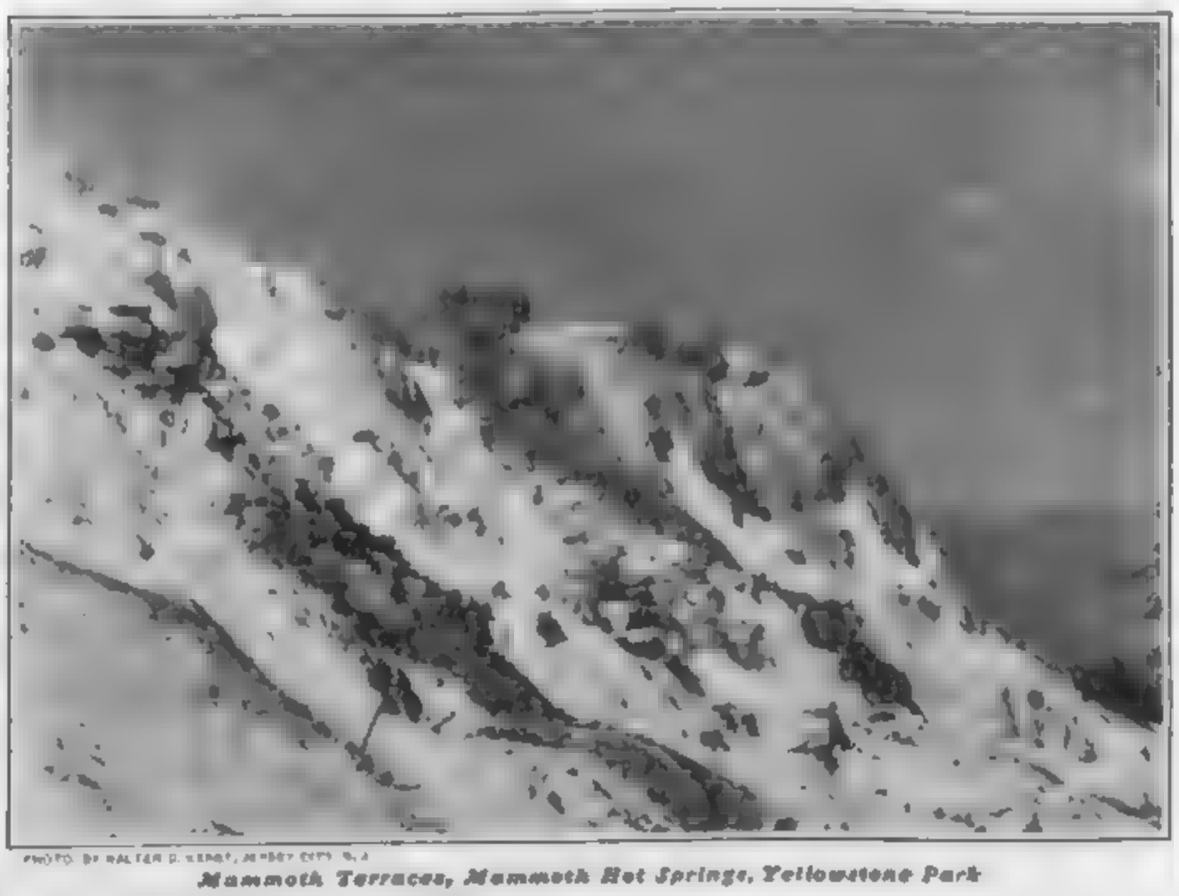
Merits of the 1890 Standard

Senator Reed, of Pennsylvania, a member of the Senate Immigration Committee, has a bill that calls for a 5 per cent immigration law based on the number of aliens who were in this country in 1890. Since there were fewer Southeastern Europeans in America in 1890 than there were in 1910, such a bill would materially cut down the numbers of Southeastern Europeans who could come to America, and at the same time it would increase the number of good immigrants who could come from the old immigration countries of Northwestern Europe. To give a few examples: Where the present Three Per Cent Law on the census of 1910 would admit 77,000 from the United Kingdom, the 5 per cent 1890 law would admit 156,000. The German quota would be increased in round numbers from 67,000 to 128,000. The Rumanian quota would be cut from 7000 to 1600. The Russian quota would be cut from 21,000 to 5000. The Polish quota would be cut from 21,000 to 12,000. The quota of Norway and Sweden would be raised from 32,000 to 40,000. The Greek quota would be cut from 3000 to 116. The Italian quota would be cut from 42,000 to about 10,000.

The House bill reported to the House by the House Immigration Committee after a great deal of work, but which was never voted on, makes even greater reductions, since it called for a 2 per cent law based on the census of 1890.

Both of these are infinitely better than the existing Three Per Cent Law. The people, who don't understand legislative procedure, but who do understand that the country needs protection from undesirable aliens, want less talk, more action, more congressional teamwork, and the comprehensive, scientific and permanent immigration law that they were promised over two years ago.

If the members of the Senate and the House Immigration Committees have nothing else to do during the long summer evenings when they are being acclaimed by their admiring constituents, they might ponder these matters.



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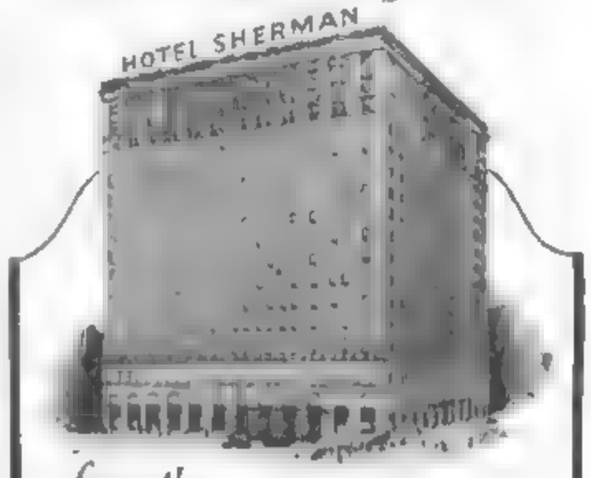

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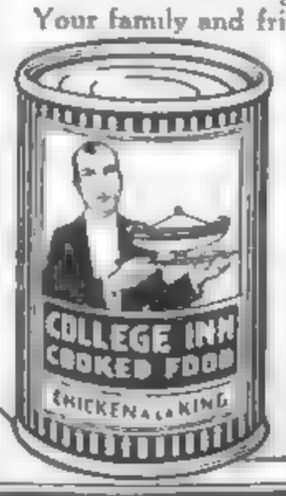

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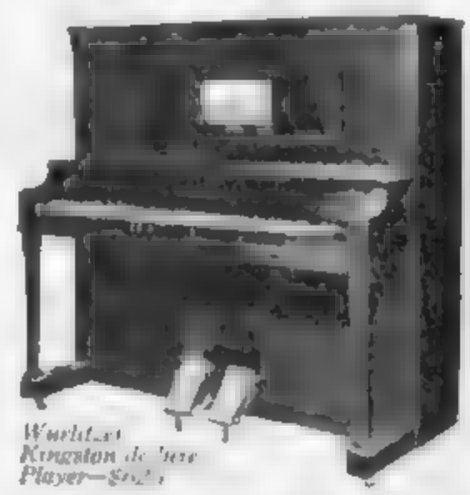

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THE SOFT SPOT

(Continued from Page 16)

Perhaps I ought to tell you how it happened. It is giving Leonard away, but then, it's your fault there is anything to give away. And as I want you to be angry with us it doesn't matter.

One evening after I had been to the pictures I saw your son with two awful women in Piccadilly. The women had had too much to drink and were quarrelling about him. Oh, they were dreadful! He was trying to get them into a taxi and there was a big crowd. Then two policemen came up and one of them arrested the two women, and the other one was going to lock up your son. But because I recognised him and didn't want you to be disgraced I thrust my arm in his and said to the policeman: "He's got nothing to do with it. He's with me!" And the policeman begged my pardon. Your son wanted to go after the two women, but I wouldn't let him. I told him I worked for you and that he ought to be ashamed of himself. And that's how it began.

He saw me home and I got to understand him a little. I saw that he was not really wicked—only thoughtless and spoiled. And I tried to reform him, and then we found out we were in love. Of course I tried to stop because I knew you wouldn't want him to marry me. But I couldn't, and when he said, "Let's get married first and then tell the old man," I agreed. Because you see, I do love him, and I do know that he loves me and I can make him happy; and that he's good at heart, but spoiled.

It is very hard to write this letter, and of course he hasn't the faintest idea that I have written it.

You must love him or you would never have spoilt him so. Oh, I do hope you are furious with me and thinking all sorts of horrible things about me and that I've set my cap at him for your money! But I haven't. I only want to make a man of him; to be a mother as well as a wife to him. That's what he wants. And I can't do it if you won't do what I have asked. Oh, *please* leave him to me and turn him out without a farthing and tell him to make good for himself, or I shall never keep his love and he'll end up by breaking your heart and mine.

Yours truly, ANNIE LEVER.

Some letter, that! One thing a P. S. to a nob gets good at is letters. Begging is the oldest profession in the world. Kipling was wrong—that's the second oldest. Directly the first strong man took, the cadgers began to cadge. And they've worked the business up to a pitch that—but you'd have to see our mail to understand. Anyway the point is that I knew at once that that letter rang true.

I raised a metaphorical hat to the writer, wrote a check, and then went in to the old man.

We were working at home that morning. He wasn't going to the stores till after lunch, meaning to look in there before he went on to the House, where he would stay till dinnertime, and then visit the office of his paper, returning to Westminster if there was likely to be an important division. There was no eight-hour day for us.

I handed him the letter first.

He read it and then stretched out his hand to the phone without a word.

"Too late, chief," I said. "That young woman wouldn't muff it. She says they will be man and wife by the time it reaches us. There's no stopping it now."

His hand dropped on his desk and he stared at me, like a girl who's been told she isn't looking nice today by the man she's bought a new hat to please—sort of all hurt and crumpled up.

I pitied him. Poor blind bat. In anything that did not concern that boy of his I'd back him against any other man in the world. But because this touched his soft spot he couldn't see what a splendid thing it was, and sat there looking as if he could cry for twopence.

And then suddenly he went off the deep end and started to call her names.

She was a hussy, an adventuress and an interfering little cat. That letter was a put-up job, a cunning attempt to get round him. She had trapped his boy into this the boy he had planned to marry into the upper crust. Ruined him, she had, his handsome, gentlemanly son! A tuppenny ha'penny typist out of one of his own offices. He didn't know which, never having noticed her.

And then I let him have it.

"You haven't said much about Leonard," I began, "but I've always understood it takes two to quarrel or get married."

"He's her victim," he snapped. "Any unscrupulous woman can always ——"

"Read her letter again!" I said.

"That letter is meant to throw dust in my eyes. The last thing she intends is that I should take her at her word!"

"Rot!" I said. "She's tumbled to what a fool you are about that boy of yours, chief. And she knows him better than you, because she loves him. She knows that if you do the bless-you-my-children-let's-make-the-best-of-it stunt she'll lose him. He'll get tired of her after a bit; he'll go fooling round again, because one woman isn't enough for any man without a job!"

"Look here!" he got in there, while I drew breath. But that was all he got in.

"Read that letter again," I said. "I tell you this is the very best thing that could have happened. That pampered pup of yours has fallen on his feet—and if you've any sense you'll play up to her and help her to make those feet strong enough for him to stand on!"

He got on his own feet at that.

"That will do!" he barked. "Clear out, do you hear? Go to hell!"

"I expected that's where you would send me, and I've got my fare all ready," I told him.

I laid the check I had brought in with me on his desk for him to sign.

"What's this?" he asked, puzzled.

"My screw to date, and a month in lieu of notice," I answered. "I had an inkling that you'd be firing me before we'd finished talking over that letter."

He looked at me rather oddly. You could see his brain getting busy—the real Ramsay thinking box. He knew all right how keen I was on him and my job, and you could see things dawning on him as he sat there staring at me.

"Tell me off some more," he said abruptly, after a second or two, and tore up the check.

And now perhaps you'll believe me when I tell you he's big—barring that soft spot.

Well, I told him all the things he ought not to have needed anyone to tell him. Straight from the shoulder and right between the eyes I gave him about the way he had brought up that boy. And he took out that disreputable old watch and looked at the dents in the back of it.

But he listened. He even let me read that letter through again, with a few passing remarks, sentence by sentence as I went along. You can't do big business if you won't be taught.

"You think I ought to do what she says?" he asked.

"I do."

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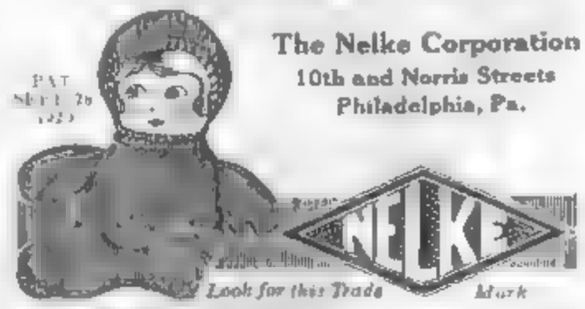

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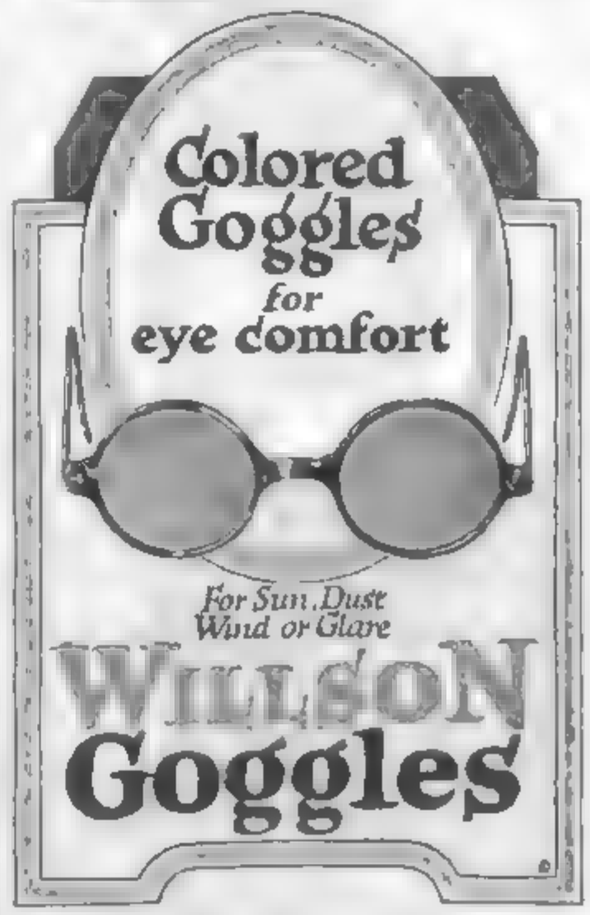

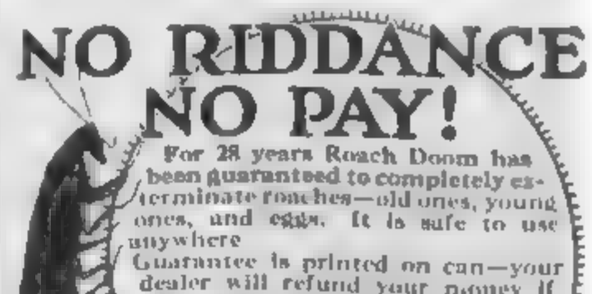
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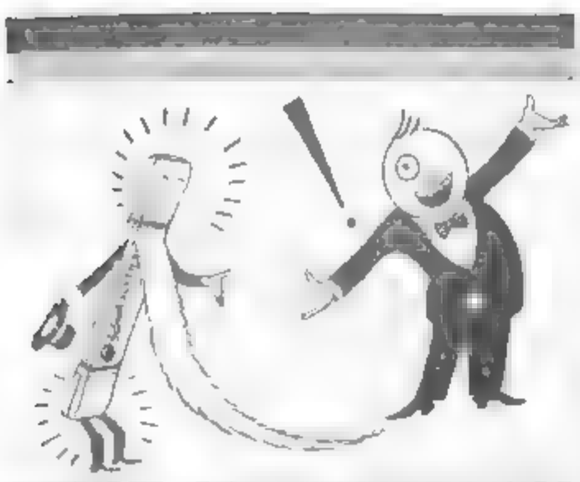

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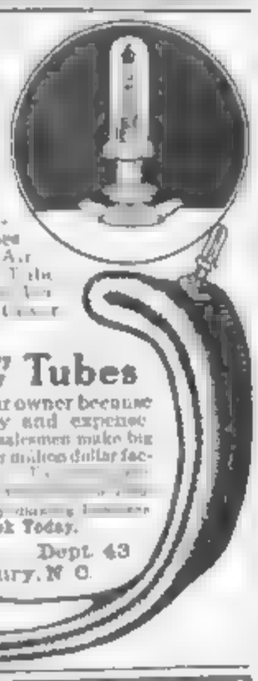

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He put his disgraceful timepiece away, and our luncheon gong sounded.

We said no more about it during our meal. As a P. S., I flatter myself I know when to stop. I was satisfied that the governor was awake at last to the mess he had made of being a father. His soft spot was to be challenged to prove himself a tub capable of standing on its own bottom, instead of a mere drain pipe for the old man's money.

"I shall want you there when they arrive," he said as he finished his food and stalked back to his study.

That made me scratch my head a bit. Why on earth —— But my job was to obey orders.

II

IN THEY came. First a little brown mouse—a brown-eyed, brown-haired slip of a girl, dressed in a brown coat and skirt, brown stockings and brown suède shoes, and looking like a nervous angel. And then Leonard—smart, cheery and completely at his ease.

He nodded to me—a friendly backwards sort of nod that meant "Push off—this is private." But I didn't see it. I'd been told to stand by.

Leonard did not press the point. He never cared what he said before anyone.

"Dad, I've got a surprise for you," he announced breezily. "I'm married. Behold the blushing bride, and then congratulate me on my taste and give her a fatherly kiss."

I could see the girl thinking: "Oh, has he got my letter? Is he going to do what I asked?" Darling little missionary woman, her love and her anxiety were sticking out all over her. Just to look at her and to think about that letter brought a lump to the throat. I tried to signal to her "It's all right." But she wasn't aware of me. Her eyes were fixed on Ramsay.

"Married?" he grunted to his son. "What do you mean? Is this a joke?"

The little brown mouse drew a breath of relief.

"Oh, come off it," smiled Leonard, vastly amused. "Cut out that rough stuff, dad, as they say at the pictures. This is my wife. We did it like this to save a lot of fuss and unpleasantness. I've trotted her round to make friends before we start for the honeymoon. By the way, I'm broke. Only got a fiver left. Charming, isn't she?"

Ramsay looked at the girl.

"Aren't you one of my typists?" he said, pretending to recognize her, though he hadn't the faintest consciousness of ever having seen her before.

"Yes," she faltered. "I am—that is, I was. I've left now. Are you—are you going to be nice to us?"

I waited. I thought the insults were coming. I knew how good a job Ramsay could make of anything he put his hand to, and I own I frankly expected him to give that girl the hell she had asked for.

"Thought by marrying him you'd make yourself a lady, eh? Have a limousine to ride in instead of a bus—servants to wait on you, jewels to wear, Paris frocks and all that sort of thing, eh? But you've made a mistake. I didn't send my son to Eton and Oxford to marry a little chit of a stenographer! You're the sort of girl to play around with, not the sort to make a wife of! Take him away, and let him keep you or you keep him. I don't care which. Henceforth he is no son of mine." That was the kind of stuff I thought he was going to hurl at her—to put his boy's back up; and I could see that that was what she expected too.

But Ramsay's Ramsay.

He turned to me.

"Take my son into your room," he said. "I want to speak to this young lady alone. Have a talk with him about what money he wants, and get a check ready for me to sign!"

Three bewildered faces stared at him—the girl's, his son's and mine. Leonard frankly couldn't make him out, and it was plain that the little brown mouse was thinking the same as I was—that he was going to let us down, because of that bit about a check.

However, "Come on, old man," I said, touching Leonard's arm.

"You'd better go, dear," murmured the bride.

Leonard didn't budge.

All his life he had been accustomed to having his own way with his father.

"I'd rather stay and hear what it is you want to say to her," he smiled. "Fire away, dad!"

Ramsay fired.

"Clear out!" he barked at his son; and "Don't bring him back till I ring"—to me.

The boy was so astonished that his father should speak to him like that, that he let me lead him away like a lamb.

I offered him a cigarette, but he refused.

It did not need a Sherlock Holmes to see that all his mind was busy wondering what was going on next door and why on earth his father had sent him away.

I was wondering the same. What was the old man up to?

I could see that the boy's ears were cocked to catch the slightest sound. A raised voice—and he would have been back there like a shot.

"What about that check?" I asked rather disconsolately.

"Oh, make it out for a thousand. That will do to go on with."

He began to pace up and down my room, all his usual cheery casualness gone, obviously a very worried young man.

When ten minutes had passed he could stand it no longer.

"I'm sure we've given them long enough," he said abruptly. "I'm going back!"

I shook my head.

"We're not stirring till that bell rings," I told him, and got between him and the governor's door.

Whatever Ramsay's game was, I'd got to play it, having said my say.

Leonard clenched his fist.

"Be rather a pity to start on your honeymoon with a black eye," I remarked.

"Stand aside!" he barked, in his father's own voice.

"Can't be done, old man."

Fortunately at that moment the bell rang.

He pushed me aside and flung open the door.

The little brown mouse wasn't there!

I don't know who was the more surprised, he or I.

"Where's Annie?" he rapped out. "What have you done with her?"

Ramsay shrugged his shoulders, a thing I had never seen him do before.

Murder shone in that young man's eyes.

"You mean to tell me that you've dared ——" he began, and then the old man cut him short by holding out a letter.

"Read that!" he said. "I've her permission to show it to you!"

It was her letter—and I admit I was scratching my head all the time the boy was reading it.

What was the governor up to?

Ramsay folded his arms.

"That's her view of you," he said grimly. "She loves you, but she thinks you want case-hardening."

The boy nodded.

"Yes, I know," he said slowly. "She's always preaching at me, the darling! But ——"

"It's his view too," struck in his father, nodding at me. "He thinks you're soft putty on the outside, badly in need of a little weathering to dry it off!"

"I don't care a damn what he thinks," said Leonard. "Where's my wife?"

The old man shrugged his shoulders again.

"Between them they've made me realize what a rotten bad father I've been to you," he said slowly. "I've spoilt you—oh, I have—and now before it's too late I'm ——"

"Where's my wife?" repeated the boy. "I want my wife!"

"You've got to be case-hardened and weathered first," said his father. "You've got to serve for your wife as the fellow in the Bible served for Rachel. How long it will take is your affair. When you've proved yourself worthy of her you shall have her, but not till then!"

Jove, that made me jump! Wonderful old man—he knew how to put a mess right. What greater incentive could a spoilt young fellow want to make good than a proposition like that? And wonderful little woman! That was the way to love—to be willing to sacrifice herself, willing to part from him till he'd tidied up his soul! Hats off to the old man and the brown mouse, I thought.

But Leonard seemed to view the situation with less enthusiasm. It is a bit rough to find yourself suddenly done out of your honeymoon, I confess.

"Whose silly idea is this?" he demanded scornfully. "Yours or hers?"

"Mine," said Ramsay. "That letter tells you her idea. She wanted me to insult her to get your back up, and then send you

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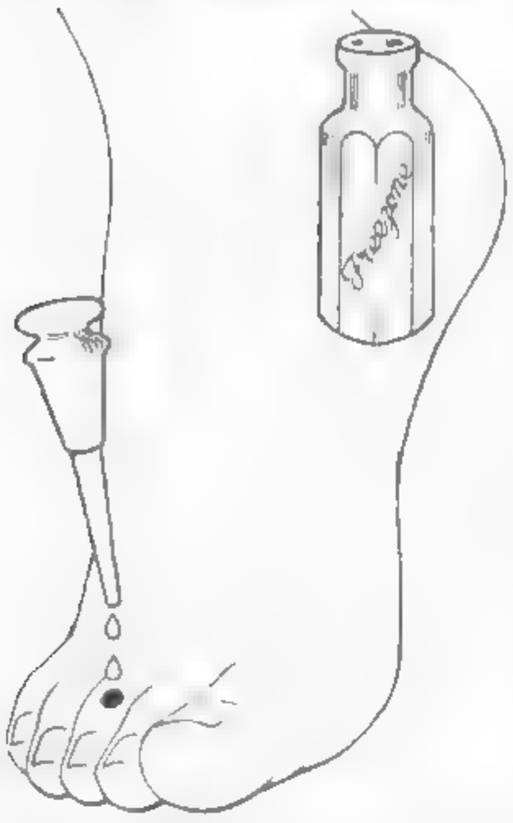

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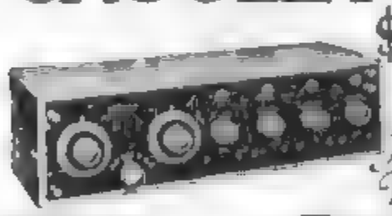

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both away penniless. But I don't like the thought of her starving beside you while you make good, so I sent you out of the room to put this alternative plan before her."

"Lot of rotten melodramatic nonsense!" interrupted his son impatiently. "I've been a rotter, I own. But I've turned over a new leaf. You couldn't love that girl and be a waster—nobody could. Look here, I've had enough of this rubbish. Where is she?"

Once more the governor shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you or do you not know where she is?" thundered his son, losing his temper at last.

"Of course I know where she is. But I'm not going to tell you. She's where she is of her own accord. I'm looking after her and you needn't be anxious about her. All you've got to do is to prove yourself a man instead of just my pampered pup, as someone described you. Directly that happens ——"

He interrupted himself to hold out his hand to me for the check he had told me to make out.

"Ah, a thousand pounds," he murmured, taking up his pen. "I said you should have what you asked for. I don't want to be too hard on you. Because I feel I am more to blame than you, perhaps, if you are spoilt and softened, I won't send you forth with nothing."

He raised his flintlike face and looked his boy squarely between the eyes.

"They say I've made you less than a man—and they're right!" he snapped. "You are less than a man—you are a pampered pup! Here you are, puppy—here's a thousand pounds to grow into a dog with!"

And then—the dog bit.

Gosh, I shall never forget the change that came over that young-man-about-town's face.

One flint looked at another—the old block and the chip.

"You think I'm only an idler, do you—nothing but a waster? The girl I love thinks so—he thinks so—you all think so? Right! Well, I'll show you!" His nostrils quivered. "Apparently you've forgotten that my name's Ramsay," he thundered, and tore that check into fragments. "Keep your money, and keep my wife, too, till I claim her! Here—this fiver's yours, and so is this loose change!"

He tore the note and the silver out of his pocket and tossed them on the governor's desk.

"I'd take the very clothes off my back and fling them in your face, too, if I could!" he cried. "And now I'm off, with nothing, not a damned ha'penny—to show you whether I'm a man or not—and you can tell my wife with my compliments I shan't keep her waiting long!"

"Come out of that, Annie!" called the old man, and from behind a screen, where all this time she had been crouching, appeared the little brown mouse.

"You've proved your case—so here's your wife," he said to his son.

He patted the girl on the shoulder.

"Only a very great love could have made you write that letter," he said. "I realized that directly I saw you. But you needn't be afraid. He's a Ramsay—now he's woke up. He'll stick. And when you return from the honeymoon we will find him the job which he ought to have had before."

He said nothing to his son. They were both Ramsays, so there was no need.

"Time we pushed off to the House," he observed to me. "Got the notes of my speech on the housing question, in case I catch the speaker's eye?"

Before we were fairly through the door, out of the corner of my eye I caught sight of that little brown mouse creeping into Leonard's outstretched arms, and her brown eyes were smiling and proud.

Ramsay, as usual, had done what he had to do in his own way, and made a job of it.

But I'd helped.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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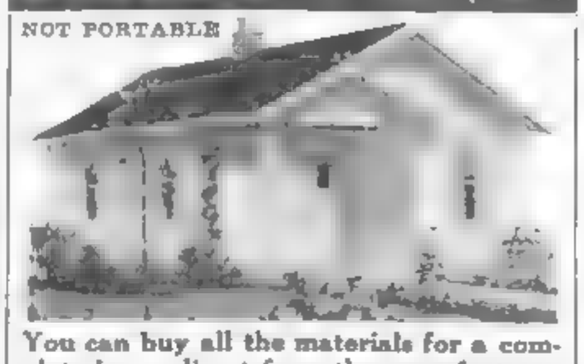

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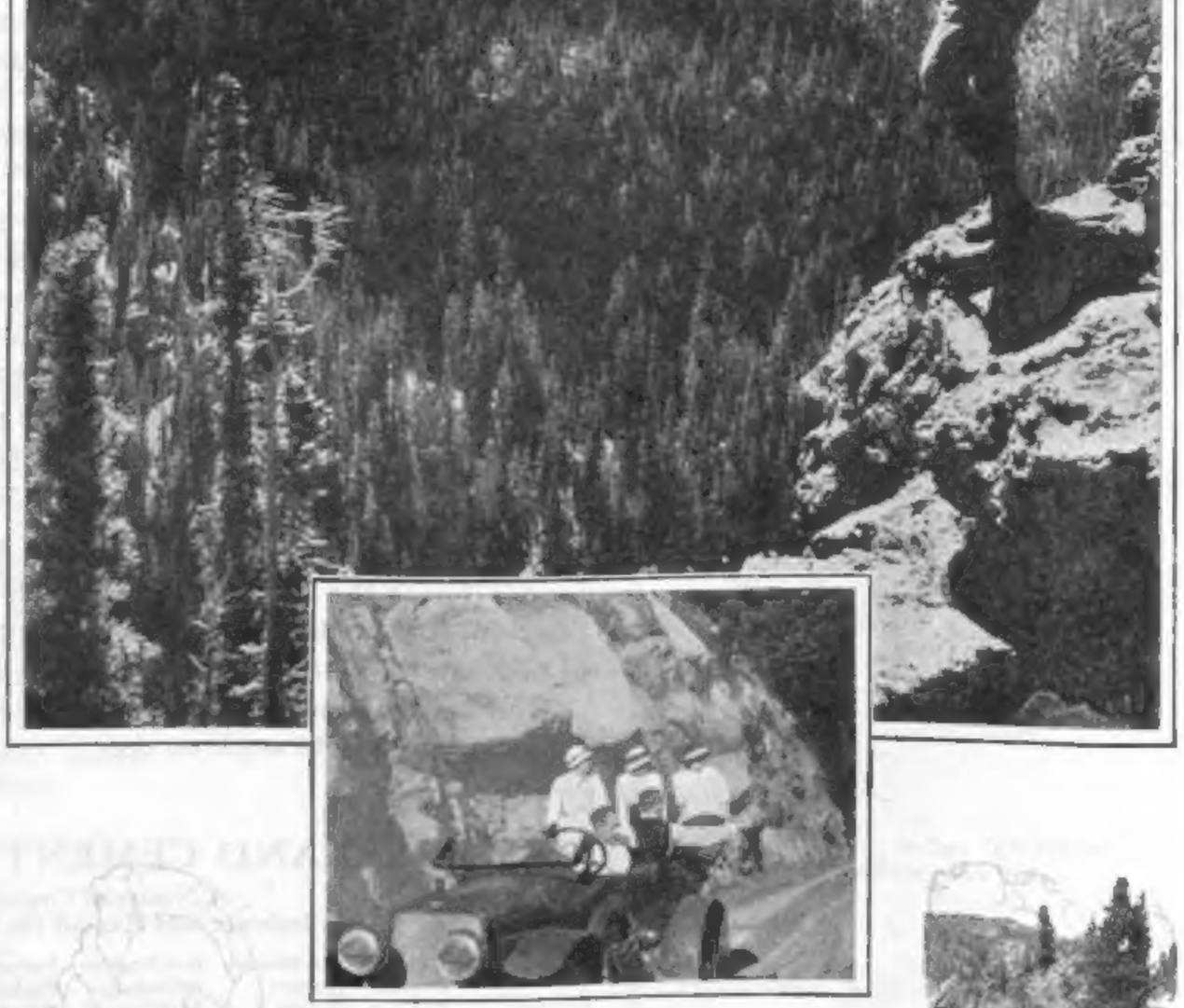
Go to Denver and tour her thrilling mountain parks. Visit the Colorado Glaciers, The Royal Gorge, the Clear Creek and Platte Canyon resort regions. The Manitou-Pike's Peak-Colorado Springs region. And scores of other unmatched rest and pleasure spots.

The sharp reduction in railroad fares made last year still prevails. The low cost of the trip will surprise you. Your local agent can give you an estimate.

If you are going farther West—

Just say Burlington to your local agent—he'll understand. This will allow you conveniently to visit the Colorado Playgrounds en route.



Golf—a greater game than ever on Colorado's links

You don't have to ride in Colorado—but you will!

The streams are well stocked with mountain trout

Burlington Route

The National Park Line

***Everywhere West** via the dependable Burlington—the route of Comfort, Courtesy and Convenience. The pleasures of your vacation will begin the minute you step aboard your train!*

Burlington Planned Vacations

Free Book

WRITE for free book, "Scenic Colorado and Utah," to P. S. Eustis, Pass. Traffic Mgr., C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

It adds fresh creamy richness!

Concentrated to the thickness of smooth cream, Pet Milk adds a delightfully rich flavor to puddings, pies, cakes and other delicacies. It makes wonderfully appetizing creamed soups, meats, vegetables and gravies. It is very fine as cream for coffee and on cereals. Pure cow's milk sterilized in sealed containers, Pet comes to you always fresh and clean. As food for baby—if mother's milk fails—it assures healthful, normal nourishment. For every milk use it is "Milk at its Best." It is more convenient and economical than ordinary milk. Order Pet Milk from your grocer regularly. The Helvetia Company (Originators of Evaporated Milk) 836 Arcade Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Send for the free Pet Recipe Book

RECIPE FOR ORANGE AND MACAROON PUDDING

Scald 1 cup Pet Milk diluted with 1 cup hot water. Mix 3-4 cup sugar, few grains salt, 4 tablespoons cornstarch. Add 1-4 cup cold water. Stir until smooth. Add yolks of 4 eggs well beaten, 1 tablespoon butter and scalded milk. Return to double boiler. Cook 20 minutes, stirring constantly until it thickens. Cool, add 1 tablespoon vanilla and whites of eggs beaten stiff. Slice 3 seedless oranges crosswise. Arrange a layer in dish. Add part of custard, then a layer of macaroons. Repeat. Garnish top with oranges and macaroons.

Milk at its Best

A SOUVENIR for Colgate Friends

Another Spring. Pink-white blossoms. Air like wine.

A new world, new joy of living. But best of all—old friends.

The attractive Beauty Box illustrated below is for our friends—for all who use three or more Colgate articles. It is Colgate's Springtime souvenir—as much a breath of Spring as apple blossoms themselves.

The Colgate Beauty Box is ideal to slip into your bag for a week-end trip. Or, in your guest room, it affords a thoughtful finishing touch.

The Beauty Box is not sold at stores. It is sent direct from Colgate's to Colgate households — to all who check and send in the coupon. Each Beauty Box contains a generous sample of four delightful Colgate toilet articles.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream —the right dentifrice for smiling teeth.

Colgate's Charmis Cold Cream —freshly fragrant.

Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet Soap — as sweet as a bride's bouquet.

Colgate's Florient Toilet Water —a dainty vial—the mystic perfume of "Flowers of the Orient"

These four dainty things come in a delicately buff-toned box, wrapped in waxed paper to keep fresh their captivating charm.

Be sure to check on the coupon the Colgate articles you use. Only by so doing and enclosing ten cents to help cover packing costs, can you secure the box. Write your name and address plainly so your Beauty Box can be sent without delay.

Colgate & Co. make a complete line of toilet articles. Every home should be a Colgate household

COLGATE & CO., New York City
Established 1806

List for Checking Colgate Articles in Your Home

Gift Dept. P COLGATE & CO., New York City

Ours is a Colgate Household. We use regularly several Colgate articles which I have marked [✓] below. I enclose 10c in stamps to help defray cost of packing and mailing my BEAUTY BOX—illustrated opposite.

- ☐ Ribbon Dental Cream
- ☐ Cashmere Bouquet Soap
- ☐ Perfumes by Ounce
- ☐ Perfumes in Packages
- ☐ Colgate's Dental Powder
- ☐ Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Water
- ☐ La France Rose Water
- ☐ Florient or Cha-Ming Toilet Water
- ☐ Florient or Cha-Ming Talc
- ☐ Lilac Imperial Water
- ☐ Big Bath or All-round Soap
- ☐ Colgate's Coleo Soap
- ☐ Hard Water Soap
- ☐ Mechanics' Soap Paste
- ☐ Mirage Cream (Vanishing)
- ☐ "Handy Grip" Shaving Stick
- ☐ Rapid Shave Cream or Rapid Shave Powder
- ☐ Handy Grip Refill Sticks
- ☐ Colgate's Bandoline or Brilliantine
- ☐ Colgate's Vanity Case Compact Face Powder or Compact Rouge
- ☐ Smelling Salts or Extract Vials
- ☐ Charmis Cold Cream
- ☐ Florient or Cha-Ming Face Powder
- ☐ Baby Talc, Cashmere Bouquet, Violet

Name_____

Street or R. D._____

Town_____ State_____

I usually buy Toilet articles at

(Name of store)_____

Town_____

Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture.